



MR. OSTERHAYE,

AS MASTER STEPFLEET.

Engraved by W. B. T. & Co. from a painting by Chas. J. F.

Orberry's Edition.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

A COMEDY;

(ALTERED FROM BEN JONSON,)

By *David Garrick.*

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY, W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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Remarks.



EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

There is undoubtedly some truth in the trite remark, that Jonson delighted more in portraying men's manners than their minds; their humours than their passions; but, they who are thence led to infer that he was incapable of a higher flight than merely satirising the town-follies of his day, labour under an error, which a perusal of the following comedy will effectually remove. The characters, it is allowed, bear the peculiar impress of Jonson's mint, but they are in most instances true to nature; their garb and language may be those of a particular era, but their thoughts and actions are governed by impulses, which have been common to mankind in all ages, and all nations. From the suspicious *Kitely* to the careless *Cob*, they display a boldness of outline, and a fidelity of colouring, which succeeding dramatists must be diffident of equalling, and hopeless of excelling.

The self-tormentor, *Kitely*, is generally considered the hero of the play; but we cannot help thinking the foremost place belongs of right to the redoubtable *Bobadill*. The character of *Kitely* is more natural than pleasing; and the language of the part, though energetic, is sometimes laboured and unimpassioned.* His unreasonableness begins at last to be tiresome; and, as it arises without cause, so is it suddenly

* His ideas, too, are occasionally forced and uncouth. Take as a specimen, the following:—

“ I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act.”

removed without any sufficient reason. The constitutional failing of such a man as *Kitely*, could never be cured in the abrupt manner here represented; but, this was a defect, unavoidably incident upon rendering so dark a passion, the ground-work of a comedy "and upon the limits to which the dramatist was necessarily restricted. The originality of the character, has frequently been denied; and it has been hastily pronounced a servile copy of *Ford*, in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*." In one particular, it is true, the parallel will hold—they are both jealous; but, he who can discover no distinguishing peculiarities, must be a very purblind and superficial observer indeed. The objection is scarcely worth attending to: and, even were an entire resemblance completely proved, there would still remain to be shown, that Jonson was the imitator, since it is by no means certain that his play did not precede Shakspeare's.

A like comparison has been instituted between *Pistol* and *Bobadill*, and with about as much correctness. *Bobadill* is in every respect one of the most original and most amusing personages, the whole range of English comedy presents. From the first scene in which he appears, to the last, the spirited execution of the part, is worthy of the admirable conception; his brags, his lies, and his vapouring, are in the richest style of humour; and no incident can be more highly effective in representation, than that of his public discomfiture and disgrace; rendered doubly poignant, by the outrageous bravados which the author, with exquisite art, has made him indulge in just before. This character ought of itself to confer immortality upon Jonson.

The two *Gulls** are exquisite specimens of a race of simpletons,

* The term *Gull*, had a more comprehensive signification in Jonson's time, than it has at present. Sir J. Davies, in his second *Epigram*, thus describes the species to which *Matthew* and *Stephen* belong:—

" Oft in my laughing rimes, I name a Gull;
 But this *new terme* will many questions breed;
 Therefore, at first, I will expresse at full,
 Who, s a true and perfect Gull indeed.
 A Gull is he who feares a velvet gowne,
 And when a wench is brave, dares not speak to her;
 A Gull is he which traverseth the towne,
 And is for marriage knowue a common woer.

which flourishes with as rank a luxuriance in our own days, as it did in those of Jonson. *Matthew* and *Stephen* have certainly some peculiarities of phrase and habit, not exactly common to their brethren of the present age; but these are mere externals, which vary with the varying fashions of every succeeding generation, while the *men* remain the same, unmodified by time and circumstance. We have still our *Master Matthews*, the shallow inditers of silly rhymes, the shameless pilferers of other men's ideas; and, who is there that will not recognise the likeness of more than one acquaintance in the delectable *Master Stephen*; "ever brave, upon the stronger side;" ever ready to pick quarrels, and "cavil on the ninth part of a hair;" and ever cooling and retracting as quickly, upon the slightest show of opposition. Can any thing be imagined more exquisitely humorous than this admirable portrait?

Old Knowell is sensible and tedious. He moralises in good set terms, and utters some wholesome truisms, which are apt to task the patience of an audience very severely, and are therefore much curtailed when the piece is performed. *Brainworm's* metamorphoses afford convenient opportunities for the display of an actor's versatility; but the expectations they excite, are not always answered by the result; nor, in fact, is their object very clearly apparent. He seems to disguise himself, simply to gain a confidence which he already possesses. *Downright* is a fine sample of straight-forward, sturdy integrity, excellently opposed to the mistrustful husband, the lying bully, and the shallow-pated gulls, with whom he is brought into contact. Of the brace of Gallants, much need not be said: their characters are somewhat insipid. In female interest, the composition is singularly defective. *Dame Kitely*, indeed, is drawn to the life,—a very woman: fond

A gull is he, which while he proudly weares
 A silver hilted rapier by his side,
 Indures the lyes, and knockes about the cares,
 While in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide.
 A Gull is he, which weares good handsome cloaths,
 And stands in presence stroaking up his haire,
 And fills up his imperfect speech with oaths,
 But, speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare.
 But to define a Gull in termes precise,—
 A Gull is he which *seemes*, and *is not*, wise."

and gentle, while treated with kindness ; obstinate and shrewish the moment her jealousy is excited ; but, she is too little seen to command much attention. *Bridget* is a mere shadow.

To sum up the merits of this play in a few words, — the plot is well imagined, and skilfully conducted ; the characters are natural, and forcibly drawn ; the language allotted to each of them, is nicely discriminated ; and the incidents are probable and amusing. The lessons it conveys, are no less excellent. The folly of unreasonable jealousy is strikingly displayed ; knavery and imposture are detected and punished ; affectation and folly are finely ridiculed. Nor should it be forgotten that the dialogue is undebased by the gross obscenity which too frequently pervades the compositions of Jonson's contemporaries. In brief, this comedy must ever rank amongst the best which the English Theatre can boast of. That it now retains so feeble a hold upon the public favour, as scarcely to be reckoned a stock-play, will not be deemed a very convincing proof to the contrary, when the kind of things which *do* keep possession of the stage, are well borne in mind.

It was originally performed at the Rose Theatre, on Bank-side, in 1595, when the scene was laid at Florence, and the characters were Italians. Jonson's maturer judgment induced him to vary his first design ; and the comedy, in its present form, was produced at the Blackfriars, and Globe Theatres, in 1598. It was printed in 4to, 1616, with a dedication to "The Most Learned, and my Honoured Friend, Master Camden, Clarencieux." This edition gives the names of the actors, viz. Augustus Philips, Henry Condel, William Slye, William Kempe, Richard Burbage, J. Hemings, Thomas Pope, Charles Bèetson, John Duke, and WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. Unluckily, the characters they respectively sustained, are not distinguished.

The play, in common with most of Jonson's other productions, long continued popular, and was one of the King's Company's stock-pieces, after the Restoration. About the commencement of the last century, the attraction of Ben's name appears to have diminished, and "Every Man in his Humour," fell into neglect. The "Biographia Dramatica" relates that, "after having lain dormant for several years, it was restored to the stage, with alterations, at Lincoln's-inn-fields Theatre, in 1723 ; when strange to say, *Kitchy* was played by the buffoon, Hippisley, and *Bobadill* by Hall, the original *Lockitt*. In such hands, there is no wonder that it reached three representations only."

In 1751, it was revived by Garrick, who cast it strongly, (himself

playing *Kitely*,) re-wrote one of the scenes, and introduced it by a Prologue from the pen of Whitehead. In spite, however, of all his endeavours, it was hissed the first night; and though it continued to be performed occasionally, it never became highly attractive. It was also brought forward at the other house, about the same time. Twenty years since, Cooke undertook the character of *Kitely*, and again drew some share of attention to the play. Its last revival was in 1816, when Kean got it up for his benefit-night; but it was so coolly received, that it was withdrawn after two performances. The oblivion into which it since has fallen, is disgraceful to the taste of the age:

“ Sure to those scenes some honour should be paid,
Which Camden patronis'd, and Shakspeare play'd.”

Jonson sprang from a reputable family, and was born in Westminster, 1574. His mother became a widow about a month before his birth; and in 1575, was re-married to one Fowler, a builder, or master-bricklayer. The expense of Ben's education is supposed to have been defrayed by one of his father's friends, who placed him at Westminster School, and afterwards at Cambridge; but his patron dying, he was compelled to quit the University, and follow his step-father's business. With this, he soon became disgusted, and joined the army, then in Flanders, where he signalized himself by his valour, and returned to England with some reputation. In 1592, he became a writer for the Stage, and derived his subsistence principally from that source during the remainder of his life. Shortly after, he married. His wife died about 1612, having borne him several children, none of whom survived him. In 1625 he was attacked by palsy, and remained in a debilitated state till his decease, which took place, August 6, 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Jonson's religious opinions were somewhat wavering, though he appears to have had a due sense of the vast importance of the subject, and to have experienced those intervals of serious reflection and solicitude, which must sometimes occur to the most thoughtless. He was educated in the tenets of the Protestant Church, which he abjured for Catholicism, and again embraced, when his good sense and experience enabled him to perceive the errors of Popery.

This meagre sketch of his history, is all that our limits enable us to give. They who are desirous of learning the particulars of his literary life, may consult the recently-published edition of his works, where

they will find them fully and somewhat diffusely related. The long received opinion of his marked enmity to Shakspeare, has been combatted with some degree of success, by Messrs. Gilchrist and Gifford though the latter gentleman's essay upon the subject, resembles the angry pleadings of a partisan, determined by any means to make out his case, rather than a cool inquiry after truth by a candid and dispassionate examiner into conflicting evidence. After all, there can be little doubt that Jonson *did* feel and express some disgust at Shakspeare's violations of propriety, and his contempt of those laws, without which, Ben appears to have thought with a noble author of our own days, there may be poetry, but can be no drama. That he envied him however, or that he attacked his reputation with the rancorous malignity which has been attributed to him, no proof is to be found; on the contrary, his verses to the memory of Shakspeare, display an honest warmth of friendship, and an ardent feeling of admiration, too heartily delivered to be insincere; and which, perhaps, the "late remorse of love" prompted him to express with double ardency, to make his departed friend all the atonement in his power, for having at any time spoken disparagingly of his productions.

One of Gifford's charges against Malone and Steevens, in his remarks upon this topic, is curious enough. He complains that they nicknamed Jonson "Old Ben;" adding—"The title was never familiarly given to him during his life. In fact, it was never familiarly given to him, till Mr. Malone and his friend Steevens took it up, and applied it as a term of ridicule in every page."* This assertion is hazarded somewhat rashly, and admits of easy refutation. Had Mr. Gifford turned to the prologue spoken at the revival of the following comedy in 1751, (some few years before Messrs. Malone and Steevens were ever heard of,) he would have found that Jonson was then styled a rough *old* bard, "familiarly" enough; and that it concluded with this couplet:

"Kindly forget the the hundred years between;
Become old Britons, and admire 'Old Ben.'"

Two seasons after, on the production of Jones's "Earl of Essex," the epilogue said—

"What do you think he is?—You'll never guess.—
An Irish bricklayer: neither more nor less."

* Gifford's Jonson, vol. 1, p. xxxv, Introduction.

Can he believe, th' example of 'Old Ben,'
 Who chang'd like him the trowel for the pen,
 Will in his favour move your critic bowels?—
 You rather wish, most poets' pens were trowels."

These instances may suffice to shew that the nickname was not conferred by either Malone or Steevens. The fact is, that Jonson was familiarly known by the appellations of "Old Ben, and Father Ben," even in his life-time, as we would, if put to the test, undertake to prove by numerous examples. We read, in like manner, of Old Shakspeare, Old Fletcher, Old Chapman, Old Dryden, &c.; for, the term was not applied contemptuously, as Gifford imagines, but as a mark of reverence. The point, 'tis true, is of no great moment; but these observations will show how loosely and how boldly assertions are made, which not being open to immediate contradiction, are taken for granted by the generality of readers, and pass for proofs of extensive erudition and wonderful acuteness.

Jonson's other Dramas are—Every Man out of his Humour, *C.S.*—Cynthia's Revels, *C.S.*—Poetaster, *C.S.*—Sejanus, *T.*—Volpone, *C.*—Epicæne, *C.*—The Case is Altered, *C.*—Alchymist, *C.*—Catiline, *T.*—Bartholomew Fair, *C.*—The Devil is an Ass, *C.*—Staple of News, *C.*—The New Inn, *C.*—Magnetic Lady, *C.*—Tale of a Tub, *C.*—Sad Shepherd, *P.*—Besides these, he wrote a variety of Masques, Translations, Epigrams, &c; joined with Chapman and Marston in *Eastward Hoe*, *C.*—and with Fletcher and Middleton in *The Widow*, *C.*—The following play, and the farce called 'The Tobacconist,' taken from his 'Alchymist,' are the sole portions of his writings which are ever now performed.

P.P.

PROLOGUE.

Critics, your favour is our author's right—
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night,
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben ;
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd ;
And would to-night your loudest praise disclaim,
Should his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
“ He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,
Or purchase their delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate .
But rather begg'd they would be pleas'd to see
From him, such plays as other plays should be :
Would learn from him to scorn a motly scene,
And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men.”
Thus spoke the bard—and though the times are chang'd,
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd ;
And satire had not then appear'd in state,
To lash the finer follies of the great,
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd :
With no false niceness this performance view,
Nor damn for *low*, whate'er is just and true :
Sure to those scenes some honour should be paid,
Which Camden patroniz'd, and Shakspeare play'd :
Nature was nature then, and still survives :
The garb may alter, but the substance lives,
Lives in this play—where each may find complete,
His pictur'd self. Then favour the deceit—
Kindly forget the hundred years between ;
Become old Britons, and admire Old Ben.

Costume.

KITELY.

Puce coloured doublet, vest and trunks, russet boots.

CAPTAIN BOBADILL.

Buff leather jacket, trunks and cloak, russet boots.

KNOWELL.

Slate coloured tunic, pantaloon hose, and russet boots.

E. KNOWELL.

Grey,—ibid.

BRAINWORM.

Black doublet, trunks and cloak.—Second dress.—Scarlet and brown, ibid.—Third dress.—Same as Formal.

MASTER STEPHEN.

White doublet, trimmed with pink.

DOWNRIGHT.

Drab coloured doublet, trimmed with green.

WELLBRED.

Buff coloured doublet, vest and pantaloons, trimmed with green, russet boots.

JUSTICE CLEMENT.

Brown,—ibid.

ROGER FORMAL.

Black,—ibid.

MASTER MATTHEW.

Morocco,—ibid.

CASH.

Green,—ibid.

COB.

Drab coloured,—ibid.

WILLIAM.

Black velvet,—ibid.

DAME KITELY.

White satin dress, trimmed with point lace, lined with black.

MRS. BRIDGET.

Blue satin dress, trimmed with point lace, and beads.

TIB.

Black stuff gown, red stuff shirt.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Kitely</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Young.
<i>Captain Bobadill</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Knowell</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Murray.
<i>E. Knowell</i>	Mr. S. Penley.	Mr. Brunton.
<i>Brainworm</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Master Stephen</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Downright</i>	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Cresswell.
<i>Wellbred</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Justice Clement</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Roger Formal</i>	Mr. Minton.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Master Matthew</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Cash</i>	Mr. Kent.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Cob</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Davenport.
<i>William</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Bond.
<i>Dame Kitely</i>	Mrs. Hora.	Mrs. H. Johnston.
<i>Mrs. Bridget</i>	Miss Boyce.	Miss Bolton.
<i>Tyb</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Emery.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is two hours and fifty minutes.—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.	is meant.	Right Hand.
L.H.		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.		Upper Entrance.
M.D.		Middle Door.
D.F.		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.		Left Hand Door.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A court-yard before Knowell's house.*

*Enter KNOWELL, through the court-yard, meeting
BRAINWORM.*

Kno. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.
Brainworm!

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him I have some business to employ him.

Brain. I will, sir, presently.

Kno. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brain. Well, sir. [*Exit, L.*]

Kno. How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study, he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of Fame, in her report,
Of good account in both our universities,
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot err.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN, R.H.

Cousin Stephen

What news with you, that you are here so early?

■

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, sir; I wou'd not ha' come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

Kno. O, well, coz, go in and see:—(*Stephen crosses to L. &c.*)—I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope, you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse, but I'll practice against next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: why you know an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. I scorn it, I, so I do. What do you talk on it? because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, (1) or the citizens? A fine jest i' faith! alid, a gentleman m'n show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal absurd coxcomb: go to. Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak. Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.

(1) In 1498, all the gardens which had continued, time out of mind, without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Finsbury, were destroyed, and of them was made a plain field to shoot in. It was called Finsbury field, in which were three windmills, and here they used to shoot at twelve score. Stow, 1633, p. 913. In Jonson's time, it was the usual resort of the plainer citizens. People of fashion, however, aspired to be thought so, probably mixed but little in those days, and hence we may account for the indignation of Master Overdone at being suspected of such vulgarity. An idea of a similar nature occurs in Shakspeare "As if thou never walk'dst further than my" Henry IV. First Part, a. 3. s. 2.—Gifford.

Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?
Ay, so, now you are told on it,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you,
kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself,
Not let your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now; at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere bottom'd thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Enter SERVANT, R.H.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility,
friend; yet you are welcome; and I assure you mine
uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex
land: he has but one son in all the world, I am his
next heir at the common law, Master Stephen, as
simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's
hopes he will. I have a pretty living of mine own
too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! why, and in very good
time, sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir? you were not best, sir; an'
you should, here be them can perceive it, and that

4 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

quickly too; go to; and they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an' you were out o'mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Kno. Cousin! Cousin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an' 'twere not for shame, I would—

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory gull? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see, the honest man demeans himself
Modestly towards you, giving no reply
To your unseasoned, quarrelling, rude fashion:
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit Stephen into the house, L.H.*]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this Master Knowell's house?

Kno. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry your mercy, sir: I was required by a gentleman i'the city, as I rode out at this end o'the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Kno. To me, sir! To his most selected friend Master Edward Knowell. What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

Serv. One master Wellbred, sir.

Kno. Master Wellbred ! A young gentleman, is he not ?

Serv. The same, sir, Master Kitchy married his sister ; the rich merchant i'the Old Jewry !

Kno. You say very true. Brainworm
(*Calling.*)

Enter BRAINWORM, from the house, L.H.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you go in.

[*Servant crosses and Exit with Brainworm into the house, L.H.*

This letter is directed to my son :

Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope, old men are curious,

(*Reads.*) *Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i'th' Old Jewry ? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there ? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o'the north-west wall : an' I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since, i'f taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha'served. But, pr'ythee, come over to me quickly this morning ; I have such a present for thee. One is a rhimer, sir, o'your own batch, your own leven ; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and*

you shall be allowed your viaticum.

From the Windmill.

From the bordello, it might come as well,
The spittle, or pict-hatch. (1) Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth?
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch:
Brainworm! (Calling.)

Enter BRAINWORM, from the house, L.H.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young master?

Brain. In his chamber, sir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, sir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it to my son;

But with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.

Brain. O lord, sir, that were a jest indeed!

[Exit into the house, L.H.]

(1) *The Spittle*, Whalley says, means in general an hospital; but the fact is not so: it had, with our ancestors, an appropriate signification, as I have proved in the notes to Massinger, (vol. iv. p. 52) and meant a house for lazars, &c. Here the allusion is local, and, without doubt, applies to the *Loke* or *Lock*, a spittle for venereal patients, situated, as Whalley observes, at Kingsland, in the neighbourhood of *Hogsden*. *Pict-hatch* was a famous receptacle of prostitutes and pickpockets: it is mentioned with other places of equal notoriety, in our author's 12th epigram:—

“Squires

“That haunt *Pict-hatch*, Marsh Lambeth, and Whitefryars,”
and is generally supposed to have been in Turnmill, or, as Stow calls it, Tremill-street, near Clerkenwell Green; which, in the words of Mrs. Quickly, lay anciently “under an ill name.” So in the *Blacksmith's Song*, by J. Smith:

“Smithfield he did free from dirt,

“And he had sure good reason for't,

“It stood very near to *Venus'-court*.”

Here a note by the author tells us, that the place meant is *Turnmill-street*.—*Wit Restored*.—GIFFORD.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

7

E. Kno. I am resolved I will not stop his journey.
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him ;
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good ;
But 'tis but for that fit : where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
'Then, if they stray, but warn 'em ; and the same
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.
[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Young Knowell's study.*

Enter EDWARD KNOWELL and BRAINWORM, L.H.

E. Kno. Did he open it, say'st thou ?

Brain. Yes, o'my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Kno. That's bad. What countenance, pray
thee, made he, i'th' reading of it ? was he angry, or
pleased ?

Brain. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open
it, I assure your worship.

E. Kno. No ? how know'st thou, then, that he did
either ?

Brain. Marry sir, because he charged me, on my
life, to tell nobody that he opened it ; which unless he
had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. Kno. That's true : well, I thank thee, Brain-
worm.
[Exit, L.H.]

Enter MASTER STEPHEN, R.H.

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow
here in a what'sha'-call-him doublet ? he brought mine
uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes Master Stephen ; what of him ?

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him—Where is
he ? canst thou tell ?

Brain. Faith, he is not of that mind : he is gone,
Master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brain. He is rid hence: he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid i' the fields! wh^areson scander-bag (1) rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brain. Why you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spight on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whip of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brain. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself 'till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will; now thou tell'st me on't: how dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brain. A very good leg; Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i'th'town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose—

Brain. Believe me Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen: but I cannot stay to praise it longer now and I am very sorry for't. [Exit, L.H.]

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this.

(1) Scanderbeg is the name which the Turks (in allusion to Alexander the Great,) gave to the brave Castriot, chief of Albania, with whom they had continued wars. His life had been just translated from the French, by I Gentleman, (1596,) and was sufficiently romantic to attract the notice of the public.

Enter YOUNG KNOWELL, L.H.

E. Kno. Ha! ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do—

E. Kno. (Aside.) Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! he cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure; that make the careful coster-monger of him in our familiar epistles. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—What! my wise cousin!—(*Perceiving Master Stephen.*)—nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes I intreat thee—

Step. O, now I see who he laughed at. He laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laughed at me— (*Aside.*)

E. Kno. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, coz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kno. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then—

E. Kno. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be so, gentle coz. And, I pray you let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i'th' Old Jewry, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to Moor-gate; will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, and 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as Moor-gate, to do you good

in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Kno. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fuckings, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Kno. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, (1) parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! (2) Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are, be pourtrayed i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy, *here, within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature*, which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll ensure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb (3) humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound.—(*Aside.*)—Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me! you must go before.

(1) Rank or degree in life.

(2) Before the New River was brought to London, the city was chiefly supplied with water from conduits, which the patriotism of the wealthier citizens had erected in considerable numbers. From these it was fetched, by a particular class of men called *tankard-bearers*, (of which *Cob*, who makes his appearance in this play, was one,) and sold to the citizens at so much a turn. Where a professed tankard bearer was not employed, it was the business of the servants and junior apprentices, to fetch water for the use of the family; and to this there are innumerable allusions in our old writers.

(3) A low humour, not tintured with urbanity, fitted to the tastes of the inferior people who usually reside in the suburbs.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR. II

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me:
good cousin. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The street before Cob's house.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW, L.H.

Mat. I think this be the house : what hoa.

Enter COB, from the house.

Cob. Who's there? O, Master Matthew! gi' your
worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? dost
thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. I sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house
here, in our days.

Mat. Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one
Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas! ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean
Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, 'pray thee advise thyself well: do not
wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be
sworn, he scorns thy house: he! he lodge in such a
base obscure place, as thy house! tut, I know his dis-
position so well, he would not lie in thy bed, if
thou'dst give it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I
thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to
bed all night: well sir, though he lie not o'my bed, he
lies o'my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you
shall find him with two cushions under his head, and
his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither
won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in
his life, (1) than he has done to-night.

(1) A quibble, very worthy of *Cob*, between casting dice and vomit-
ing.

Mat. Why, was, he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps, he swallowed a tavern-token, (1) or some such device, sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi'me my bucket there, ho. Heaven be wi'you, sir. It's six a clock: I should ha' carried two turns, by this. What, ho! my stopple? come.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! (2) Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Enter TIB, from the house.

Cob. What, Tib; shew this gentleman up to the captain.—(*Tib shews Master Matthew into the house.*)—You should ha' some now would take this Master Matthew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town such as my guest is: O, my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: *by St. George! the foot of Pharaoh! the body of me! as I am a gentleman! and a soldier!* such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by six-pence at a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha't, he says the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman. (3) [*Exit into house.*]

(1) A cant term for getting drunk. *Tokens* were promissory pieces of brass or copper, which tradesmen, in a scarcity of small money, were permitted to coin. That most of them would travel to the *tavern* may be easily supposed. The usual value seems to have been a farthing.

(2) Possessions. -

(3) The hortatory exclamations with which *Cob* concludes his soliloquy are either proverbial vulgarisms, or the burden of popular

SCENE IV.—*A room in Cob's house.*

BOBADILL *discovered lying on a bench.*

Bob. Hostess, hostess !

Enter TIB, R.H.

Tib. What say you, sir ?

Bob. A cup o'thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman ! 'ods so, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague—what meant he ?

Mat. (*Within, R.H.*) Captain Bobadill !

Bob. Who's there ? take away the bason, good hostess !—come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

Enter MASTER MATTHEW, R.H.

Mat. 'Save you, sir, 'save you, captain !

Bob. Gentle Master Matthew ! is it you, sir ? please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants,(1) where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain ?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others : why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me ! it was so late e'er we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet ; I was but

(1) A company. The word occurs frequently in this sense.

new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you—(*They sit.*) Master Matthew, in any case possess (1) no gentleman of our acquaintance, with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinary engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O lord, sir! I resolve so. (2)

(*Pulls out a paper and reads it.*)

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? read it.

Mat. (*Reads.*) *To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers—*

(*During this the Captain throws off his slippers
and pulls on his boots.*)

*Send I these lines, wherein I do commence,
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.*

Bob. 'Tis good; proceed, proceed. Where's this?—(*While Master Matthew reads, Bobadill finishes dressing.*)

Mat. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses! But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things, I have done of late. That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

(1) Inform.

(2) I am convinced.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o'the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly; this other day I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful, and gentleman-like; yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pried and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, George Downright.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he has no more judgment than a malt horse: by St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle: he has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! He the bastinado! How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharoah, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a challenge presently: the bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, (1) warranted by the great Caranza: come

(1) *Dependance*, in the language of the *Duello*, then in vogue, meant the ground or cause of quarrel.

hither : you shall challenge him ; I'll show you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure ; the stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom ? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you ?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill sir.

Bob. By heaven, no not I ; no skill i'the earth ; some small rudiments i'the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you I'll give you a lesson.—(*They draw and place themselves in fencing attitudes.*)—Look you, sir ; exalt not your point, above this state at any hand, and let your weapon maintain your defence, thus :—so, sir. Come on : O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard, so ! indifferent : hollow your body more, sir, thus : now stand fast o'your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—O, you disorder your point most irregularly ! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some tavern, or so—and have a bit—What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew ?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat of the least ; but come ; we will have a bunch of radish and salt, to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach ; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred : perhaps we shall meet the Corydon, his brother, (1) there, and put him to the question. Come along, Master Matthew.

[*Exeunt*, R. II.]

(1) Meaning Downright, who was half-brother to Wellbred.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Warehouse, belonging to Kitley.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT, L.H.
(*Downright crosses behind to R.H.*)

Kite. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk,
Here take my key : it is no matter neither.
Where is the boy ?

Cash. Within, sir, i' th' warehouse.

Kite. Let him tell over straight, that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs,
To Master Lucar : tell him if he will,
He shall ha' the grograms, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Kite. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright ?

Dow. Ay, what of him ?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christened him, gave him mine own name Tho-
mas,

Since bred him at the hospital ; (1) where proving
A toward imp, I called him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is : although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't ? what is't ?

Kite. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience :

(1) Christ's Hospital, whither at its first establishment, the found-
lings taken up in the city, were sent for maintenance and education.

18 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection——

Dow. What need this circumstance? pray you, be direct.

You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus :

My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how

Of late, is much declined in what he was,

And greatly altered in his disposition.

When he came first to lodge here in my house,

Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him :

But now, his course is so irregular,

So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,

And he himself withal so far fallen off

From that first place, as scarce no note remains

To tell mens' judgments where he lately stood.

He's grown a stranger to all due respect,

Forgetful of his friends, and not content

To stale himself in all societies,

He makes my house here common as a mart,

A theatre, a public receptacle

For giddy humour, and diseased riot ;

And here as in a tavern, or a stews (1)

He and his wild associates, spend their hours,

In repetition of lascivious jests,

Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,

Controul my servants, and, indeed, what not.

Dow. 'Saeins, I know not what I should say to him, i'the whole world! He values me at a cracked three-farthings, (2) for aught I see : it will never out of the flesh that's bred i'the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve : well! he knows what to trust to, 'fore George : let him spend, and spend, and domineer, 'till his heart ache : an' he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one of o'your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong

(1) This was the mode of expression then in use.

(2) The three farthing pieces current in the reign of queen Elizabeth, were made of silver ; consequently very thin and much cracked by public

sow^{ly} the ear i' faith ; and claps his dish (1) at the wrong man's door : I'll lay my hand o' my half-penny, ere I part with't to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother : let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger ! But, why are you so tame ? Why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house.

Kite. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade me. But, would yourself vouchsafe to travel in it, ' Though but with plain and easy circumstance, It would both come much better to his sense, And savour less of stomach, or of passion. You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives, and warrants you authority, Whereas, if I should intimate the least, It would but add contempt to his neglect, Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred, That in the rearing would come tottering down, And in the ruin bury all our love. Nay, more than this, brother ; if I should speak, He would be ready from this heat of humour, And overflowing of the vapour in him, To blow the ears of his familiars With the false breath of telling, what disgraces,

(1) *To clap your dish at a wrong man's door*, is a proverb to be found in Ray: it alludes to the custom which prevailed in this country, two or three centuries ago, and, not improbably, even so late as Jonson's time, when diseased or infectious wretches wandered up and down with a *clap-dish*, a wooden vessel with a movable cover, to give the charitable warning at once of their necessities and their infectious condition. To this mode of begging, our old writers frequently advert, and among the rest, Churchyard, in a passage of picturesque merit. It is Jane Shore who speaks,

“ Where I was wont the golden chains to wear,
 “ A payre of beads about my necke was wound,
 “ A linnen cloth was lapt about my heare ;
 “ A ragged gowne that trailed on the ground,
 “ A dish that clapt, and gave a heavy sound,
 “ A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,
 “ I bear about, as wnesse of my fall.” *Challenge*, 143.

20 . EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

And low disparagements, I had put upon him;
 Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
 Make their loose comments upon every word,
 Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
 And, out of their impetuous rioting phantasies;
 Beget some slander that shall dwell with me;
 And what would that be, think you? marry this;
 They would give out because my wife is fair,
 Myself but lately married, and my sister
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
 That I were jealous! nay as sure as death
 That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
 My brother purposely, thereby to find
 An apt pretext, to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
 Like one of these penurious quack-salvers
 But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
 And try experiments upon myself:
 Lend scorn and envy opportunity,
 To stab my reputation, and good name—

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Enter MATTHEW and BOBADILL, R.H.D., struggling together.

Mat. I will speak to him—

Bob. Speak to him! Away! By the foot of Pharaoh,
 you shall not, you shall not do him that grace.

Kite. What's the matter, sirs?

Bob. The time of day to you, gentleman o'the
 house. Is Master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you; is he
 within, sir?

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I
 assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear, you!

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me, I'll
 walk to no scavenger. [*Exit with Mat. R.H.D.*]

Dow. How ! scavenger ! stay sir, stay.

Kite. Nay, brother Downright. (*Holding him.*)

Dow. 'Hcart ! stand you away, an' you love me.

Kite. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not : I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha ! Scavenger ! well, go to, I say little : but by this good day, heaven forgive me I should swear, if I put it up so, say I am the rankest coward that ever lived. 'Sdeins, and I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live ; I'll sit in a barn with Madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger !

Kite. Oh, do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these ! these are his comrades, his walking mates ! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut ! let me not live an I could not find in my heart to swing the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses : well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i'faith.

Kite. But brother, let your reprehension, then
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler ;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kite. How now ?—(*Bell rings, L.H.*)—O, the bell rings to breakfast.

Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife
Company till I come ; I'll but give order
For some dispatch of business to my servants—

Dow. I will—Scavenger ! Scavenger ! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Kite. Well ; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,

Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish : but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world

Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
 So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my house.
 Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
 Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
 That any woman should be honest long.
 Is't like that factious beauty will preserve
 The public weal of chastity unshaken,
 When such strong motives muster, and make head
 Against her single peace? No, no: beware.
 When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
 And spirits of one kind and quality,
 Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
 It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
 Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
 Had answer'd their affections, all the world
 Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
 Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
 For opportunity hath baulk'd 'em yet,
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
 To attend the impositions of my heart,
 My presence shall be as an iron bar,
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
 Yea every look, or glance mine eye ejects,
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter DAME KITELY, L.H.

Dame. (Speaking as she enters.) Sister Bridget,
 pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet.
 Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast!

Kite. An' she have overheard me now!

Dame. I pray thee good Muss, we stay for you.

Kite. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame. What ail you, sweetheart? are you not well? speak, good Muss.

Kite. Troth my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

Dame. (Putting her hand to his forehead.) O, the lord!

Kite. How now! what?

Dame. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm,

good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal ! for love's sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kite. How simple, and how subtle are her answers ! A new disease, and many troubled with it ? Why true ; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in ; The air will do you harm, in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently ; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame. Pray heaven it do. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Kite. A new disease ! I know not, new or old, But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague ; For, like a pestilence, it doth infect The houses of the brain. First it begins Solely to work upon the phantasy, Filling her seat with such pestiferous air, As soon corrupts the judgment : and from thence, Sends like contagion to the memory : Still each to other giving the infection, Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself Confusedly, through every sensitive part, Till not a thought or motion in the mind Be free from the black poison of suspect. Ah, but what misery is it to know this ? Or knowing it, to want the mind's erection In such extremes ? [*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*Moorfields.*

Enter BRAINWORM, L.H. disguised like a soldier.

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grade : and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the fico.(1) O, sir, it holds for good

(1) Ominous is used by our old writers for fatal or deadly—meaning—for a soldier to bear the imputation of lying is as fatal as the fico or poisoned fig of Spain and Italy.

polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot,(1) over Moorfields to London, this morning; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, for so must we that are blue-waiters,(2) and men of hope and service do, have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights,(3) my arm here—(*Places one arm inside his jacket.*)—and my—young master! and his cousin, Master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

(*Retires up the stage.*)

Enter E. KNOWELL and MASTER STEPHEN, R.H.

E. Kno. So, sir; and how then, coz?

Step. S'foot, I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Kno. How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell;—stay. (*Feeling for it.*)

Brrin. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me; would I could get by them.

E. Kno. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewitched, I——(*Cries.*)

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it

(1) A term of the chase, and means to follow the game by the scent of the foot.

(2) Servants, here called *blue waiters*, because blue was the colour which they usually wore; and who in Jonson's time, were somewhat more under the controul of their masters, than at present, were, by way of punishment for notorious faults, stripped of their liveries, and compelled to appear in a parti-coloured coat, the common habiliment of domestic fools.

(3) Common soldiers, men of the ranks—a Flemish term.

Step. Oh, it's here : no, an' it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

E. Kno. A jet ring ! O the poesie, the poesie ?

Step. Fine, i'faith !

*Though fancy sleep,
My love is deep.*

Meaning, that tho' I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Most excellent !

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,

*The deeper, the sweeter,
I'll be judged by St. Peter.*

E. Kno. How, by St. Peter ? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the saint was your good patron ; he helped you at your need ; thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave on 'em so ; I will venture, come what will.—(*Coming forward, R.H.*)—Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here ? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier ; one, that in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge ; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence than live with shame. However, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself : this condition agrees not with my spirit.—

E. Kno. Where hast thou served ?

Brain. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir ? I have been a poor survitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna ; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the

Adriatic gulph; a gentleman-slave in the gallies thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman; give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend. But what though, I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brain. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Kno. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brain. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, (1) and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.

Step. But, I will buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.

(1) I find a kindred expression in *Eastward-Hoe*: "Methinks I see thee already walking in Moorfields, with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three pence." A. 1. s. 1. Perhaps this was the costume of those sturdy vagrants, half footpads and half beggars, who then infested the outskirts of the metropolis.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a fool. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. 'Follow me for your money. He says I am a fool.

Brain. The gentleman seems to know you, sir. I follow, sir. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

Enter KNOWELL, R.H.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my son, nor leave t'admire the change
(Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it
(On a gray head; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life.
But now we all are fallen; youth, from their fear;
And age, from that which bred it, good example.

Enter BRAINWORM, L.H.

Brain. My master^l nay, faith have at you; I am
flushed now, I have sped so well, though I must attack
you in a different way.—(*Aside.*)—Worshipful sir, I
beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am
ashamed of this base course of life, heaven's my com-
fort, but extremity provokes me to't; what remedy?

Kno. I have not for you, now.

Brain. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman,
it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve
manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a
man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno. Pr'ythee, good friend, be satisfied.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Brain. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the

part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the king of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful; sweet worship——

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate——

Brain. Oh, tender, sir! need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus—(*He weeps.*)—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time; (1) by this good ground. I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had sucked the hilts long before, I am a Pagan else: sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder, To think a fellow of thy outward presence, Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind Be so degenerate, and sordid-base! Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg, To practice such a servile kind of life? Why, were thy education ne'er so mean, Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses Offer themselves to thy election. Either the wars might still supply thy wants, Or service of some virtuous gentleman, Or honest labour.

Brain. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so——

Kno. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brain. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? In the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days: but——and for service, would it were as soon purchased, as wished for, the air's my comfort, I know what I would say——

Kno. What's thy name?

(1) An allusion, (somewhat too free) to the text of scripture. "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the lord."

Brain. Please you, Fitzsword, sir.

Kno. Fitzsword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Would'st thou be honest, humble, just and true?

Brain. Sir, by the place, and honour of a soldier—

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths;
speak plainly, man: what think'st thou of my words?

Brain. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as
happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me, I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Brain. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose.
Oh that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to
burst with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe
fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to be-
tray himself thus! Now shall I be possessed of all his
counsels: and by that conduct, my young master.
Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and
I am resolved to prove his patience: Oh I shall abuse
him intolerably. It's no matter, let the world think
me a bad counterfeit,(1) if I cannot give him the slip,
at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his
journey. Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to
be employed!

*With change of voice, the scars, and many an oath,
I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both.* [*Exit L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Stocks Market.*

Enter MATTHEW, WELLBRED, and BOBADILL, R.H.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to
ask you too.

(1) Counterfeit and slip were synonymous, and both used indiffer-
ently for a piece of false money.

30 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Master Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sun-shine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like-part——

Wel. Good captain, faces about,⁽¹⁾ to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion——

Wel. O, Master Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few.

Enter YOUNG KNOWELL *and* MASTER STEPHEN, R.H.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome; how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this; my dear fury: now, I see there's some love in thee! Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

(1) This simple expression, which occurs in almost every writer of the age, seems to have occasioned the commentators some trouble; for I find several elaborate notes upon it. It is merely a military phrase, equivalent to our *face or wheel*. In the *Soldier's Accidence*, the officers are directed to give the word of command in these terms, "used," says the author, "both here and in the Netherlands."

Faces to the right,
Faces to the left,
Faces about, or
Faces to the reare. } which is all one.—GIFFORD.

E. Kno. O, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter.

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like. But I marvel what camel it was, that had the carriage of it: for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Kno. Why, say'st thou! why dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he said: but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Kno. Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hearest 'em once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind 'em up—but what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the dumb man? *(Pointing to Stephen.)*

E. Kno. O, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, and he please, he has his humour, sir.

Wel. O, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him, so.

Wel. Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Matthew, pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

(*Crosses R.H., to Master Stephen.*)

Step. My name is Master Stephen, sir, I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir : I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man, but for Master Wellbred's sake, you may embrace it at what height of favour you please ; I do communicate with you, and conceiye you to be a gentleman of some parts ; I love few words.

(*To Knowell.*)

E. Kno. And I fewer, sir, I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, sir, so given to it ?

(*To Master Stephen.*)

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. O, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir : (1) I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

Step. Cousin, is it well ? am I melancholy enough ?

E. Kno. O, ay, excellent !

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so ?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years, now.

(1) A sneer upon the fantastic behaviour of the gallants in that age, who affected to appear melancholy, and abstracted from common objects. The reason assigned, its being the physical cause of wit, which was old as Aristotle himself, was likewise generally received by those who had no other pretence to genius.

E. Kno. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking of — what do you call it, last year, by the Genoese, but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. 'So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Kno. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O lord, sir! by St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you, mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess. *(Aside.)*

E. Kno. You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner, a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think, confronts me, with his linstock, ready to give fire; I spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword, to the rapier, captain?

E. Kno. O, it was a good figure observed, sir! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth; you shall

34 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

perceive, sir.—(*Shows his rapier.*)—It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? you talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so: tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a Toledo, or no?

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here. (*Drawing.*)

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a Toledo!—(*Draws it under his foot, and bends the blade.*)—pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven: I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier, he swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better. (1)

Mat. Mass, I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

Bob. Come along, Master Matthew.

[*Exeunt Bob. and Matthew, R.H.*]

E. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, or it is up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it, an' e'er I meet him—

Wel. O, 'tis past help now, sir, you must have patience

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! (2) I could eat the very hilts for anger.

(1) Properly speaking, *provant* means *provisions*: but it is here, and, indeed, in many other places, extended to arms, ammunition, &c. A *provant rapier*, therefore, is such a one as the common man wore, in short, as was supplied to the soldiers from the magazines of the

(2) A *coney-catcher*, a name given to *deceivers*, by a metaphor taken from those that rob warrens, and conie grounds, using all means, and cunning to deceive them, as pitching of haies before their eyes, fetching them in by tumblers," &c. *Mimsh. Dict* 1617.

E. Kno. A sign of good digestion ; you have an ostrich-stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach ? would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis : come, gentlemen, shall we go ?

Enter BRAINWORM, L. II.

E. Kno. A miracle cousin, look here ! look here !

Step. Oh—od's 'slid ! By your leave, do you know me, sir ?

Brain. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

Brain. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha ?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brain. No, sir, I confess it ; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it ? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confessed 't : od's will, an' you had not confessed it——

E. Kno. Oh ! cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has confessed it, what would you more ?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see ?

E. Kno. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour ; a pretty piece of civility ! Sirrah, how dost thou like him ?

Wel. O, it's a most precious fool, make much on him : I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum ; for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you ?

E. Kno. With me, sir ? You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you ?

36 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Brain. You are conceited, sir ; (1) your name is Master Knowell, as I take it ?

E. Kno. You are i'the right ; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you ?

Brain. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kno. Ot as bare a coat, though ;—(*Brain. takes E. Kno. aside.*)—well, say sir.

Brain. Faith, sir, I am but servant to the lum extraordinary, and indeed this smoaky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm.

E. Kno. Brainworm ! 'Slight, what breath of a conjuror hath blown thee hither in this shape ?

Brain. The breath o'your letter, sir, this morning ; the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father !

Brain. Nay, never start, 'tis true ; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i'the snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah ? my father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father, where is he ?

Brain. At Justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return ; and then,—

Wel. Who's this ? Brainworm !

Brain. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus ?

Brain. Faith, a device, a device ; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here withdraw, and I'll tell you all. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Warehouse.*

Enter KITELY and CASH, L.H.

Kitel. What says he, Thomas ? Did you speak with him ?

(1) Witty, disposed to jest, pleasant.

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kite. O, that's well; fetch my cloak, my cloak.

[*Exit Cash, L.H.S.E.*]

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
 Ay, that will be the least; and then, 'twill be
 'An hour before I can dispatch with him,
 Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
 Two hours, ha! things never dreamt of yet,
 May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too,
 In two hours absence; well, I will not go.
 Two hours! No, fleeing opportunity,
 I will not give your subtilty that scope.
 Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
 That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
 And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
 Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt
 To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
 When laden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
 I will not go. Business, go by for once.
 No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious
 To be left so, without a guard, or open!
 You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd,
 For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
 Devours or swallows swifter! he that lends
 His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
 Compels her to be false. I will not go:

Re-enter CASH, with cloak, L.H.S.E.

The dangers are too many. I am resolved for that.
 Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do too;
 I will defer going, on all occasions.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Cash. Sir, *Snare*, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it; I must go. What's o'clock?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir. (1)

(1) The merchants of these days met for the dispatch of business at ten o'clock.

Kite. 'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here,
too,

With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave, if I know what to say,

What course to take, or which way to resolve.

My brain methinks is like an hour-glass,

Wherein my imaginations run like sands,

Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd :

So that I know not what to stay upon,

And less, to put in act. It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,

He knows not to deceive me. Thomas !

Cash. Sir !

Kite. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will
not.—(*Aside.*)—Thomas, is Cob within ?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no spereh of him.

No, there were no man o'the earth to Thomas, (1)

If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.

But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,

Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' exchange.

The manner he hath stood with, 'till this present,

Doth promise no such change, what should I fear then ?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.

(*Aside.*)

Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope——

Your love to me is more——

Cash. Sir, if a servant's

Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are

More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, Thomas: gi'me your
hand :

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,

A secret to impart unto you——but,

When once you have it, I must seal your lips up :

So far I tell you Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that——

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you,

Thomas,

(1) None to be compared to him.

When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas : if thou shouldst
Reveal it, but——

Cash. How ! I reveal it ?

Kite. Nay, .

I do not think thou wouldst ; but if thou shouldst,
'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery.
Give it no other name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't, then ?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

Kite. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure ;
Else, being urged so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation ?

He's no fanatic,
I have heard him swear.

What should I think of it ? urge him again,
And by some other way ! I will do so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose ;
Yes, you did swear !

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you——

Kite. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good ;
I am resolv'd (1) without it ; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety, then, sir, I protest
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kite. It is too much ; these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near ; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,
Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture. (*Aside.*)
I have of late, by divers observations——
But whether his oath can bind him, there it is. (*Aside.*)
Being not taken lawfully ?——(*Aside.*)——(2) ha ! say you ?

(1) Convinced.

(2) It was a question in casuistry, whether an oath was of any force, unless taken in form before a legal magistrate: the poet, therefore

40 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

I will bethink me, ere I do proceed :
 Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
 I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And,
 Thomas,

I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
 For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kite. And, hear you, if your mistress's brother,
 Wellbred,

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
 Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kite. To the exchange : do you hear !
 Or here in Coleman-street, to Justice Clement's.
 Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kite. I pray you have a care on't.
 Or, whether he come or no, if any other
 Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kite. Be't your special business
 Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
 I told you of.

Cash. No, sir : I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By heaven it is not ; that's enough. But,
 Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see,
 To any creature living ; yet I care not.
 Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much ;
 It was a trial of you : when I meant
 So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
 But that I have to tell you ; this is nothing, this.

brings this to his imagination, to fill him with groundless objections,
 and throw him into the greater perplexity.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit, R.H.*

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here!
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head?
ha!

Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink! But soft,
Here is company. Now must I look out for a mes-
senger to my master. [*Exit, L.H.*

*Enter WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, BRAINWORM,
BOBADILL, and MASTER STEPHEN, R.H.*

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good
jest, and exceedingly well carried.

E. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as
well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou shouldst
not know him? I forgive Master Stephen, for he is
stupidity itself. Why, Brainworm, who would have
thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Kno. An artificer! an architect! except a man
had studied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver
of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I
never saw his rival.

Wel. Where gottest thou this coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a Houndsditch man, sir; one of the
devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Enter CASH, L.H. calling.

Cash. Francis!—Martin!—ne'er a one to be found
now!—What a spite's this?

Wel. How now, Thomas;—is my brother Kately
within?

Cash. No, sir; my master went forth e'en now;
but Master Downright is within. Cob! what Cob!
—(*Calling.*)—Is he gone too?

42 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas?—canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not—to Justice Clement's, I think, sir.—Cob!—(*Calling.*) [*Exit, R.H.*]

E. Kno. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, and merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you the other day.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Re-enter CASH, R.H.

Cash. Gasper!—Martin!—Cob!—Heart, where should they be, trow? (*Goes in and out, calling.*)

Bob. Master Kitley's man, pr'ythee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match!—no time but now to vouchsafe?—Francis!—Cob! (*Calling.*) [*Exit, L.H.*]

Bob. Body o'me! Here's the remainder* of seven pounds since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado. (1) Did you never take any, Master Stephen.

Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now; since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. (2) I have been in

(1) The product of that island was, at this time, much in request; our old cosmographer, no incompetent judge, perhaps, of this matter, tells us, it abounds with the best kind of tobacco, much celebrated formerly by the name of a pipe of Trinidado.—*Heylin's Cosmog.* l. iv. p. 114.

(2) In the quarto it is *improve*, which has the same sense. The

the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only; therefore, it cannot be but 'tis most divine, (1) especially your Trinidado; your Nicotian is good too. (2) I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E Kno. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth. (*Aside.*)

commentators on Shakespeare do not understand this word. In Hamlet, Horatio says of young Fortinbras, that he was

"Of *unimproved* mettle, hot and full,"

which is interpreted, "full of spirit not regulated by knowledge." It means just the contrary.

(1) Bobadill had good authority for this epithet; and, indeed, for the whole of his panegyric:

There, whether it *divine tobacco* were,

Or panachæa, &c

Fal. Quern. iii. c. v. 32.

Warton conjectures that Spenser meant by this to compliment Sir Walter Raleigh, (foreigners say it was Sir Francis Drake,) who first introduced tobacco into England: it may be so; but both Spenser and Jonson speak the language of the times. Many grave treatises were now extant, (particularly on the continent, which celebrated the virtues of this plant in the most extravagant terms. *To listen to them, the grand elixir was scarcely more restorative and infallible.

(2) I know not what kind of tobacco is here meant. Nicotian was originally a generic name. "Nicotiana appellatu est (scil. tabacum) a Joanne Nicotio Regis Galliarum legato in Lusitania anno 1559, qui primus hanc plantam Galliis transmisit, &c. Chrys. Magnen Exercit. The character which Nicot gives it in his Dictionary answers the description of the poet: *Nicotiane est une espece d'herbe, de vertu admirable pour guerir toutes navrures, playes, ulceres, chancrez, darter, et autres tels accidents au corps humain.* It is strange that Daniel (in his *Arcadia*) should say that it derived its name "from the island of Nicotia;" and still more strange, that all these derivative appellations should be finally swallowed up and lost in one taken from the insignificant settlement of Tobago. The time was not far distant when the virtues of "your Nicotian" were to be discussed before one of those "princes"—I allude to the solemn farce which took place during James's visit to Oxford in 1605, i. e. the disputation in one of the colleges, "*Utrum frequens suffitus Nicotianæ exoticæ sit sanis salutaris?*" at which his majesty condescended to act the part of a moderator.

Enter CASH and COB, L.H.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitley's man?

Cash. Here it is, sir.

Cob. Od's me, I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

(Bobadill beats him with a cudgel.)

All. Oh, good captain! hold! hold!

Bob. You base scullion, you!

Cash. Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

Bob. Do you prate?—Do you murmur?—

(Bobadill beats him off, R.H.)

E. Kno. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Bob. A whoreson, filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Caesar! but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd ha' stabbed him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would ha' done it.

[Exit, L.H. with Master Matt.]

Step. O, he swears most admirably!—By Pharaoh's foot!—Body o' Caesar!—I shall never do it sure. Upon mine honour! and by St. George. No, I ha' not the right grace.

Wel. But soft, where's Master Matthew?—Gone?

Brain. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them. Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happi-

ness to hear some of his poetry now ; he never comes unfurnished. Brainworm !

Step. Brainworm !—Where is this Brainworm ?

E. Kno. Ay, cousin ; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me ! By this air ! St. George ! and the foot of Pharaoh !

Wel. Hare ?—Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em, a kind of French dressing, if you love it : (I) come, let's in ; come, cousin.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*A hall in Justice Clement's house.*

Enter KITELY and COB, L.H.

Kite. Ha ! how many are there, say'st thou ?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred—

Kite. Tut, beside him :—what strangers are there, man ?

Cob. Strangers ?—Let me see—one—two ;—mass, I know not well, there are so many.

Kite. How ! so many ?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kite. A swarm, a swarm !
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head !
With forked stings, thus wide and large ! But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob ?

Cob. A little while, sir.

(1) A satire on our continental neighbours for profaneness in conversation, to which, it seems, they were then addicted.—WHAL.

They are not, even now, it is thought, much reformed in this respect. It is to be wished that we had contented ourselves with taking the dressing of meat from them ; but our travelled coxcombs seldom showed much reserve in the quantity, or care in the quality of the objects of their importation. If a folly or a vice lay on the surface, they seldom failed to pick it up, and bring it home ; and this, more constantly, perhaps, in Jonson's time than at any subsequent period.

* *Kite*. Did'st thou come, running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kite. Nay, then, I am familiar with thy haste !
Bane to my fortunes, what meant I to marry ?
I, that before was rank'd in such content,
My mind at rest, too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave ? What ! never sigh !
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold ;
'Tis done ! 'tis done ! Nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopia will be mine, I know.—(*Aside*.)—

But, *Cob*,

What entertainment had they ? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome : ha ?

Cob. Like enough, sir, yet I heard not a word of it.

Kite. No ; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and
the voice

Drown'd in a flood of joy, at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty. (*Aside*.)

Cob, which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife,
My sister, I should say ? my wife, alas !

I fear not her. Ha ! who was it, say'st thou ?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it ?

Kite. O ! ay, good *Cob*, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bride-
well than your worship's company, if I saw any body
to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post in
the middle of the warehouse ; for there I left them all
at their tobacco, with a plague.

Kite. How ! were they not gone in then, ere thou
cam'st ?

Cob. O no, sir.

Kite. Spite of the devil ! what do I stay here then !
Cob, follow me.—(*Aside*.) [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in Kitley's house.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT and DAME KITELY, R.H.

Dow. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Dow. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em; and 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em. They should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence.

Dame. Od's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all of them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd make the patientest body in the world, to hear you talk so without any sense or reason.

Enter MRS. BRIDGET, MASTER MATTHEW, WELLBRED, MASTER STEPHEN, EDWARD KNOWELL, BOBADILL, BRAINWORM, and CASH, L.H.

Brid. Servant, (1) in troth, you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth,
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

(1) *Servant* was the title which, in Jonson's days, every lady bestowed upon her professed lover. To have noticed this once is sufficient.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Dow. Hey-day, here is stuff!

Wel. O, now stand close; pray heaven, she can get him to read. He should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—I'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy brother?

Wel. Mark, you lose the protestation.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, incipere dulce.

*Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would heav'n, my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.*

Wel. How like you that, sir?

(Master Stephen answers by shaking his head.)

E. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it! (1)

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? Verses! pray you let's see. Who made these verses?—They are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i'the morning; I made 'em extempore, this morning.

Wel. How! extempore?

Mat. I would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them at the Star yonder.

(1) The writer of Junius's Letters has been poaching here: he has taken this poor witticism, which, after all, is not Jonson's, and applied it to Sir W. Blackstone! This may serve to console Master Stephen.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz!

Step. Body o' Caesar, they are admirable! The best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier!

Dow. I am vexed, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still. 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here! *(Aside.)*

Wel. Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Dow. O, monster! impudence itself!—tricks! come you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; (1) this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now! whose cow has calved?

Dow. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter, I'll tell you of it, if sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha'done.

Wel. My companions!

Dow. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your bang-bys here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your *Soldados* and *Foolados* to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer,—*(To Mat.)*—and slops (2)—*(To Bob.)*—your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Dow. Yea that would I fain see, boy.—*(All draw, and they of the house, endeavour to part them.)*

(1) *Wuss*, was merely a vulgarism for *was*, to know. Our old poets use the term as a familiar and petty interjection. I wis, or *wuss*, i. e. I trow, truly, &c.

(2) *Slops* were the large loose breeches, so fashionable during the greater part of Elizabeth's reign.

50 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

E. Kno. Gentlemen forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you *Holofores*; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will by this good heaven! Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George I'll not kill him.

(*They offer to fight again and are parted.*)

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whoreson, bragging coysril! (1)

. Enter KITELY, R.H.

Kite. Why, how now! what's the matter? what's the stir here?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:

[*Exeunt Bobadill and Matthew, L.H.*]

My wife and sister, they are cause of this.

What, Thomas! where is this knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

[*Exeunt Wellbred and E. Knowell, L.H.*]

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt, by his ancient humour.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Kite. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Dow. A sort of lewd rake-hells. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em e'er I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob, there; he that's all manner of shapes! and songs and sonnets his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Brid. Brother indeed, you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour; There was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. O, that was some love of yours, sister!

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother

(1) A mean, dastardly wretch. The term, is taken from the *Falconer's Vocabulary*, where a worthless and degenerate breed of hawks are called *Astrils*.

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Dame. Indeed, he seemed to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts! What a coil and stir is here. [Exit, L.H.]

Kite. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion!

Fair disposition! excellent good parts!

Death! these phrases are intolerable.

Well, well, well, well, well, well;

It is too plain, too clear: 'Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister—

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kite. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much: I'll die, but they have hid him i'the house, somewhere: I'll go and search; go with me, Thomas: Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE II — *Moorfields*.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, and BRAINWORM, L.H.

E. Kno. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use thy best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brain. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by

this time, and put'em in true motion. What you have possest (1) me withall, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question. [Exit, L.H.]

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kno. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not; but tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretendest?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou shouldst not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no?

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Kno. I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

[Exit, R.H.]

Enter FORMAL and KNOWELL, L.H.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir.

Kno. Ay, a knave, I took him begging o'th' way, This morning, as I came over Moorfields! O, here he is! you've made fair speed, believe me:

Enter BRAINWORM, R.H.

Where, i' name of sloth could you be thus?—

Brain. Marry peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

(1) What you have informed me of.

Kno. How so?

Brain. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

Kno. How should that be, unless that villain, Brain-worm,

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charged him to conceal? 'tis so!

Brain. I am partly o'that faith, 'tis so indeed.

Kno. But how should he know thee to be my man?

Brain. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice:

But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-sword?

Brain. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for, I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls Mr. Knowell's man; another cries, soldier: and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me, as, I protest, they must ha' dissected and made an anatomy o'me first, and so I told 'em, they locked me up into a room i'the top of a high house, whence by great miracle, having a light heart, I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was locked up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feast; and your son, Master Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall.

54 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he prays, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not. Go thou along with Justice Clement's man, and stay there for me. At one Cob's house, sayest thou?

Brain. Ay, sir, there you shall have him.—[*Exit Knowell, L.H.*.]—Yes! invisible! (1) much (2) wench, much son! 'Sflight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at a length be delivered of air: O, the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet.—(*Aside.*)—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brain. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost——

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pot-tle of wine on you, if it please you to accept it——

Brain. O, sir——

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end. (3)

Brain. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know: and more too somewhat. (*Aside.*)

(1) *Invisible*, seems to be a humorous addition to Brainworm's speech, after his master was out of hearing——“there you shall have him——yes, invisible!” that is, not at all. *

(2) *Much*! is an ironical exclamation for *little*, or *none*, in which sense it frequently occurs in our old dramatists. Thus in Heywood's *Edward IV.*

“*Much* duchess! and *much* queen, I trow!”

And in Shakspeare,

Is it not past two o'clock? and here's *much* Orlando!”

(3) The usual training ground of the city. This jest on the city campaigns was, doubtless, productive of mirth, for it occurs in many of our old plays.

Form. No better time than now, sir ; we'll go to the Windmill ; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brain. I'll follow you, sir, and make grist of you, if I have good luck. [*Aside.—Exeunt, L.H.*]

Enter MATTHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN, L.H.U.E.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to day, Master Wellbred's half-brother ? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this day-light.

E. Kno. We were now speaking of him : Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning, for that—You shall kill him beyond question : if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. (*Fences.*)

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy ! O, it must be done like lightning, hay ! (1)—(*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*)—Tut ! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—punto !

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here ?

Mat. O, good sir ! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts of the town, where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen ; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure.

(1) i. e. a hit ! from the Italian *hai*, you have it. Our fencers very innocently cry *ha !* upon these occasions

By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em : yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Kno. Ay, believe me may you, sir : and in my conceit our whole nation should sustain the 'loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas ! no. What's a peculiar man to a nation ? not seen.

E. Kno. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss ; but who respects it ? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself ; but, were I known to her majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general ; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you ?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir, I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land ; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have : and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbrocato, (1) your passada, your montanto ; 'till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not in their honour refuse

(1) These terms are, as the reader sees, pure Italian ; and, being significant in that language, we may regret the perversity of fashion, which, under Charles the Second, discarded them for the vague, ill sounding foppery of France. *Imbroccato*, (the only one which requires an explanation) is a thrust in tierce.

us ; well, we would kill them : challenge twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them too ; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score ; twenty score, that's two hundred ; two hundred a day, five days a thousand ; forty thousand ; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood ; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Kno. Why are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times ?

Bob. Tut ! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me ; if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind ; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance.

E. Kno. Ods so, look where he is ! yonder he goes.

DOWNRIGHT, *walks over the stage*, L.H.U.E.

Dow. What peevisish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals ? [*Exit*, R.H.U.E.

Bob. It's not he, is it ?

E. Kno. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

E. Kno. I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so : but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

58 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

E. Kno. That I think, sir. But see, he is come again!

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT, R.H.U.E.

Dow. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw your tools, draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee: hear me——

Dow. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man,(1) I never thought on it till now, body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Matthew. (*Faces.*)

Dow. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

(*He beats him, Matthew runs away, L.H.*)

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you. You'll controul(2) the point, you? Your consort is gone? had he staid he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit, L.H.*]

E. Kno. Twenty and kill 'em! twenty more, kill them too, ha! ha! ha!

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it finer: but, say you were bound to the peace the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was struck with a planet.

Step. No, captain, you were struck with a stick.

E. Kno. Ay, like enough, I have heard of many

(1) Our ancestors used *tall* in the sense of bold, or courageous.

(2) *To controul the point*, is to bear, or beat it down: Downright retorts his own words upon the poor baffled captain: but the expression is technical; thus, the Bravo in the *Antiquary*, says, "I do it by a slight, and by that I can controul any man's point whatever."

that have been beaten under a planet : go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your passadlos, and your montantos, I'll none of them.

Bob. I was planet struck certainly. [*Exit, L.H.*]

E. Kno. O, manners ! that this age should bring forth such creatures ! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em !—Come coz.

Step. Mass. I'll ha' this cloak. (*Takes up the cloak.*)

E. Kno. Ods will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I ; I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Kno. How an' he see it ? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it ? I'll say I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A chamber in Kitely's house.*

Enter KITELY and CASH, L.H.

Kite. Art thou sure, Thomas, we have pryed into all and every part throughout the house ? Is there no by-place, or dark corner, has escaped our searches ?

Cash. Indeed, sir, none ; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have conveyed him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own—While we were searching of the dark closet by my sister's chamber, didst thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side and a soft tread of feet ?

Cash. Upon my truth, I did not, sir ; or, if you did, it might be only the vermin in the wainscot ; the house is old and overrun with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, Thomas—we should bane these rats—dost thou understand me—we will—they shall not harbour here ; I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not be tormented

thus—They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart—I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you, sir! Good now, what is't disturbs you thus? pray be composed; these starts of passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Sorely, sorely, Thomas—it cleaves too 'close to me—Oh me—(*Sighs.*)—Lend me thy arm—so good Cash.

Cash. You tremble and look pale! let me call assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds—Alas! alas! 'tis not in medicine to give me ease—here, here it lies.

Cash. What, sir?

Kite. Why—nothing, nothing—I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would destroy me.

Cash. Believe me, it is your fancy's imposition; shut up your generous mind from such intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you: I'll stake my present, nay my future welfare, that some base whispering knave—nay, pardon me, sir, hath in the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and evil nature! O, my master, should they take root.

(*Laughing within, L.H.*)

Kite. Hark! hark! dost thou not hear! what thinkest thou now? are they not laughing at me?—They are, they are. They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy—this aggravation is not to be borne.—(*Laughing again.*)—Hark, again!—Cash, do thou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton conference.

Cash. I shall obey you, though against my will.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Kite. Against his will? ha! it may be so—He's young and may be bribed for them—they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full fraught bosom is unlocked and opened to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; sting the hand

that raised and cherished him ! Was this stroke added, I should be cursed—but it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

Enter CASH, L.H.

Cash. You are musing, sir.

Kite. I ask your pardon, Cash—ask me not why—I have wronged you, and am sorry—'tis gone.

Cash. If thou suspect my faith—

Kite. I do not—say no more—and for my sake let it die and be forgotten.—Have you seen your mistress, and heard —— whence was that noise ?

Cash. Your brother, Master Wellbred, is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject ; it is one Formal, as he styles himself ; and he appertains, so he phrases it, to Justice Clement, and would speak with you.

Kite. With me ! art thou sure it is the Justice's clerk ? Where is he ?

Enter BRAINWORM as FORMAL, L.H.

Who are you, friend ?

Brain. An appendix to Justice Clement, vulgarly called his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me ?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me ?

Brain. No—but my master does.

Kite. What are the justice's commands ?

Brain. He doth not command but entreats Master Kitley to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be !—Say I'll be with him instantly.—(*Brainworm crosses to R.H.*)—And if your legs, friend, go no faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. Vale.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed !—I must go

forth. But first come hither, 'Thomas—I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and showed thee all my frailties, passions, every thing.—Be careful of thy promise—keep good watch. Wilt thou be true, my 'Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

But, be assur'd you're heaping care and trouble
Upon a sandy base. Ill-placed suspicion
Recoils upon yourself.—She's chaste as comely!
Believe't she is.—Let her not note your humour:
Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be
As clear as her unsullied honour.

Kite. I will then, Cash—thou comfort'st me—I'll
drive these

Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myself again.
'Think'st thou she has perceived my folly?—'Twere
Happy if she had not—She has not—
'They who know no evil will suspect none.

Cash. True, sir; nor has your mind a blemish
now.

'This change has gladdened me. Here's my mistress
And the rest, settle your reason to accost 'em.

Kite. I will, Cash, I will. [*Exit Cash, L.H.*]

Enter WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET,
L.H.

Wel. What are you plotting, brother Kitley,
That thus of late you muse alone, and bear
Such weighty care upon your pensive brow?

(*Laughs.*)

Kite. My care is all for you, good sneering brother,
And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,
And curb your headstrong humours. Trust me, bro-
ther,

You were to blame to raise commotions here,
And hurt the peace and order of my house.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you;
Since there is no harm done; anger costs
A man nothing; and a brave man is never

His own man 'till he be angry. To keep
His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself
As it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a brave
Musician unless he play?

What's a brave man unless he fight?

Dame. Ay, but what harm might have come of it,
brother!

Wel. What, school'd on both sides! Pr'ythee,
Bridget,

Save me from the rod and lecture.

(Bridget and Wellbred retire up the stage.)

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him!
My heart's at ease, and they shall see it is. *(Aside.)*
How art thou wife?—Thou lookst both gay and
comely,

In troth thou dost. I am sent for out, my dear,
But I shall soon return. Indeed, my life,
Business that forces me abroad grows irksome,
I could content me with less gain and 'vantage
To have the more at home, indeed I could.

Dame. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed
these thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me. *(Aside.)*

What dost thou say?—doubt thee?

I should as soon suspect myself. No, no,
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,
So fix'd and settled, that, wert thou inclined
To masks, to sports and balls where lusty youth
Leads up the wanton dance, and the raised pulse
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's ease and security—not but
I had rather thou shouldst prefer thy home
And me, to toys and such like vanities.

Dame. But sure, my dear,
A wife may moderately use these pleasures,
Which numbers, and the time give sanction to,
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

Kite. And so she may;—and I'll go with thee,
child;
I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myself,

64 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

And be the foremost reveller I'll silence
The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Disturb'd with jealousy——

Dame. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What!—ha! never—ha, ha, ha!

She stabs me home.—(*Aside.*)—Jealous of thee!

No, do not believe it—speak low, my love,

Thy brother will overhear us—No, no, my dear,

It could not be, it could not be—for—for—

What is the time now?—I shall be too late—

No, no, thou mayst be satisfied

There's not the smallest spark remaining—

Remaining!—What do I say?—There never was,

Nor can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfied—

Is Cob within there?—Give me a kiss,

My dear—(*They kiss.*)—there, there, now we are
reconciled—

I'll be back immediately—Good-bye, good-bye—

Ha, ha!—jealous!—I shall burst my sides with laugh-
ing;

Ha, ha! Cob, where are you Cob?—Ha, ha!—

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Wel. (*Comes forward with Bridget.*) What have you done to make your husband part so merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

Dame. He laughed, indeed, but seemingly without mirth; his behaviour is new and strange: he is much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Wel. 'Tis jealousy good sister, and writ so largely that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

Dame. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue should betray my eyes, so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast of. But what makes him ever calling for Cob, so? I wonder how he can employ him.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you, that are his wife; and a

thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in. But this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent —— sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have 'foul hearts, ere now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of his jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but now, but I'll be quit with him.—Thomas!

Enter CASH, R.H.

Fetch your hat, Thomas, and go with me. I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy! [*Exit R.H. followed by Cash.*]

Wel. Ha, ha! so, e'en let 'em go; this may make sport anon. What; Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM, L.H.

Brain. I saw the merchant turn the corner, and came back to tell you, all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

Wel. But how gottest thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brain. Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist o'me at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripped him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him till my return; which shall be when I have pawned his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well thou art a successful, merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget, at the Tower, instantly: for here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. Away! [*Exit Brainworm, L.H.*]

Brid. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What further meaning have you in the plot?

Wel. That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you. Will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man. But this motion of yours favours of an old knight-adventurer's servant a little too much methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the go-between.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But, see, who is returned to hinder

Enter KITELY, R.H.

Kite. What villainy is this?—Called out on a false message!—This was some plot;—I was not sent for, Bridget, where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kite. How! is my wife gone forth?—Whither, for heaven's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite. Abroad with Thomas!—Oh, that villain cheats me ;

He hath discovered all unto my wife :

Beast that I was to trust him!—(*Aside.*)—Whither, I pray .

You, went she ?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

Kite. Whither, good brother ?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe :—but keep my counsel.

Kite. I will, I will. To Cob's house!—Doth she haunt there ?

She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me

With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,

Hath told her all.—(*Aside.*)—Why would you let her go ?

Wel. Because she's not my wife ; if she were, I'd keep her to her tether.

Kite. So, so ; now 'tis too plain. I shall go mad With my misfortunes ; now they pour in torrents.

I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant, Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,

Despised by myself. There is nothing left now But to revenge myself first,—next, hang myself,—

And then—all my cares will be over.

[*Exeunt, Kite, R.H. Wellbred and Bridget, L.H.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Stocks Market.*

Enter MASTER MATTHEW, *and* BOBADILL, L.H.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away,—ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman ;—quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments !—and that's all.

Mat. Why, so ?—But what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used,—laid on strongly, born most patiently ;—and that's all. But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter ;—fascinated ;—but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear ?—is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before Justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss : would we had it!

Mat. Why, here comes his man ;—let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed ;—do you speak.

Enter BRAINWORM, R.H.

Mat. Save you, sir!

Brain. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law ; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my service is my living ; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir ?

Brain. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account ; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain ? He asks a brace of angels, you have no money ?

Bob. Not a cross, (1) by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radishes.—Let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn ! we have none, to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes ;—I can pawn my ring here.

Bob. And, hark'ee, he shall have my trusty Toledo, too. I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

Mat. Do you hear, sir ? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns ;—look you, sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it dispatched.

Brain. I am content, sir ; I will get you the warrant presently ; what's his name, say you ?—Down-right ?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently ; but who will you have to serve it ?

Mat. That's true, captain ; that must be considered.

Bob. Body o'me, I know not ;—'tis service of danger.

(1) The ancient penny, according to Stow, had a double cross with a crest stamped on it, so that it might easily be broken in the midst, or in the four quarters. Hence it became a common phrase, when a person had no money about him, to say, he had not a *single cross*. As this was certainly an *unfortunate* circumstance, there is no end to the quibbling upon this poor word.

70 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Brain. Why, you were best get one o'the varlets o'the city, (1) a serjeant:—I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt Bobadill and Matthew, L.H.*]

Brain. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and so get money on all sides. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The street before Cob's house.*

Enter KNOWELL, L.H.

Kno. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Ho! who is within here?

(*Tib appears at the window.*)

Tib. I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno. O fear you the constable?—Then I doubt not,

You have some guests within deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight.

Enter TIB, from the house.

Tib. O for heaven's sake, sir.

Kno. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young Knowell here!

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such, sir, o'my honesty.

Kno. Your honesty! Dame, it flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! The man is mad, I think.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

(1) *Varlet*, a servant, was the name then given to the bailiffs, or serjeants at mace, belonging to the city compters. The word is so common in this sense, that I shall forbear to state any particular instance of it.

Enter CASH and DAME KITELY, R.H.

Kno. O, this is the female copesmate of my son.
Now shall I meet him straight.—(*Aside.*)

(*Retires, L.H.U.E.*)

Dame. Knock, 'Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, good wife !

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you ?

Dame. Why woman, grieves it you to ope your door ? belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye ?

Dame. So strange you make it ! Is not my husband here ?

Kno. Her husband ! (*Aside.*)

Dame. My tried and faithful husband, Master Kately.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. Come hither, Cash—I see my turtle coming to his haunts ; let us retire. (*They retire.*)

Re-enter KNOWELL, L.H.S.E.

Kno. This must be some device to mock me withal.
Soft, who is this ? Oh ! 'tis my son disguised ?
I'll watch him, and surprise him.

Enter KITELY, L.H. muffled in a cloak.

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see : there she skulks.
But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—
I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice
Her infamy demands

(*As Kately goes forward, Dame Kately and Knowell take hold of him.*)

Kno. Have I trapped you, youth ? you can't 'scape me now.

Dame. O, sir, have I forestalled your honest market ?

Found your close walks? You stand amazed now, do you?

Ah! hide, hide! your face for shame

I'faith I am glad I've found you out at last.

What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her?

Fetch forth the wanton dame if she be fairer,

In any honest judgment than myself,

I'll be content with it; but, she is change,

She feeds you fit, she soothes your appetite,

And you are well! your wife, an honest woman,

Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachour!(1)

Kno. What mean you, woman! let go your hold.

I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim him as my own.

Kite. (*Discovering himself.*) I am your cuckold, and claim my vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too? Thou faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet impudence! Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion, This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat.

(*Pointing to old Knowell.*)

Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it

With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?

O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame,

To have a mind so hot, and to entice,

And feed th' enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame. Out, I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch.

Kite. Defy me, strumpet! ask thy pander here, Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir.

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these passions blind you—I'm grieved to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, tut; never speak. I see through every

Veil you cast upon your treachery: but I have

Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.

For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due ;
Resolved to cool your lust, or end my shame. (*Draws.*)

Kno. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man ?
put up your sword, and undeceive yourself—no arm
that e'er poised weapon can affright me. But I pity
folly, nor cope with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—
So you, goodwife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a monster ;
And you young pander, and old cuckold-maker ;
I'll ha' you every one before the justice :
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Come forth thou bawd.

(*Goes into the house, and brings out Tib.*)

Kno. Marry with all my heart, sir, I go willingly ;
Though I do take this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kite. Come, will you go ?

Dame. Go, to thy shame, believe it.

Kite. Though shame and sorrow both my heart
betide,
Come on—I must, and will be satisfied.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*Stocks Market.*

Enter BRAINWORM, R.H.

Brain. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I
most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man
of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays
hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him ; for then
he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little
kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace,(1)

(1) This was the badge of a city serjeant's office, which he constantly carried when he arrested a man for debt. The gown too was a badge of the serjeant's or *varlet's* office, and as well known as the mace ; indeed, he never appeared in public without it: to this *Brainworm* alludes, when he says, " a man of my present profession never counterfeits."

74 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit ; pray heaven I come well off.

Enter BOBADILL and MASTER MATTHEW, L.H.

Mat. Sec, I think yonder is the varlet, by his gown. 'Save you, friend ; are not you here by appointment of Justice Clement's man ?

Brain. Yes, an't please you, sir ; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master which I have about me to be served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both ; and see where the party comes you must arrest ; serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware——

Enter MASTER STEPHEN in Downright's cloak,
R.H.

Bob. Bear back, Master Matthew.

Brain. Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend ? I am no Downright, I : I am Master Stephen : you do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly : I am in nobody's bonds or books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time.

Brain. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us : But see, here he comes, indeed ; this is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, L.H.

Dow. Why, how now, Signor Gull ! are you turned filcher of late ? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir ! I bought it even now, in open market.

Brain. Master Downright, I have a warrant I

must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Dow. These gentlemen?—these rascals!
(*Offers to beat them.*)

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Dow. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brain. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make (1) the justice, captain—
[*Exit, L. H.*]

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!
[*Exit, L. H.*]

Dow. Gull, you'll gi'me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Dow. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brain. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Dow. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak?—what would you have?

Dow. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Dow. I'll ha' no words taken: bring him along.

Brain. So, so, I have made a fair mash on't.
(*Aside.*)

Step. Must I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Dow. Come along, afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

(1) i. e. acquaint him with our business; or, as the quarto reads, in this place, prepare him.

76 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why, then, let him do his worst, I am resolute.
[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Justice Clement's house.*

Enter CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, *two Servants, and two Tipstiffs*, L.H.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. You Master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Kno. (R.H. of table.) Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk!—About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitley?

Kite. (L.H. of table.) After two, sir.

Clem. Very good:—but, Mistress Kitley, how chance that you were at Cob's? ha?

Dame. An' please you, sir, I'll tell you. My brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame. True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitley:—but did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

Kite. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so!—that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How! Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after!—Where is Wellbred?

Kite. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all. Alas! poor wench! wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. (R.H. of table.) Yes, and't please you.

Clem. I smell mischief here, plot and contrivance, Master Kiteley. However, if you will step into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been played you. I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it. I'll take you counsel. Will you go in Dame?

Dame. I will have justice, Mr. Kiteley.

[*Exeunt Kiteley and Dame*, R.H.D.]

Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs. Kiteley, that I see.

Enter WILLIAM, L.H.

How now, sir!—what's the matter?

Wil. Sir, there's a gentleman i'the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what is he?

Wil. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! my sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me!—stand by, I will end your matters anon. Let the soldier enter. [*Exit William*, L.H.]

Enter BOBADILL, and MATTHEW, L.H.

Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Bob. By your worship's favour—

78 **EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.**

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answered here; here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten, by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town, here; and for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. Od's precious!—Is this the soldier?—Lie there my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up with a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Enter WILLIAM, L.H.

Wil. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Wil. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit William, L.H.*]

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, L.H.

What, Mr. Downright! are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

Dow. Ay, faith, sir. And here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle !

Clem. Uncle!—who?—Master Knowell?

Kno. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. Uncle, I am wronged here monstrously;—He charges me with stealing of his cloak; and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it now?—you said you bought it ere while.

Step. And you said, I stole it:—nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile:—you that have cause to complain there, stand forth:—had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an' my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'em! where is the warrant, officer, have you it?

Brain. No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served, and never see the warrant?

Dow. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Dow. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so —

Clem. Od's pity, was it so, sir? he must serve it? Give me a warrant, I must serve one too. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah? away with him to the goal, I'll teach you a trick, for you must, sir.

Brain. Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the goal; away with him, I say.

Brain. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be

for committing more than this; I will not lose by my travel, any grain of my fame, certain.

(*Throws off his disguise.*)

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My man Brainworm!

Step. O yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some device.

Brain. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o'me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack.—(*A servant brings it to him.*)—If he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brain. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have sir, though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself: first as Brainworm; after, as Fitsword, I was your reformed soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible? or that thou shouldst disguise thy language so as I should not know thee!

Brain. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis! it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master Kately, a message too, in the form of Mr. Justice's man here, to draw him out o'th' way, as well as your worship, while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kno. My son is not married, I hope!

Brain. Faith, sir, they are both, as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make 'em; and by this time are ready to be-

speak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Mary that will I, I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brain. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, but all in kindness, and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee; which having drank off, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to do nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit o'the offence. Go into the next room; let master Kitley into this whimsical business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him, than an honest man ought to have.

[*Exit, Brainworm, R.H.D.*]

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an' he had not bleated! why, sir, you shall give Mr. Downright his cloak, and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have i'the buttry, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Clem. Call Master Kitley and his wife, then.

Enter KITELY and DAME KITELY, R.H.D.

Did not I tell you there was a plot against you? did I not smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought? Have not you traced, have you not found it, eh, Master Kitley?

Kite. I have—I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffered for it; the trial has been

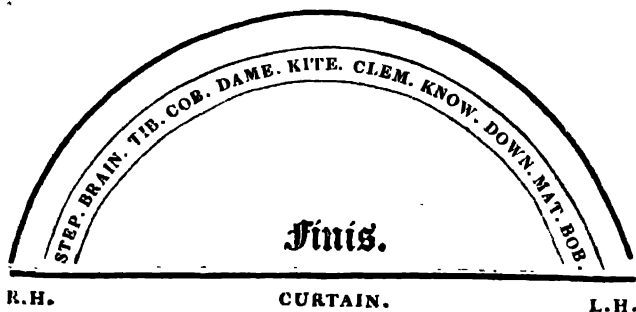
severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now is, that as my own folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

Clem. That will depend upon yourself, Master Kitley ; do not you yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger ; you, Master Knowell, your cares, and do you, Master Kitley and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me ; kiss me, sweet wife.

*See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath !
Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,
See, see ! on heads, that think th'have none at all !
O, what a plenteous world of this will come !
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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he may be, has not his hours of trifling, when a grave didactic companion, with his folios of sense and learning, is an intolerable nuisance? Who at such times, would not give the world to exchange his grave friend for some light-hearted coxcomb, who is all whim and gaiety, and who if he talks nonsense, at least talks agreeable nonsense? Just such a friend is, or would be, our purposed work; a companion that may be taken up or laid down at any time—without the necessity of doubling down the corners; a friend that one would wish to have when whirling along in a chaise upon a road, when nothing is new from the mile-stone to the sign-post.

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Remarks.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

He who can venture to *criticise* one of Shakspeare's compositions, without feeling abashed, and even awed, at the hazard of the task, must enjoy a far more comfortable opinion of his own intellectual endowments than we can pretend to boast of. All our customary confidence forsakes us at the bare idea of such an undertaking; and we unaffectedly avow that we enter upon it with diffidence and anxiety. Indeed, did not our engagements with our subscribers imperiously prohibit such a procedure, we should gladly decline the office altogether, and give this number of our work to the world, unaccompanied by the usual preface.

Were the fanciful arrangement of an author's productions, according to their several degrees of excellence, adopted with regard to Shakspeare's, this play would scarcely, we think, be deemed worthy of a more exalted situation than amongst those of the second or third class. Though the plot has few extravagancies or irregularities, it is not developed with remarkable felicity; nor is the curiosity of the spectator very strongly aroused during its progress. The comparatively slight interest which he takes in the business of the scene, must, however, in a great measure be attributed to the little anxiety he feels for the principal personages. The *Duke*, who seems to have been intended for a pattern of wisdom and justice, is deemed a mighty tedious moralizer in the theatre, and excites but little respect by his saws and maxims. We are all of us too apt to slight the useful for the agreeable; to bestow our regard upon those who amuse, rather than upon those who instruct us: and, consequently, neither the probity of his character in the
s compels

them to undergo. His conversation, nevertheless, abounds with axioms of profound wisdom and exquisite beauty. We may almost assert of this piece, what has been said of Shakspeare's writings collectively, that a complete system of moral and political economy might be collected from it: but, elevated sentiments and poetical diction, addressed to a theatrical assembly, are truly pearls cast before swine. They listen to them with impatience; and sigh for the excitement of an animated plot and bustling incidents.

If the *Duke's* character commands our approbation, yet fails to excite our regard, that of *Isabella* is still more liable to such an objection. She has our respect, 'tis true,—our reverence,—nay, almost our adoration; but, the homage we pay her is extorted from us as a duty, rather than spontaneously offered as a free gift. Our reason prompts us to bestow unqualified applause upon her rectitude, yet our heart refuses to join cordially in the tribute. We sympathise but coldly with her sorrows; for, with us erring mortals she has little in common. She is a being of a better world, scarcely partaking of the frailties of this. Had her tenderness for her brother operated so strongly as to have overcome her virtue, though she would have sunk considerably in our opinion as a saint, she would have risen greatly in our esteem as a woman. That heroism which is founded upon a conquest over the natural affections, will seldom command the love of mankind. When Brutus condemns his sons to death, without a tear, though we reverence the patriot, we detest the father. Had *Isabella*, to do a great good, done a little wrong, she would unquestionably have partaken of our sympathy far more largely than she does at present. Her character, however, is finely imagined and strongly drawn; “chaste as the icicle that hangs on Dian's temple;” pious, eloquent, and resolute: her sentiments are noble, and her pleading in behalf of her brother most pathetic and convincing.

“ Her worst fault (and fault enough it is,)
Is, that she is intolerably shrewish.”

Witness for this, the style in which she rates *Claudio* in the prison, and her expressed determination to tear out *Angelo's* eyes, upon discovering his treachery; though the players have judiciously omitted the latter passage, and considerably softened down the intemperance of the former.

The character of *Angelo* has been censured, as an unnatural contrivance.

tion,—a monster that the world ne'er saw; but, for this objection there appears to be no solid foundation. Critics are not arbitrarily to limit the degrees of baseness which our nature is capable of arriving at, nor to question the possibility of such horrible impurity, because their own imaginations have never harboured the idea of similar pollution. Shakspeare, whose acquaintance with human nature was profound and universal, whose men and women are beings drawn from an attentive observation of life, and not the mere offspring of a luxuriant fancy, did not often err upon the side of extravagance; and if, in the present instance, any proof is needed of the *possibility* of what he describes, it may be sufficient to remark that a similar transaction has actually occurred in our own country.—The story of Kirk, here alluded to, is so well known, that 'tis unnecessary to detail it.—that of Rhynsault is equally familiar.(1) The horror of the fiction, indeed, was surpassed by that of the reality; for, *Angelo* had at least the tyrant's plea—necessity—to offer in his defence;—he doomed *Claudio* to death, lest he should avenge the injury done to his sister; but, in the instances above-mentioned, not even this palliation existed: the barbarity was not less wanton than execrable. As a satire upon hypocrisy, *Angelo's* character may be ranked amongst Shakspeare's most felicitous conceptions. In the works of no other author can there be found so admirable an exposure of those fair-seeming hypocrites, who thank God they are not as other men are. The drawing is so minute, so spirited, and so complete, that it seems as if nothing could have been added or omitted without diminishing its excellence. And, how delightfully is his heartless rigour contrasted with the mild benevolence of his associate, *Escalus*! Surely, not without reason was our author styled “the gentle Shakspeare!” The kindly feelings of his nature are continually rendered apparent by his captivating pictures of humanity in its most pleasing aspects; by those amiable personations which make us in love with our species, and generate in our minds feelings of philanthropy towards all mankind.

has been immortalized by Pomfret. See his
of villany are cited in

Some parts of this play strongly exemplify the correctness of Johnson's remark, that, "in Tragedy, Shakspeare often writes, with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but, in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour could improve." The serious scenes, we must allow, are occasionally open to the above censure—the comic portions are invariably excellent. *Elbow* is a second *Dogberry*, scarcely, if at all, inferior to his prototype; while *Pompey* is in every respect "Pompey the Great." How inimitably does he "bestow his tediousness" upon the Deputies, in that delectable scene in the second act! "Twould make one laugh out a night in Russia, when nights are longest there." *Froth* and *Mrs. Overdone* are worthy of their companions; and *Lucio* is a pleasant specimen of those "water-flies," who, in spite of their frivolity, are sound at the core, and not quite destitute of feeling, or honourable principle. The scenes in which he slanders the *Duke* to his face, are highly amusing; and few situations are so effective, or so productive of mirth, as that in the last act, where he pulls the cowl from the supposed Friar. The comic characters, indeed, without an exception, are worthy of Shakspeare's best productions; even that of *Barnardine*, carelessly as it is sketched, strikingly displays the profundity of his skill. The catastrophe is somewhat tediously brought about; but the triumph of virtue over hypocrisy is always so gratifying, that it serves to make the spectator forget the heaviness of the transactions by which it has been produced.

The play is now seldom acted, and has never been very attractive. It is brought forward occasionally, to afford some favourite actor and actress an opportunity of displaying their declamatory powers, as the *Duke* and *Isabella*; but no talent has yet been able to render it popular. It is performed with few variations from the original, beyond some necessary curtailments, and the transposition of one or two scenes: though it is curious to remark how, in the closing lines of the acting-copy, the players have thought proper to swell the *Duke's* hint of his attachment to *Isabella*, into a formal declaration of his passion. They were willing to compensate for the absence of love-scenes in the body of the play, by introducing a little courtship at the close. Perhaps the coldness which the piece is acted, may in a great measure be placed to the account of this deficiency of love-business.

commentators have been induced, by several circumstances, to

believe that "Measure for Measure" was one of Shakspeare's latest productions. Tyrwhitt infers that it was written after the accession of James I. from two passages, which he thinks were intended as apologies for the reserved and ungracious demeanour of that monarch towards the populace, viz.

"I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not love to stage me in their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *Aves* vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it." Act I. Scene I.*

Again, in Act II. Scene IV.

—————" So,
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and, in obsequious fondness,
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence."

It is said that James was so offended by the unpolished but hearty congratulations of his subjects, on his entry into England, that he issued a Proclamation, forbidding the people to resort to him. In the British Museum, there is a M.S. Memoir of Sir S. D'Ewes, which contains a remarkable passage respecting this antipathy of the monarch. After mentioning his going to Parliament on the 30th January, 1620-1, it adds, that "he spake lovingly to the people, and said 'God bless ye ! God bless ye !' contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox or a plague on such as flocked to see him."

The story of "Measure for Measure" occurs in Cinthio's Novels ; but, Shakspeare seems to have derived his incidents more immediately from a play by George Whetstone, one of our earliest dramatists. It is thus entitled:—" *The Right Excellent and Famous Historie of Promos and Cassandra; divided into Commical Discourses,*" 1574. A brief description of the plot will serve to shew how far Shakspeare

The play, in its original state, and not the acting-copy is here referred to.

followed the story, and in what particulars he deviated from it. *Promos* (the *Angelo* of "Measure for Measure") is appointed by the king of Hungary to govern a town called Julio, in which a law exists, punishing incontinence with death. *Andrugio* (*Claudio*) has incurred the penalty, and is condemned to die; but *Promos*, inflamed by the charms of his sister *Cassandra* (*Isabella*) who petitions for his pardon, agrees to remit the sentence, upon condition that she gratifies his desires. She consents; but as soon as he has enjoyed her, he commands *Andrugio's* jailer to convey to her his prisoner's head, with this taunting distich—

"Cassandra, as *Promos* promis'd thee,
From prison, lo, he sets thy brother free;"

The jailer, however, touched with pity, substitutes the head of a felon, and releases *Andrugio*. *Cassandra* discloses her grievances to the king, who decrees that *Promos* shall marry her, and immediately after be executed. The nuptials having taken place, *Cassandra* supplicates vehemently for her husband's pardon, but without effect, and he is about to be beheaded; when *Andrugio* makes his appearance, and a happy termination ensues.

SHAKESPEARE's principal additions to this plot, are the secret agency of the *Duke*, and the episode of *Mariana*—an expedient to save *Isabella's* honour. To discuss the merit of these at any length, would be quite foreign to the purpose of this article; but, we may remark that, though the ingenuity of the first of them is undeniable, the utility of the other (so far as dramatic effect is concerned) is extremely doubtful. Nothing, moreover, is gained by it on the score of morality, nor is any violation of delicacy avoided; for, surely, in spite of the *Duke's* sophisticated reasoning to the contrary. *Mariana's* trespass is just as gross a breach of the divine laws, as *Isabella's* would have been, had she yielded up her honour. Had SHAKESPEARE adhered in this point to the original story, how much more striking might he have rendered the catastrophe; how powerfully would he have made *Isabella* plead for *Angelo*, having "the motive and the cue for passion" possessed by *Cassandra*, in WHETSTONE's drama! As the matter now stands, her intercession for the supposed murderer of her brother, is unavoidably cold and unimpassioned; while that of so subordinate a character as *Mariana* is unregarded and unavailing.

WHETSTONE's play is written in various measures, and principally in iambic pentameter. The thoughts are puerile, and the versification

short, the piece possesses no kind of merit, nor any interest, but as having been the origin of one of SHAKSPEARE'S. The reader, however, may find some amusement in comparing an extract or two, with the corresponding scenes in "*Measure for Measure*," in contrasting the richness of SHAKSPEARE'S language with the poverty of his predecessor's :-

Cassandra, (kneeling speaks to Promos.)

Renowned Lorde, whylst life in me doth last,
 In homage bondes I binde myselfe to thee ;
 And, though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
 Yet, once againe, on knees I mercie seeke
 In his behalfe that hangs 'twene death and life :
 Who still is preast, (1) if you the 'mendes do leeke,
 His lawles love to make his lawfull wife.

Promos. Fair dame, I wel have way'd thy sute, and wish to do thee good,
 But all in vaine ; al things conclude to have thy brother's blood.
 The stricknes of the lawe condemnes an ignorant abuse ;
 Then, wyful faultes are hardlie helpt, or cloked with excuse.
 And, what maye be more wyful than a maide to violate ?

Cassandra. The force was smal, when, with her wyl, he, wretch
 the conquest gate.

Promos. Lawe ever at the worst doth conster evyl intent.

Cassandra. And lawe even with the worst awardest them punishment.

And, sith that rigorous lawe adjudged him to die ;
 Your glorie will be much the more in showing him mercie !
 The world will think how that you do but graunt him grace on cause ;
 And, where cause is, there mercy should abate the force of lawes.

Promos. Cassandra, in thy brother's 'halfe, thou hast sayde what
 may be,
 And for thy sake

With love,
 I shall move ;

And, quite subdu'd by Cupid's might, neede makes me sue for grace
To thee Cassandra, which dost holde my free dome in a lace,
Yeelede to my will, and then command even what thou wilt of me ;
Thy brother's life, and all that else may with thy liking 'gree !

Cassandra. (Aside.) And, may it be, a judge himself the self-same
fault should use,

For which he domes another's death ?—O crime without excuse !
Renowned lorde, you use this speach (I hope) your thrall to trye ;
If otherwise, my brother's life so deare I will not bye.

Promos. Faire dame, I feare, my outward lookes my inward
thoughts bewray ;

If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a keye !

Cassandra. If that you love, (as so you saye), the force of love
you know ;

Which felt, in conscience you should my brother favour show.

Promos. In doubtfull warre, one prisoner still doth set another free

Cassandra. What so love seekes, love unto warre contrary is,
you see.

Hate fost'reth warre ; love cannot hate ; then, may it covet force ?

Promos. The lover ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse.

Then, if he hap to have a helpe to wyn his frowarde foe,

Too kinde a foole I will him holde, that lets such vantage goe.

Cassandra. Well, to be short, myselfe wyll dye, ere I my honor
stayne ;

You know my minde ; leave off to tempt : your offers are in vaine.

SHAKESPEARE'S comic personages are entirely his own, the buffoons
in WHETSTONE'S play bearing no resemblance to them, except in the
instances of *Lamia*, a courtesan, and *Rosko*, her domestic, whose cha-
racters seem to have suggested those of *Mrs. Overdone* and *Pompey*.
They are introduced in the following manner :

Rosko. Good people, did none of you my mistresse *Lamia* see ?

Lamia. *Rosko*, what newes, that in such haste you come blowing ?

Rosko. Mistresse, you must shut up your shop, and leave your
occupying.

Lamia. What so they be, foolish knave, tell me true.

Rosko. Oh ! yll, for I am besydes you.

Lamia. For me, good fellowe ! I pray thee, why so ?

Rosko. Be patient, mistresse, and yon shall know.

Lamia. Go to; say on!

Rosko. Marrie, right nowe, at the sessions I was,
And thirtie must to trussum corde go;
Among the which, (I weepe to showe), alas—

Lamia. Why, what's the matter, man?

Rosko. O, ~~An~~^An' ~~Augio~~^{Augio},
For ~~Aug~~^{Aug} too kindlie, must loose his heade;
And, his sweetehart must weere the shamefull weedes
Ordainde for dames that fall through fleshly deedes.

Lamia. Is this offence in question come againe?
See, see, how soone my triumphe turnes to paine!
Now envious eyes will pricke abroad, offenders to intrap;
Of force, now *Lamia* must be chaste, to shun a more mishap.
And, wanton girle, how wilt thou shift for garments fine and gay?
For dainty fare, can crusts content? Who shal thy house-rent pay?
And, that delights thee most of all, thou must thy dalliance leave;
But, can the force of lawe or death, thy minde of love bereave?
In good faith, no! the wight that once hath tast the fruits of love,
Untill her dying-daye will long Sir *CRAUCER*'s jest to prove.

A comparison of this with the conversation between *Pompey* and his mistress, will operate rather disadvantageously to *WHERSTONE*'s credit; but, it was the Midas property of *SHAKESPEARE*'s genius to convert even the basest materials into gold.

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is about three hours and a quarter.—The first act occupies the space of twenty-five minutes—the second, fifty—the third, thirty-five—the fourth, thirty—the fifth, fifty.—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By	R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
	L.H.....		Left Hand.
	S.E.....		Second Entrance.
	U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
	M ".....		Middle Door.
	D.F.....		Door in Flat.
	R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
	L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

DUKE.

First dress—Scarlet body, pantaloons, and Austrian jacket, trimmed with fur.—Second dress.—Grey friar's gown.—Third dress.—White shape and long crimson robe, trimmed with gold and fur.

ANGELO.

Black velvet shape, trimmed with black buttons and robe of the same.

ESCALUS.

Black silk—Ibid.

CLAUDIO.

First dress—Buff body and pantaloons, with scarlet short fly.—Second dress.—Blue Padua gown.

LUCIO.

Buff body and pantaloons, trimmed with pink ribands and spangles, with short purple fly.

FREDERICK.

Yellow body, pantaloons, and scarlet short fly.

LEOPOLD.

Ibid—with blue fly.

FRIAR PETER.

A grey friar's dress.

PROVOST.

Purple cloth body, and short breeches, trimmed with purple riband, and puffs; a large scarlet gown with black worsted binding, and a broad gold chain.

FROTH.

Pink and white flowered satin dress, trimmed with blue riband and puffs; a small cloak of the same, and white stockings.

ELBOW.

A dark shape, blue stockings, watchman's drab Padua gown, with crimson and blue binding.

TOMPEY.

Orange blue body trimmed, with light blue short brown fly, trimmed with yellow, blue breeches, trimmed with scarlet, yellow stockings, and green apron.

ABHIORSON.

White cotton body, breeches and cloak trimmed, with black and blue cotton sash.

BARNARDINE.

An old drab shape, leather belt, and a soldier's blue Padua cloak, with yellow binding.

ISABELLA.

Plain grey dress, and a white veil.

MARIANA.

White dress, and white veil.

FRANCISCA.

A Nun's dress

MRS. OVERDONE.

A blue dress, trimmed with pink.

Persons Represented.

<i>Duke of Austria</i>	Mr. Young.
<i>Angelo</i>	Mr. Terry.
<i>Escalus</i>	Mr. Murray.
<i>Claudio</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Lucio</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>Frederick</i>	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Leopold</i>	Mr. Hamerton.
<i>Friar Peter</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Gentlemen</i> , Messrs. Brown, Grant, Heath, Louis, Platt, Sargant, Watson, White.	
<i>Provost</i>	Mr. Bellamy.
<i>Froth</i>	Mr. Menage.
<i>Elbow</i>	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Pompey</i>	Mr. Liston.
<i>Abhorson</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Barnardine</i>	Mr. Emery.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Apparitors</i>	Messrs. Sutton and W. Chapinan.
<i>Tipstaves</i>	Messrs. George and Powers.
<i>Isabella</i>	Miss O'Neill.
<i>Mariana</i>	Mrs. Faucit.
<i>Francisca</i>	Miss Seymour.
<i>Mrs. Overdone</i>	Mrs. Davenport.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

A CT I.

SCENE I.—*The Duke's Palace.*

The DUKE, FREDERICK, and LEOPOLD, R.H. and ESCALUS, L.H. discovered.—The Duke, dressed as for his journey, is seated at R.H. of a table in centre, writing.—Escalus stands, L.H.S.E.—Frederick and Leopold wait a little retired, R.H. Frederick holds the commissions.—The Duke, as he speaks to Escalus, rises and comes forward, taking one of the commissions from Frederick.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

*Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse ;
Since I am put to know,(1) that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lists(2) of all advice
My strength can give you :
The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember : there is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.*

(Escalus kneels, and takes his commission.)

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[Exit Leopold, R.H.]

What figure of us, think you, he will bear ?

(1) *Since I am put to know*—i. e. Since I am compelled to own, or am well aware.

(2) *The lists*—i. e. The limits.

For, you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our absence to supply ;
 Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love ;
 And given his deputation all the organs
 Of our own power :—what think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is Lord Angelo.

Enter LEOPOLD and ANGELO, R.H.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
 There is a kind of character in thy life⁽¹⁾
 That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold :— (*Takes the other commission.*)
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself ;
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart : old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary :
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. We have with a leaven'd and prepared
 choice⁽²⁾
 Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.

(*Angelo kneels, and receives his commission.*)
 We shall write to you,
 As time and our concernings shall impōrtune,
 How it goes with us ; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions.

(1) *In thy life*—Johnson proposes to read, “ *In thy look.*”

(2) *A leavened and prepared choice*—i. e. A careful and duly-considered choice.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it:
I'll privily away.—(*Crosses to R.H. and signs to Leo.*
and Fred. to go.)

[*Exeunt Leo. and Fred. R.H.*]

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good.—

Once more, fare you well. (*Embraces them.*)

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you:—fare you well. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—let us withdraw together
(*Crosses to L.H.*)

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Entrance to a Monastery.*

Enter FRIAR PETER and the DUKE, L.H.

Duke. No, holy father: throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: (1) why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Peter. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you,

(1) *A complete bosom*, means a bosom completely armed. *A dribbling dart* is a dart feebly thrown.—“*Telum imbellis sine ictu.*”

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
 Where youth, and costs, and witless bravery keeps.
 I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,

(A man of stricture,(1) and firm abstinence,)
 My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
 And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;
 For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
 And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me, why I do this ?

Peter. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting
 laws,
 (The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds)
 Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep :
 Now,—as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
 Only to stick it in their children's sight,
 For terror, not to use,—in time the rod
 Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd : so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

Peter. It rested in your grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :
 And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
 Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear too dreadful :
 Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny, to strike, and gall them
 For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, my father,
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home :
 And, to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,

(1) *Stricture.*—Strictness.

Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar.—(*Crosses to R.H.—Peter goes up
the stage and opens the monastery gates.*)—

More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure, shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt, into the monastery.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter LEOPOLD, LUCIO, and FREDERICK, L.H.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not
to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then
all the dukes fall upon the king.

Fred. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king
of Hungary's !

Leo. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pi-
rate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but
scraped one out of the table.

Leo. Thou shalt not steal ?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

Fred. Why, it was a commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions ; they
put forth to steal : there's not a soldier of us all that,
in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the peti-
tion well that prays for peace.

Leo. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for, I think, thou never wast
where grace was said.

Enter MRS. OVERDONE, R.H. *crying.*

Fred. How now ? Which of your hips has the most
profound sciatica ?

Over. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

Lucio. Who's that, I pray thee?

Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

Fred. Claudio to prison! it is not so.

Over. Nay, but I know, it is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away: and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this? (*Crosses to Mrs. Over.*)

Over. I am too sure of it: and, they say, it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

(*Crosses to L.H. crying.*)

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping. Away; let's go learn the truth.

[*Exeunt with Leopold and Frederick, R.H.*]

Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY, R.H. howling.

How now? what's the news with you!

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Over. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Over. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs(1) of Vienna must be plucked down.

Over. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth!—(*Noise without, R.H.*)—What's to do here?

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison.

Over. Let's withdraw.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

(1) *All houses in the suburbs.*—i. e. all brothels. In Shakspeare's time, as at present, there were licensed bagnios in the suburbs of Vienna; but he probably had London in his thoughts, and the houses which stood on the Bank-side, Southwark. P.P.

*Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, and Two Apparitors,
R.H. who cross behind, and wait, L.II.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight:—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Enter LUCIO, FREDERICK, and LEOPOLD, R.H.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
(Like rats that ravin⁽¹⁾ down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would^a offend again.

Lucio. What is it? Murder?

Claud. No.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—(*Provost retires,
L.II. Frederick and Leopold withdraw to centre.*)—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they will do you any good.

(1) To ravin, is to devour voraciously.

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed ;
 You know the lady ; she is fast my wife,
 Save that we do the denunciation lack
 Of outward order : this we came not to,
 Only for propagation of a dower
 Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
 Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
 The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
 With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so ;
 And the new deputy now for the Duke
 Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
 Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that fourteen zodiacs have gone round,
 And none of them been worn : and, for a name,
 Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
 Freshly on me ;—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is : and thy head stands so tickle
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,
 may sigh it off.

Claud. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service :
 This day my sister should the cloister enter,
 And there receive her approbation : (1)
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;
 I have great hope in that : for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect, (2)
 Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art

(1) *Approbation*—i. e. Enter on her probation.

(2) *Prone and speechless dialect*—The precise meaning of *prone* is doubtful. It seems, however, to be used here for *expressive*. Shakespeare has a similar idea in "The Winter's Tale."—

"The silence, often, of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails."—MALONE.

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of ticktack. I'll to her.

(*Pro. Fred. and Leo. advance, L.H.*)

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours;—

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt with Prov. Fred. Leo. and the two Appa. L.H. and Lucio, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA, R.H.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood. (*Ringing without, L.H.*)

Lucio. (*Without, L.H.*) Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress.

(*Ringing without, L.H.D.*)

Lucio. (*Without, L.H.*) Peace be in this place! Ho!

Fran. He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Isab. Who is't that calls? (*Opens L.H.D.*)

Enter LUCIO, L.H.D.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister.
To her unhappy brother, Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? Let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
His friend is pregnant by him.

Isab. My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their
names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth;
He hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo:—and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him (1)

Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

(1) *Has censured him*—i.e. Has sentenced him.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ! Alas ! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them. (1)

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :
Commend me to my brother : soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt ; Isabella, R.H. and Lucio, L.H. D.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Angelo's House.*

*Enter ESCALUS, ANGELO, R.H. and PROVOST, who
waits behind, R.H.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, (2)

(1) i. e. All they request is granted as freely as they themselves can desire.

(2) *To fear the birds of prey*—Shakspeare and his contemporaries used *fear* as an active verb, in the sense of *to terrify*.

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, (1) and bruise to death : alas ! this gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Let but your honour know, (2)

(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)

Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,

Whether you had not, sometime in your life,

Err'd in this point which now you censure him,

And pull'd the law upon you.

* *Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.

You may not so extenuate his offence,

For (3) I have had such faults ; but rather tell me,

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost ?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

(*Advances, R.H.*)

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning :

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd ;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him ! and forgive us
all !

[*Exit, L.H.*

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow ?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea ? Hadst thou not
order ?

Why dost thou ask again ?

(1) *Than fall*—i. e. Than let fall. In the midland counties, this mode of expression is still current. "Do not fall the child," may be heard there every day in every peasant's cottage, yet the commentators have wasted an abundance of time and learning, in elucidating this simple passage. P.P.

(2) *Let but your honour know*—Let but your honour reflect.

(3) *For*—i. e. Because.

Prov. Lest I might be too rash :
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to ! let that be mine :
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place ; and that with speed.

Enter THOMAS, L.H.

Tho. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister ?

Prov. Ay, my good lord ; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Thomas, L.H.*

See you, the fornicatress be remov'd ;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means ;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA, L.H.

Prov. Save your honour ! [*Exit, L.H.*

Ang. You are welcome : what's your will ?

Isab. (*Crosses to centre.*) I am a woeful suitor to
your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well ; what's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother. (1)

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done :
Mine were the very cypher of a fumotion,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law !
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour !
(*Retiring, L.H.*)

Lucio Give't not o'er so : to him again, entreat
him ;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;
You are too cold. (*Aside, to Isabella.*)

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped, like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

(1) i. e. Let his fault be condemned, but not himself.

Ang. 'Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,
Spare him; *(Falls on her knees.)*

He's not prepar'd for death!
Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it:

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did infringe the edict
Had answer'd for his deed.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

(He raises her.)

Isab. So, you must be the first, that gives this sen-
tence:

And he, that suffers : O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Lucio. That's well said. *(Aside.)*

Isab. Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
 For every pelting, (1) petty officer,
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thun-

der.—

Merciful heaven !

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak, (2)
 Than the soft myrtle :—O, but man, proud man,—
 Dress'd in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
 As make the angels weep !

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench : he will relent ;
 He's coming ; I perceive it. *(Aside, to Isabellu.)*

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
 Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
 But, in the less, foul profanation.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
 That skins the vice o' the top : go to your bosom ;
 Knock there ; and ask your heart, what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault : if it confess
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
 Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you
 well. *(Going, R.H.)*

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me :—come again to-morrow.
(Going, R.H.)

(1) *Pelting*—Paltry.

(2) *Gnarled*—Knotted.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you !

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else. *(Aside.)*

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold, (1)
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them : but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise ; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

(Retiring, L.H.)

Ang. Amen !—for I
Am that way going to temptation
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour !

[Exeunt, with Lucio, L.H.]

Ang. From thee ; even from thy virtue !—
What's this ? what's this ? Is this her fault, or mine ?
Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground
enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary ?
O, fie, fie, fie !
What dost thou ? or what art thou, Angelo ?
O, let her brother live :
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What ! do I love her,
That I desire her to speak again,
And feast upon her eyes ? This virtuous maid

(1) *Fond shekels of the tested gold.*—Fond here means pitiful—con-
temptible. Tested gold is stamped or standard coin.

Subdues me quite :—ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
 [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter ELBOW and two Tipstaves, having hold on POMPEY and FROTH, R.H.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law : bring them away.

Enter ESCALUS, and two Apparitors, L.H. who cross behind to R.H.—The Tipstaves quit Froth and Pompey as Escalus enters, and cross behind to L.H. where they remain a little retired.

Escal. How now, sir ! What's your name ? and what's the matter ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow ; I do lean upon justice, sir ; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Escal. Benefactors ? Well ; what benefactors are they ? Are they not malefactors ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are : but precise villains they are, that I am sure of ; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well ; (1) here's a wise officer. What are you, sir ? (*Crosses to Pompey.*)

Elb. He, sir ? a tapster, sir ; one that serves a bad woman ; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

(1) *This comes off well.*—i. e. This is well delivered. The expression, of course, is ironical.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in adultery, and all uncleanness, there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face,—(*Pointing at Froth.*)—so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before this varlet here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Pom. Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes;(1)—sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honour has seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said,—Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.—

(1) *Stewed Prunes* were formerly to be met with in every bagnio. The reader, who is curious about the matter, may gain ample information upon the subject from Steevens's note on "Henry IV. Part I," Act 3, Scene 3.—Reed's Shakspeare, Vol. II. p. 361, Edit. 1813.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well :—you being then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool : to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to Elbow's wife, once more.

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Escal. Well, sir ;—what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face :—good master Froth, look upon his honour ; 'tis for a good purpose : doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him : good then ; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest ; thou liest, wicked varlet ; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here,—Justice or Iniquity?(1)—Is this true?

(1) *Justice or Iniquity*.—i. e. the constable or the pimp. The terms are borrowed from the names of some character in the old moralities.

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it:—what is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—(*Crosses to Pompey.*)—thou scest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. (*Crosses by Elb.*) Come hither to me, Master Froth.—(*Pompey puts Froth next to Escalus.*)—Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, Master Froth: farewell.—[*Exit Froth, R.H.*]—Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your name, Master Tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel:

—but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. [Exit, R.H.]

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well.

[Exeunt, with Apparitors, R.H. ELBOW, and Tipstaves, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*Angelo's House.*

Enter ANGELO, R.H.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention,⁽¹⁾ hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception.

(1) *My intention.*—i. e. my attention, or my mind. So the king in "Hamlet."

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below."

Enter THOMAS, L.H.

How now, who's there?

Tho. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Thomas, L.H.*
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

Enter ISABELLA, L.H.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!
(*Retiring, L.H.*)

Ang. Yet may he live awhile:—and, it may be,
As long as you, or I:—yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
'That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
'To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poiz'd of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it ! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer. (1)

Ang. Nay, but hear me :
Your sense pursues not mine : either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself :
But mark me ;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) (2)—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your person
To this supposed, or else let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself :
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubics,

(1) This passage requires a little explanation. Isabella says, she will pray that the fault may be placed to her account, so that Angelo may not be made answerable for it.

(2) *But in the loss of question.*—i. e. but for the sake of argument.

And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That, longing, I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My person up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
'To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Nay, call us ten times frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are,

And credulous to false prints. (1)

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words; be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

(1) *Credulous to false prints*—i. e. Take any impression.

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet ; and you tell
me,

That he shall die for it,

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others. (1)

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd ;
And most pernicious purpose !—Seeming, seeming !—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art. (Crosses to R.H.)

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. (2) I have begun ;
And now I give my sensual race the rein :
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
Or else he must not only die the death, (3)
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance.—Answer me to-morrow,
(Crosses to R.H.)

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. [Exit, R.H.]

Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths,

(1) i. e. I know you merely assume an air of licentiousness, in order to try my virtue.

(2) A metaphor taken from a lamp or candle extinguished in its own grease. STEEVENS.

(3) The definite article was generally prefixed to *death*, by our early writers.

That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof!
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That had he twenty heads to tender down,
 He'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her person stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Prison.*

Enter PROVOST, the DUKE, as a Friar, and CLAUDIO, R.H.

Duke. (In centre.) So, then you hope of pardon
 from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. (R.H.) Be absolute for death; (1) either death,
 or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
 if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,

(1) *Be absolute for death*—i. e. Renounce all hope of being allowed
 to live.

Servile to all the skiey influences,
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
 For, him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still : (1) thou art not
 noble ;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness : thou art by no means valiant :
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm : (2)

Happy thou art not ;
 For, what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
 And what thou hast, forget'st :
 Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; (3) for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;
 And, seeking death, find life : let it come on.

Isab. (*Without*, L.H.) What, ho ! Peace here ; grace
 and good company !

(1) In the old *Moralities*, the *Fool* is made to employ various stratagems to avoid the approaches of *Death*, which, as the matter is ordered, bring him at every turn nearer to the catastrophe he endeavours to shun. WARBURTON.

(2) *A poor worm*—Worm is put for any creeping thing, or *serpent*.

(3) We should be unjust both to Shakspeare and to his commentators, were we to omit Johnson's note upon the above passage :—"This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us ; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances ; so that our life, which no part is fitted with the business of the present time, resemble our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening."

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. (*Without, L.H.*) My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. (*Without, L.H.*) And very welcome.

Enter PROVOST and ISABELLA, L.H.

Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
Conceal'd.—[*Exit with Provost, R.H.S.E. where the
Duke is seen from time to time listening.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger: (1)
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't,)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?

(1) *Leiger*—This word is generally put for agent—deputy—resident.

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?

If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,
 And hug it in my arms.

Isab. There spake my brother ! there my father's
 grave

Shall utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
 As falcon doth the fowl,(1)—is yet a devil.

Claud. The princely Angelo ?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
 The damned'st body to invest and cover
 In priestly guards ! (2)—Dost thou think, Claudio,
 If I would yield to him my honour up,
 Thou might'st be freed ?

Claud. O, heaven's ! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank of-
 fence,

So to offend him still : (3) this night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. O Isabel !—

(1) Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to shew themselves ;
 as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.

(2) *In priestly guards*—i. e. Priestly garb, sanctified appearance.

(3) i. e. From the time of my committing this offence with him, you
 might continue to sin with impunity.

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit (1)
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame?
Take my defiance: (2)
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade: (3)

(1) *The delighted spirit*—i. e. Says Warburton, "The spirit which has been accustomed to ease and delight."—Johnson proposes reading, "*delinquent spirit*."

(2) *Defiance*—Refusal. So in "*Romeo and Juliet*:"

• "I do *defy* thy commiseration."

(3) *A trade*—A confirmed habit.

'Tis best that thou diest quickly. (*Going, L.H.*)

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella.

Enter the DUKE as a Friar, R.H.S.E, and advances to centre.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible ; to-morrow you must die : go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell.—[*Exit Claud.* R.H.]
—Provost, a word with you.

Enter PROVOST, R.H.S.E.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. Leave me awhile with the maid ; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good. The assault that Angelo hath made

to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding : and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. But O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss : yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation ; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings ; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit ; redeem your brother from the angry law ; do no stain to your own gracious person ; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further ; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea ?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married ; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed : between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman : there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural ; with him her marriage-dowry ; with both, her combinate husband, (1) this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so ? Did Angelo so leave her ?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them

(1) *Combinate Husband*—Affianced husband.

with his comfort ; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour : in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake ; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world ! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live !—But how out of this can she avail ?

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection ; his unjust unkindness, that, in all reason, should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo ; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience ; agree with his demands to the point :—only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long ; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it ; and the place answer to convenience :—this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense : and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. (1)—What think you of it ?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up : haste you speedily to Angelo ; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's ; there, at the moated grange, (2) resides this dejected Mariana : at that place call upon me ; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort : fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

(1) *Scaled*—Weighed in the balance.

(2) A *grange* is a retired, isolated mansion.

SCENE II.—*The Street, as before.*

Enter ELBOW, POMPEY, and two Tipstaves, R.H.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard. (1)

Enter the DUKE as a Friar, L.H.

'Bless you, good father friar!

Duke. And you, good brother father!—What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; he keepeth a naughty house.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! (Crosses to Pompey.)
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live:
Go, mend · go, mend.

Pom. Sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
(Crosses to R.H.)

Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir.

Enter LUCIO, L.H.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? Art going to prison, Pompey? (Crosses to Pompey.)

Pom. Yes, 'faith, sir.

(1) *Bastard*—A kind of sweet wine

Lucio. Why, it is not amiss, Pompey : farewell : go ; say, I sent thee thither. Farewell, good Pompey : commend me to the prison, Pompey : you will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will keep the house.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear.⁽¹⁾ I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar !

Duke. And you !

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Pom. You will not bail me then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey ? nor now.—What news abroad, friar ? what news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.—[*Exeunt* ; *Elbow, Pompey, and Tipstaves, L.H.*.]—What news, friar, of the Duke ?

Duke. I know none : can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : but where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where : but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to it.

Dukè. He does well in it.

Lucio. A little more lenity to wenching would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

(1) *It is not the wear*—It is not the fashion.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred : it is well allied : but it is impossible to extirpate it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir ; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, to take away the life of a man for—Would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand :—he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women ; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. It is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty ; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish : (1)—the Duke had crotchets in him :—he would be drunk too ; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward (2) of his ;—a shy fellow was the Duke :—and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon ;—it is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips : but this I can let you understand,—the greater file (3) of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing (4) fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking ; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation : therefore, you speak unskilful-

(1) *Clack-dish*.—See note on " Every Man in his Humour," p. 19.

(2) *An inward*.—A chum, an intimate companion.

(3) *The greater file*.—The greater number.

(4) *Unweighing*.—Inconsiderate.

ly ; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him : if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it : I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio ; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. (1) But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first. Farewell, good friar ; —(*Crosses to R.H.*)—I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton (2) on Fridays : and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick : say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes : what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?—
But who comes here ? (*Retires, L.H.*)

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, and two Apparitors, R.H.
who stand behind in centre.

Escal. Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow : let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation.

(1) *Opposite*—Opponent.

(2) The cant term for a wench was formerly a *laced mutton*.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

[Crosses behind, and Exit, L.H.]

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. (L.H.) Bliss and goodness on you !

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is
now

To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it.—I
pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke ?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended
especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than
merry at any thing which professed to make him re-
joice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we
him to his events, with a prayer they may prove pros-
perous ; and let me desire to know how you find Clau-
dio prepared : I am made to understand, that you have
lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister mea-
sure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself
to the determination of justice : yet had he framed to
himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiv-
ing promises of life ; which I, by my good leisure, have
discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function,
and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have
laboured for the poor gentleman, to the extremest
shore of my modesty ; but my brother-justice have I
found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he
is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his
proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he
chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner:—(*Crosses to L.H.*) fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Apparitors, L.H.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy, as severe:

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice, and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!—

Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo to-night shall lie

His old betrothed, but despis'd;

So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,

Pay with falsehood, false exacting,

And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Prison.*

Enter PROVOST, with a warrant, and POMPEY, L.H.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah:—can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, 'tis his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a com-

non executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves : if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping.

Pom. Sir, I will be content to be a hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson, there ?

Enter ABHORSON, R.H.

Abhor. Do you call, sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution.

Abhor. Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. Provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

Pom. (*Crosses to centre.*) I do desire to learn, sir ; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare : (1) for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey, R.H.D.F.*

The one has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer.

Enter CLAUDIO, R.H.D.F.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal.—Where's Barnardine ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

(1) Yare—Handy.

When it lies starkly (1) in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him ?

Well, go, prepare yourself.—(*Knock without*, L.H.)

But, hark, what noise ?—

Heaven give your spirits comfort !—

[*Knock again*, L.H.—*Exit Claudio*, R. H. D.F.]

By and by :—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,

For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar, L.H.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelope you, good Provost !—Who call'd here of
late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel ?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice ;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others.— (*Knock again*, L.H.)
Now are they come.—

[*Crosses to R.H.*—*Exit Provost*, L.H.]

This is a gentle Provost : seldom, when
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.

Enter PROVOST, L.H. *speaking to one without.*

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up.

(1) *Starkly*—Stiffly

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand:

Besides, upon the very siege of justice, (1)
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary:—

Enter THOMAS, L.H. with a letter.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Thomas. My lord hath sent you this note;—(*Gives the Provost the letter, which he reads, while Thomas speaks the rest of his speech.*)—and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. (*Having read the order*) I shall obey him.

[*Exit Thomas, L.H.*

Duke. Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. 'Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. (*Reads.*)—

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. This fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

(1) *Siege of justice*—*Sic, for justice.*

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old. (1)

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now, in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty, and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: to make you understand this in a manifested effect. I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. 'Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

(1) i. e. One who has been nine years in prison.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour. (1)

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add Wit. Shave the head; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think; you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet, since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here.—This is a thing that Angelo knows not.—Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.—Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Salandrine's* head. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exit with Provost, R.H.*]

(1) *Favour*—Countenance. So in "*Anthony and Cleopatra*:"—

———"Why dost thou a favour,
To publish such good tidings?"

Enter POMPEY, L.H.D.F.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house ; for here be many of her old customers.

Enter ABHORSON, R.H.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Pom. Master Barnardine ! You must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine !—*(Opens R.H.D.F.)*

Barn. (Within, R.H.U.E.) A plague o' your throats ! Who makes that noise there ? What are you ?

Pom. Your friends, sir ; the hangmen : you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barn. (Within, R.H.U.E.) Away, you rogue, away . I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. 'Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming ; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah ?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE, R.H.D.F. comes forward between Pompey and Abhorson.

Barn. How now, Abhorson ? What's the news with you ?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into prayers ; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barn. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir ; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the souter all the next day.

Abim. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father :—do we jest now, think you ?

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar, R.H.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

(Crosses to Barnardine.)

Barn. Friar, not I ; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets : I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must : and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barn. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

(Crosses to Pompey.)

Duke. But hear you,—

Barn. Not a word :—if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward ; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exeunt all but the Duke, R.H.D.F.]

Enter PROVOST, R.H.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die !

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner ?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years ; his beard, and head, Just of his colour : what, if we do permit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd ; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio ?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
 Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
 Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
 And sent according to command.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.—
 But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
 And how shall we continue Claudio,
 To save me from the danger that might come,
 If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—put them in secret holds.
 Both Barnardine and Claudio: ere twice
 The sun hath made his journal greeting to
 The under generation, you shall find
 Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch,
 And bear the head to Angelo.— [*Exit Provost, R.H.*]
 Now will I letters write to Angelo,
 Whose contents
 Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
 And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
 To enter publickly: him I'll desire
 To meet me at the consecrated fount
 Even at the city's entrance; and from thence,
 By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
 We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Enter PROVOST, R.H. with a bag, and crosses behind
 to L.H.*

Prov. 'Tis done, good sir:—I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Make a swift return;
 For I would commune with you of such things,
 That want no ear but yours. [*Exit Provost, L.H.*]

Isab. (Without, L.H.) Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—she's come to know,
 If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
 But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
 To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
 When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA, L.H.

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.—
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.—
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

(Crosses to R.H.)

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to heaven.—
Mark what I say; which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
eyes;—

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom (1) on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home:—for my poor self,

(1) *Your bosom*—Your heart's desire.

I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent.—Wend (1) you with this letter :
(*Isabella crosses to L.H.*)

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart ; trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO, L.H.

Lucio. Good even !—

Friar, where is the Provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,
to see thine eyes so red :—if the old fantastical Duke
of dark corners had been at home, thy brother had
lived.

[*Exit Isabella, L.H.*]

Duke. Sir the Duke is marvellous little beholden to
your reports : but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as
I do : he's a better woodman, (2) than thou takest him
for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye
well.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lucio. Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee ; I can
tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already,
sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench
with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I : but was fain to forswear
it ; they would else have married me to her.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest :
rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's
end :—nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

(1) *Wend*—Go.

(2) *Woodman*—This was formerly a term for a wench.

SCENE II.—*Angelo's House.*

Enter ESCALUS and ANGELO, R.H. with letters.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness.—'Pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted!—And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:—
I'll call you at your house:—

Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Ang. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-
pregnant,(1)

And dull to all proceedings. A defeated maid!

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd

The law against it!—But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me?—

He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life,

With ransom of such shame.—'Would yet he had
liv'd!—

(1) *Unpregnant*—Unprepared.

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right!—we would, and we would not.
 [Exit, R.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Gates of Vienna.*

(*Flourish of trumpets and drums, R.H.—Shouts.*)

Enter from the city, Guards, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, two Apparitors, and Gentlemen:—towards the city, Guards, the DUKE, FREDERICK, LEOPOLD, Provost, and Gentlemen.—Angelo and Escalus kneel, and deliver their commissions to the Duke.—The Duke gives them to Frederick and Leopold, who then retire.—Angelo and Escalus rise.—Drums and trumpets cease.—The Duke speaks.

Duke. (In centre.) My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
 Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud: give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to let them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus:

(*Crosses to him.*)

You must walk by us on our other hand ;
And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER, leading ISABELLA, from the city, R.H.U.E. they come forward, L.H.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke !—Vail (1) your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid !
O, worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : in what ? By whom ?
Be brief :

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice ;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, O, hear me !

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
speak :

That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?
That Angelo is
A hypocrite, a virgin violator ;
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo ;
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—poor soul !
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness : make not impos-
sible

That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, (1) titles, forms,
Be an arch villain : believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,—
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious Duke,
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality : but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you
say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd by Angelo
To lose his head ;
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother : one Lucio
Was then the messenger ;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace :
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

(1) *Characts*—Characters. Our early writers frequently used this contraction.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;
'Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for yourself, 'pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself ; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caltiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it ;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ;—proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, (1) and how I reply'd ;
(For this was of much length ;) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter :
He would not, but by my unchaste surrender,
Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him : but the next morn betimes,
He sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true !

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, (2) thou know'st
not what thou speak'st ;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,

(1) *Refell'd me*—Refuted me.

(2) *Fond wretch*—Foolish wretch.

In hateful practice : (1) first, his integrity
 Stands without blemish :—next, it imports no reason,
 That with such vehemency he should pursue
 Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
 And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on ;
 Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
 Thou cam'st here to complain ?

Isab. And is this all ?

Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
 Keep me in patience ! and, with ripen'd time,
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
 In countenance ! (2)—Heaven shield your grace from
 woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go !

(*Going, L. H.*)

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone :—an officer !—

(*Apparitors advance a step.*)

To prison with her :—shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
 On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice.—
 Who knew of your intent, and coming hither ?

Isab. One that I would were here,—Friar Lodo-
 wick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike :—who knows that
 Lodowick ?

Lucio. My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling friar ;
 I do not like the man : had he been lay, my lord,
 For certain words he spake against your grace
 In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me ? This' a good friar be-
 like !

And to set on this wretched woman here
 Against our substitute !—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
 I saw them at the prison : a sawcy friar,
 A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace !

(1) In partial favour.

(2) *Practice*—Conspiracy—stratagem.

I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd : first, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute ;
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.—

[*Exit Friar Peter, L.H.*

Take her hence awhile.

[*Exeunt Isabella, and two Apparitors, L.H.*

Give us some seats.—(*Two gentlemen R.H. and two gentlemen L.H. fetch two chairs from within the city gates, place them in centre, and go back to their former places.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven ! the vanity of wretched fools !—
Come, cousin Angelo ;
In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge
Of your own cause.

(*The Duke, L.H. and Angelo, R.H. sit.*)

Enter MARIANA veiled, and FRIAR PETER, L.H.

Is this the witness, friar ?

First, let her show her face ; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord ; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then.

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then :—
Neither, maid, widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk ! for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would, he had some
cause

To prattle for himself,

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was married ;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid :
I have known my husband ; yet my husband knows
not.

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord ; it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert
so too

Lucio. Well, my lord.—(*Lucio retires and stands
by the back of the Duke's chair, between the
Duke and Angelo.*)

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord :

She, that accuses him,

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No ?—You say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—let's see thy face

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will unmask.

(*Unveiling.*)

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on :

This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine : 'twas I

That took away the match from Isabel,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house,

In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

(*Goes behind to Peter's L.H.*)

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;

And, five years-since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; (1) but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her; nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, (*Kneels.*)
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows:

As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confixed here,

A marble monument!

(*Rises.*)

Ang. I did but smile till now; (*Starts up.*)

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;

My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,

These poor informal women (2) are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,

To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

And punish them unto your height of pleasure:

(*The Duke rises.*)

Thou foolish friar,—and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou, thy
oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit;

That's seal'd in approbation?—You, Lord Escalus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—

(1) i. e. Her dowry fell short of what was promised.

(2) *Informal women*—Insane, silly women.

There is another friar, that set them on ;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. 'Would he were here, my lord ; for he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. [*Exit Provost, H.H.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement : I for a while (*Crosses to R.H.*)
Will leave you ; stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

[*Exit Duke, R.H.—Angelo and Escalus sit.*
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in
nothing, but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke
most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him.—We shall find
this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Know you that Friar Lodowick, that he
speaks of ?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not saucy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport his grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously ; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear him-
self ;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever : upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
'gainst Lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoe'er he's convented.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again.

[*Exit a Gentleman, L.H.*
I would speak with her :—pray you, my lord, give
me leave to question.

Enter the Gentleman, ISABELLA, and two Apparitors, L.H.

Escal. Come on, mistress :—(*Isab. crosses to Mari.*
—*Gents and Apparitors go to their former places*)—
here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of ;
here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time :—speak not you to him,
till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar, and Provost, R.H.

Escal. Come, sir : did you set these women on to
slander Lord Angelo ? They have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How ! know you where you are ?

Duke. Respect to your great place ! and let the
devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne :—

Where is the Duke ? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us ; and we will hear you
speak.

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least :—but, O, poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox ?

Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone ?

Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,(1)

(1) i. e. To refer again to Angelo, the cause in which you appealed
from him to the Duke.

And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse,

Lucio. This is the rascal ; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man ; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain ?

And then to glance from him to the Duke himself ;
To tax him with injustice !—Take him hence ;
To the rack with him :—we'll touze you joint by joint
But we will know this purpose :—what ! unjust ?

Duke. Be not so hot ; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own ; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial : (1) my business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew : laws, for all faults ;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark. (2)

Escal. Slander to the state ! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio ? Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate : do you know me ?—(*They advance towards each other, in centre.*)

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so ?—And do you remember, what you said of the Duke ?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? And was the Duke a flesh-

(1) Accountable.

(2) Formerly there was posted up in every barber's shop a list of forfeits to be paid by those who handled or misused his razors, &c. I perfectly remember to have seen such in Devonshire.—HENLEY.

monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—away with him to prison:—where is the Provost?—away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots⁽¹⁾ too, and with the other confederate companion.

(The Provost lays hands on the Duke.)

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir:—why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?—*(Pulls off the friar's habit, and discovers the Duke.—Angelo and Escalus start up from their seats, but do not quit their places.)*

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that ever made a Duke.—

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him,

(The Apparitors seize Lucio, and take him back, L.H.)

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:— *(To Escalus.)*

We'll borrow place of him:—sir, by your leave.—

(To Angelo, taking his chair.—Escalus sits.)

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

(1) *Giglots*—Wanton wenches.

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
 Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
 And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord,
 I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
 To think I can be undiscernible,
 When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
 Hath looked upon my passes : (1) then, good prince,
 No longer session hold upon my shame,
 But let my trial be mine own confession ;
 Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
 Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana :—(*Mari. advances.*)
 Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly.
 (*Angelo crosses to Mari.*)

Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,
 Return him here again :—go with him, Provost.

[*Provost crosses behind, from R.H.—Exeunt,
 Mar. Ang. Friar Peter, and Prov. L.H.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his disho-
 nour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.

(*The Duke and Escalus rise.*)

Isab. O, give me pardon,—(*She kneels, the Duke
 raises her.—Two Gentlemen remove the chain
 in which Angelo sat.*)

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
 Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel : (*Raises her.*)

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;
 And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
 Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather
 Make rash remonstrance (2) of my hidden power,

(1) *Passes*—Artful actions. From the French *Tours de passe-passe*,
 juggler's tricks.

(2) *Rash remonstrance*—Premature discovery.

Than let him so be lost : O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd (1) my purpose : but, peace be with him !
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear : make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

*Enter MARIANA, ANGELO, L.H. PROVOST, and FRIAR
PETER cross behind, R.H.*

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching
here,

Whose foul imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake : but, as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal in double violation,
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,)
We do condemn him to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a hus-
band :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit : else reputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come :—away with him ;—
(*Guards advance a little, R.H. and L.H.*)

His fault thus manifested,
The very mercy of the law cries out,
Even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR MEA-
SURE. (Sits.)

(1) *To brain*, is to break the skull ; and the expression of the text may be equivalent to the vulgar phrase of *knocking a design on the head*. Warburton, however, would read, "*barred my purpose*."

Mari. Gentle my liege,— (*Falls on her knees.*)

Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.—(*Guards draw their swords,*
advancing, R.H. and L.H.)

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part:

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:—
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.—
O, Isabel!—Will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, (*Kneeling.*)
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; (1) since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
(*They rise.*)

I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded

(1) I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, by this passage, that women think ill of nothing which raises the credit of their husbands, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they are incited by their own charms.—JOHNSON.

At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost, into the city, L.H.U.E.—When the Provost goes off, the Duke rises and talks apart with Isabel, in centre.—While Angelo and Escalus are speaking two Gentlemen draw back the Duke's chair.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving and I do entreat it.

Enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, and CLAUDIO, muffled, L.H.U.E. from the city.—They advance, R.H.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man :—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life-according. Thou'rt condemn'd;

But for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;
 And pray thee, take this mercy, to provide
 For better times to come :—Friar, advise him ;
 I leave him to your hand.—[*Exeunt Barnardine and*
Friar Peter, L.H.U.E. into the city.—*Claudio*
advances, R.H.

What muffled fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
 Who should have died when Claudio lost his head ;
 As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
 Is he pardon'd.—(*Claudio discovers himself,*—*Isabella*
runs and embraces him.—*Angelo falls on his*
knees.)

Isab. Oh my dear brother.

Duke. By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
 Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye :
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :
 Look that you love your wife ; her worth, worth
 yours.—(1)

I find an apt remission in myself ;

(*Lucia advances to L.H.*)

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon ;—
 You, sirrah —that knew me for a fool, a coward,
 (One all of luxury, (2) an ass, a madman :—
 Wherein have I deserved so of you,
 That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
 the trick : if you will hang me for it, you may ; but I
 had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
 Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
 If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
 (As I have heard him swear himself, there's one,)
 Let her appear,
 And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,
 Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

(*Provost crosses behind to L.H.*)

L.H. she is not an unworthy match for you
Luxury—*Incontinence*

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a punk! your highness said, even now, I made you a Duke; good my lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.—Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits:—take him to prison: And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sir,—
Slandering a prince deserves it.

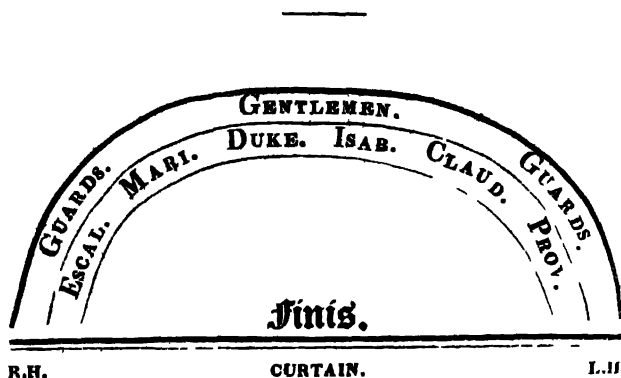
[*Exeunt Lucio, and two Apparitors, L. H.*
She, Claudio that thou wrong'd, look you restore:—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
For thee, sweet saint,—if, for a brother sav'd,
From that most holy shrine thou wert devote to,
Thou deign to spare some portion of thy love,
Thy Duke, thy Friar tempts thee from thy vow:

(*Isabel is falling on her knees, the Duke prevents her—kisses her hand, and proceeds with his speech.*)

In its right orb let thy true spirit shine,
Blessing both prince, and people:—thus we'll reign,
Rich in possession of their hearts, and, warn'd
By the abuse of delegated trust,
Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,
To rule ourselves before we rule mankind.

(*Flourish of drums and trumpets.*)

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



From the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White Hart Yard



MR. YOUNG.

AS BROTHTON

Engraved by T. C. Dean from a drawing by Hayman

~~OLDEN'S EDITION.~~

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY;

By William Shakspeare.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED

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1822.

From the Press of W. Ozberry,
2, White-Hart Yard.

Remarks.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Neither the many nor the critics have done justice to this noble tragedy, which is not the greatest of human efforts only, because Shakspeare did not limit himself to this single work. Except in the volumes of the immortal poet, we shall in vain look for anything to equal it; the foppish heroes of Voltaire, or the armed pedants of Racine, are as inferior as the fantastic images of a puppet-show to the warmth and beauty of animated nature. In an essay professing to treat of Shakspeare, it would not, perhaps, be thought irrelevant to look a little at the objections of this pitiful plagiarist, this shallow scoffer, who had neither a heart to feel, nor head to comprehend the beauty and exquisite harmony of a mind like Shakspeare's; but there is so much to be said upon Brutus, that we must leave Voltaire till a better opportunity.

The name of the piece has been a great drawback on its right understanding; with the general reader it has completely done away with all idea of unity of plot; for, judging not very wisely from the title, the play ends with the death of Cæsar. But the error lies only in the name; the tragedy begins and ends with Brutus; begins with his conspiracy, and ends with his death, arising out of it. The assassination of Cæsar is merely a link in the chain of events, which go on decidedly and rapidly to their appointed consummation. There is little or no stepping out of the direct path; even the quarrel between the generals, which has been too lightly considered as an useless, though beautiful episode, if not actually necessary to the catastrophe, yet contributes to it mainly; it is in the softened feeling of a recent reconciliation, that the stubborn Cassius gives up his generalship and judgment to his friend; he clearly sees the peril; he knows himself the "abler soldier," or, as he expresses it in his cooler moments, the "elder soldier:" immediately before the battle, he says,

“ Messala,

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I *compell'd* to set

Upon one battle all our liberties — Act V. Scene 1.

but a reluctance to contradict Brutus overways his understanding.

This submission of judgment to feeling is, perhaps, still more evident in the scene immediately after the quarrel :

“ *Bru.* What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

’Tis better that the enemy seek us ;

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better

The people, ’twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc’d affection ;

For they have grudg’d us contribution

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh’d, new-added, and encourag’d

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother,—

Bru. Under your pardon — You must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe

The enemy increaseth every day ;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ,

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat,

And we must take the current when it serves,

And our ventures.

Cæs. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi."

Act IV. Scene III.

But excellent as is the whole conduct of this immortal work, its greatest merit yet lies in the variety and truth of its character. In none of Shakspeare's tragedies are there so many prominent features; Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Cato, Antony, Octavius, nay, even the two women, though such inferior agents in the business of the play, are distinctly and strongly marked. Nothing can be more beautiful in art, or more true to nature, than the contrasted characters of Brutus and Cassius. The one a theoretical philosopher, who has subdued his feelings to his reason, and errs only from the narrow limits of that reason—a hero in act, a man in benevolence, but one whose wisdom is the wisdom of books and theory, not of the world and practice—an enthusiast of the mind, and not of the heart; the other, a brave enemy, a dexterous politician, an ambitious soldier. Cassius is a man of infinite ability, and in this respect far superior to his friend—but the high moral qualities of Brutus, that god-like spirit, which, excluding all idea of self, embraces the world with love, make even genius subservient to him.

The reveller Antony is also brought forward with infinite truth and spirit, he contrasts well with the lofty Cæsar at first, and subsequently with the phlegmatic, heartless Octavius. Antony's speech to the people is a master-piece of eloquence, though we never yet remember to have heard it delivered in a way at all approaching to the author's meaning, the line,

"And Brutus was an honourable man,"

has ever been a stumbling-block, and yet its intention is very evident. Antony mounts the rostrum with the knowledge that the people's minds are inflamed against Cæsar, and altogether as much prejudiced in favour of Brutus. "Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here." "This Cæsar was a tyrant." "We are blest that Rome is rid of him." Such are the speeches which echo about him on all sides, plainly marking the state of the speaker's feelings, and it behoved him not to irritate them farther by contradiction. He therefore, with consummate art, sets out with praising Brutus, barely hinting a probability of Cæsar's innocence "If it were so, it were a grievous fault." By degrees he ventures to speak of the good qualities of Cæsar, his victories, his refusal of the crown; and, as he perceives the people yielding

to his persuasion, his tone changes to irony, when speaking of the conspirators ; gently at first, but more pointedly hereafter ; "and Brutus was an honourable man," is in fact the touchstone of their feelings, the pulse by which he regulates their treatment.

The next points, which most peculiarly challenge our attention, are Caesar's first appearance in the procession to the course, and the conspiracy. The solemn grandeur of the first baffles all description. The pause in the music—the warning of the soothsayer—the general horror—and the courage of Caesar, are in the sublimest flights of tragedy ; the conspiracy too, with its storms, and its darkness, and its mystery, is a noble specimen of the sublime and beautiful.

If we were to find any fault with this play,—and it is a bold thing to censure Shakspeare—we should say that there is too much bustle in the last act ; the attention is not filled but distracted, and the deaths, by being multiplied, lose something of their horror

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and twenty-nine minutes. The first act occupies the space of twenty-three minutes—the second, thirty-seven—the third, forty—the fourth, twenty seven—the fifth, twenty-two.—The half price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.....		Second Entrance
U.E....		Upper Entrance.
M.D.....		Middle Door.
D.F..		Door in Front.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

White Roman shirt, scarlet toga, and sandals.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

Black and scarlet Roman dress, scarlet drapery for shoulders, sandals, &c

MARK ANTONY.

First dress.—A toga —Second dress.—Buff kerseymere Roman.

BRUTUS.

Ibid

CASSIUS.

Ibid

CINNA

Toga, and Roman shirt

METELLUS.

Roman breast plate and lambrokeens.

POPILLUS.

Ibid

TITINIUS.

Toga,—ibid

SOOTHSAYER

Drab coloured, ibid

OFFICERS.

Roman dupes

PLEBIANS

Roman drab coloured shirts.

TREBONIUS.

Roman toga and shirt.

CASCA.

Ibid.

DECIUS.

Ibid

CALPURNIA.

White dress, trimmed with silver, for the head, a silver band and white riband.

PORCIA.

White dress trimmed with gold, and scarlet robe.

Persons Represented.

	1820	1822
	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden</i>
<i>Julius Cæsar</i>	Mr. Thompson	Mr. Egerton
<i>Octavius Cæsar</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Mark Antony</i>	Mr. Cooper	Mr. C. Kemble
<i>Brutus</i>	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Young
<i>Cassius</i>	Mr. Booth.	Mr. Macready
<i>Cæsar</i>	Mr. Pope.	Mr. Fawcitt
<i>Decius</i>	Mr. Bromley.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>T'rebonius</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Metellus</i> ..	Mr. Dobbs.	Mr. Conner .
<i>Cinna</i> ...	Mr. Raymond.	Mr. King.
<i>Popilius</i>	Mr. Starmer.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Titinius</i> ..	Mr. Webster	Mr. Claremont
<i>Soothsayer</i>	Mr. Foot.	Mr. Chapman
<i>Flavius</i>	Mr. Wilmot	Mr. Hunt
<i>Calpurnia</i> ...	Mrs. Knight. *	Mrs. Sterling.
<i>Porcia</i> . .	Mrs. West.	Mrs. Faucit.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A Street.—A great tumult without.*

Enter CASCA and TREBONIUS, R.H. meeting a throng of PLEBEIANS, L.H.

Casca. Hence ; home, you idle creatures, get you home ;

Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

1 Ple. Why, sir, a carpenter.

(Crosses to Casca.)

Tre. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?

You, sir : what trade are you ?

2 Ple. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

(Between Casca and Trebonius.)

Tre. But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

2 Ple. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a
safe conscience ; which is indeed, sir, a mender of
bad soles.

Casca. What trade, thou knave ; thou naughty
knave, what trade ?

2 Ple. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Casca. What meanest by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?*

2 Ple. Why, sir, cobble you.

Tre. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Ple. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes. When they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Tre. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Ple. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Casca. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Tre. (Crosses to Casca.) Go, go, good country-
men, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt Plebeians, R.H.]

Casca. See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd ;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
This way will I.—Disrobe the images,
If you do find them'deck'd with Cæsar's trophies.

Tre. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal. (1)

Casca. It is no matter :
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[Exit Casca, L.H. Titbonius, R.H.]

(1) At that time, (says Plutarch) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of shepheards or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs.—And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie, and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, appavelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *roune* this holy *couse*."—We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci*, whom he called after his own name, *Juliani*, and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled.

SCENE II.—*Rome.—A public place.*

(*Music*)—*The SOOTHSAYER discovered at an Altar,*
 L. H. U. E.—*Enter Procession,* L. H.—2 S. P.
 Q. R. *go up to the arch—4 Priests go up to*
 S. P. Q. R.—6 *Senators go up to Priests—*
 DECIVS and METELLUS *cross to R. H.—CINNA*
and POPILIUS cross to R. H.—CASSIUS crosses to
R. H.—TREBONIUS and CASCA cross to R. H.—
 CLITUS and SERVIUS *move towards L. H.—*
 STRATO and PINDARUS *move towards L. H.—*
 TITINIUS and FLAVIUS *move towards L. H.—*
 BRUTUS *crosses to R. H.—LUCIUS and VARRO*
move towards L. H.—6 Virgins—CALPURNIA—
 4 *Matrons.—(Soldiers shout.)—12 Lictors—*
 LEPIDUS, CÆSAR, ANTONY—1 *Star—2 Golden*
Eagles—2 Silver Eagles—12 Guards go up L. H.

Cæs. Calpurnia,—

Ant. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. (*Music ceases.*)

Cæs. Calpurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calpurnia; for, our elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chase,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, do this, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

(*Music*)

Sooth. (L. H. U. E.) Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Ant. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again.

(*Music ceases.*)

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

Hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar : speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng :—(*Soothsayer advances L.H.*)—Look upon Cæsar.—(*Lictors, guards, &c. make way for the Soothsayer.*)

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ;—pass.

[*Music.—Exeunt Soothsayer, L.H. Procession through arch—2 S. P. Q. R. exeunt R.H. Priests, Senators, Virgins, Calpurnia, Matrons, 12 Fasces, Lepidus, Cæsar, Antony, Star, Golden Eagles, Silver Eagles, Guards, Lucius, Varro, Titinius, Flavius, Strato, Pindarus, Clitus, Servius, Cinna, Popilius, Metellus, Decius, Trebonius, and Casca, through the arch.*]

Cæs. (R.H.) Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome ; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires :

I'll leave you. (*Going, R.H.*)

Cæs. (Stops Brutus.) Brutus, I do observe you now of late :

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,

And show of love, as I was wont to have :

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand (1)

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

(1) Alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger.

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
 Of late, with passions of some difference, (1)
 Conceptions only proper to myself,
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;—
 Among which number, Cassius, be you one;—
 Not construe any further my neglect,
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
 passion; (2)

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
 Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cas-
 sius,
 That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
 And, since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself, which you yet know not of
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester; if you know

(1) With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires

(2) The nature of the feelings from which you are now suffering

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them ; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

(*Flourish of Trumpets, and shout, R.H.U.P.*)

Bru. What means this shouting ?—I do fear the
 people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
 Then must I think, you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—
 But, wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he :
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point ?"—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
 With heavy sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But, ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

I,—as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly :
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper (1) should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

(Flourish of trumpets and shout, R. H. U. E.)

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world,

Like a Colossus : and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,

(1) Temperament, constitution.

will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

(*Flourish of trumpets and shout, R.H.U.E.*)

No. In the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, (1) that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim: (2)
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter;—(*Cassius is going to speak.*)
for this present,

I would not—so with love I might entreat you,—
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.—
(*Three shouts, R.H.U.E.*)

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

(*Music.*)

*Enter through the arch, from R.H. 2 S.P.Q.R.—12
Fasces, they come forward, L.H.—LEPIDUS,
CÆSAR, ANTONY—Star, 2 Golden Eagles, 2 Sil-*

(1) Lucius Junius Brutus.

(2) Guess.

ver Eagles, and 12 Guards, advance tutus
 6 Senators—DECIVS, METELLVS, C
 PILIVS, TREBONIVS, CASCA.

Cæs. Antonivs—

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat ;
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
 Yond' Cassivs has a lean and hungry look :
 He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous ;
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—but I fear him not :
 Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassivs. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt, L.H. Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus.—Star*
—2 S. P. Q. R.—2 Golden Eagles—2 Silver
Eagles—12 Fasces—12 Guards—6 Senators,
—Decivs, Metellus, Cinna, Popilius, Tre-
bonivs.

Casca. (*In centre.*) You pull'd me by the cloak :
 would you speak with me ?

Bru. (*L.H.*) Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd
 to-day,
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Cas. *Bru.* should not, then, ask Casca what hath
Casca *he* c'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him : and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. (R.H.) They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't ; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and, at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it.—I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ; and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swooned, and fell down at it : and, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air,

(Crosses to R.H.)

Cas. But, soft, I pray you :—what ! Did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like : he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we've the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; I am sure, Cæsar fell down;—if the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. (1)

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. (*Crosses to centre.*) Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, (2) if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, “If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there’s no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again: but those that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.—Fare you well.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No; I am promis’d forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay; if I be alive, and your mind hold,—and your dinner worth the eating.

(1) No honest man.

(2) Had I been a mechanic, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so:—farewell both. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is.—For this time I will leave you.
(*Crosses to R.H.*)

To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so.

Bru. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.—Fare you well. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Cas. Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: (1) therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; (2) but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. (3)—I will this night,
In several hands, in at the windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

(1) The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution

(2) If I can form an unfavourable opinion of me

(3) He should not cajole me as I do him.

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
 [*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Rome.*—*A Street.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter CASSIUS, R.H. meeting CASCA, L.H.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.—

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown,⁽¹⁾
 And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
 Have thews⁽²⁾ and limbs like to their ancestors;

(1) Portentous.

(2) An obsolete word, implying *nerved* or *muscular* strength.

It, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits :
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear my dagger then ;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then ?
 Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,
 Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman ; then, I know,
 My answer must be made : (1) but I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man
 That is no fltering tell-tale. Hold my hand : (2)
 Be factious (3) for redress of all these griefs ;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes furthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now, know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

(1) I must be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words.

(2) The same as—Here's my hand.

(3) Active.

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprise
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch:— (*Thunder and lightning.*)
 For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 Is favour'd, (1) like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. (*Going, L.H.*)
Casca. Stand close awhile; for here comes one in
 haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend.—

Enter CINNA, L.H.

Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I'm glad on't.— (*Thunder.*)
 What a fearful night is this!
Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes,
 You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
 The noble Brutus to our party,—
Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
 In at his window: set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue:—(*Puts Cinna by him, R.H.*)
 all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius, and Trebonius, there?
Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

(1) To favour is to resemble.

Cas. That done repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna, R.H.*
*Cinna, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
 See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
 'Is ours already; and the man entire,
 Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.*

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
 And that, which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchymy,
 Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
 him,
 You have right well conceited. Let us go ;
 For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
 We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Rome.—Brutus's Garden.*

(*Thunder and Lightning.*)

Enter BRUTUS, R.H.

Bru. What, Lucius ! ho !—
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
 When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say : what, Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS, R.H.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit, R.H.*

Bru. It must be by his death : and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd :—
 How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
 tion.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder,
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him? That;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That, at his will, he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse (1) from power: and, to speak truth of
 Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, (2)
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
 But, when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees (3)
 By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, (4) grow mis-
 chievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS, R.H.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper. Thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.—
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

[*Lightning, R.H. and L.H.—Exit Lucius, R.H.*
 The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

(*Opens the paper, and reads.*)

(1) Pity, tenderness

(2) Experiment

(3) Low steps.

(4) All those of his kind, that is, nature

“ Brutus, thou sleep’st ; awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !
 Brutus, thou sleep’st ; awake.”——
 Such instigations have been often dropp’d
 Where I have took them up.
 “ Shall Rome, &c.” Thus must I piece it out,—
 “ Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe ?” What !
 Rome?—

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call’d a king.—
 “ Speak, strike, redress !”—Am I entreated, then,
 To speak, and strike ? O Rome ! I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receiv’st
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Enter LUCIUS, R.H.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Bru. ’Tis good.— (*Knocking without, L.H.*)
 Go to the gate ; somebody knocks.—

[*Lucius crosses behind—and Exit, L.H.*]

Since Cassius first
 Did whet me against Cæsar, I’ve not slept.
 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
 The genius (1) and the mortal (2) instruments
 Are then in council : and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS, L.H.

Luc. Sir, ’tis your brother Cassius at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

(1) Good angel, or a familiar evil spirit.

(2) Deadly

Luc. No, sir;
 They have their faces buried in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark of favour. (1)

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius, L.H.*]
 They are the faction. O, conspiracy!
 Shams't thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
 When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy,
 Hide it in smiles, and affability:
 For, if thou path, thy native semblance (2) on,
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, L.H. followed by TREBONIUS, DEC-
 CIUS, CASCA, CINNA, and METELLUS, with their
 faces muffled in their gowns.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
 Good-morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.—
 Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
 But honours you: and every one doth wish,
 You had but that opinion of yourself,
 Which every noble Roman bears of you.—
 This is Trebonius.—(*Trebonius crosses to Brutus.*)

They all uncover their faces.)

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius.—(*Decius crosses to Trebonius.*)

Bru. He is welcome, too.—(*Crosses to Decius.*)

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
 And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They're all welcome.—(*Crosses to Casca.*)
 What watchful cares do interpose themselves
 Betwixt your eyes and night?

(1) A vision, countenance.

(2) If thou walk in thy true form

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

(*Retires to centre with Brutus; they talk apart.*)

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Tre. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my hand, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

(*Brutus and Cassius advance.*)

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. (*On Brutus* R. II.) And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath; if not the faiths of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse:—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So, let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. (1) But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress?—
Unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise, (2)
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,

(1) The poet, perhaps, alluded to the custom of decimation, i. e. the selection, by *lot*, of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

(2) The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us.

If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Met. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Tre. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion, (1)
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then, leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec.—(On Brutus's L.H.)—Shall no man else be
touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cas-
sius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards: (2)
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
Oh, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:—
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

(1) Character.

(2) Malice.

Cas. Yet I do fear him :
For, in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Casca. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion (1) he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies : (2)
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says he does ; being then most flatter'd.
Let me work ; (3)

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

Casca. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Tre. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Trebonius, go along by him : (4)
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

(1) General estimation.

(2) Omens or signs, deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites.

(3) Let me go to work.

(4) By his house ; make that your way home.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : we'll leave you,
Brutus :— (Crosses to L.H.—Brutus to R.H.)
 And, friends, disperse yourselves : but, all, remember
 What you have said, and show yourselves true
 Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily :
 Let not our looks put on our purposes ; (1)
 But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
 And so, good-morrow to you every one.
*[Exeunt all but Brutus, muffling their faces in
 their gowns again, L.H.]*

*Enter PORCIA, R.H. as they are taking leave of
 Brutus.*

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Porcia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you
 now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours, neither. You've ungently,
 Brutus,
 Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
 And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks,
 And, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—good Porcia, go to bed.

(Crosses to L.H.)

(1) Let not our faces put on, that is, wear, or show our designs.

Por. Is Brutus sick?

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 / To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of:—(*Kneels.*)—and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you: for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. (*Raising her.*) Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
 suburbs (1)

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Porcia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife:
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
 secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
 'Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?

(1) Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakespeare's age resided.

Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O, ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!—
(*Knocking without, L.H.*)
 Hark, hark ! one knocks.—

Enter LUCIUS, L.H.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. (Aside.) Caius Ligarius, that Trebonius
 spoke of —

Porcia, go in a while :
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,—
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.—Leave me with haste.—
[*Exit Porcia, R.H.*]

I come to him.

[*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Rome.—An Apartment in Cæsar's
 Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, L.H.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
 to-night;
 Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
 “ Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar ! ”—Who's within !

Enter FLAVIUS, R.H.

Flav. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
 And bring me their opinions of success.
[*Exit Flavius, R.H.*]

Enter CALPURNIA, L.H.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies, (1)
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Recounts most horrid visions seen to-night:
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled (2) in the air,
And ghosts did shriek, and gibber in the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?—
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Enter FLAVIUS, R.H.

What say the augurers?

Fla. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice. (3)
[*Exit Flavius, R.H.*]

(1) Never paid a ceremonious, or superstitious, regard to prodigies or omens.

(2) Clash, move with violence.

(3) The ancients did not place courage, but wisdom in the heart

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear :
 No : Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth : call it my fear,
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own :
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
 And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
 Let me,—(*Kneels.*)—upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well :
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.—
 (*Raising her.*)

Enter DECIVS, R.H.

Here's Decius : he'shall go and tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
 To bear my greeting to the senators,
 And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
 Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
 I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?
 Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause ;
 Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
 That is enough to satisfy the senate :
 But, for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know,
 Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
 She dreamt to-night she saw my statua, (1)
 Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

These she applies for evils imminent ;

And on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. 'This dream is all amiss interpreted ;

It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press

To you for your tinctures, stains, and cognizance : (1)

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;

And know it now : the senate have concluded

'To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

" Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

" Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?"

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;

And reason (2) to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia !—

I am asham'd that I did yield to them.—

And look, where other friends are come to fetch me.

(*Decius crosses behind to L.H.*)

[*Exit Calpurnia, L.H.*]

Enter CASCA and BRUTUS, R.H.

Casca. Good morrow, Cæsar.

(1) The Romans, says Decius, all come to you, as to a saint, for reliques ; as to a prince, for honours.

(2) Reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius Casca.

(*Casca crosses behind to L. H.*)

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.—

(*Brutus retires to centre.*)

Enter ANTONY, R.H.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

(*Antony crosses behind to Cæsar's L. H.*)

Enter CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS, R.H.

Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius?

I have an hour's talk in store for you:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tre. Cæsar, I will:—(*Aside.*)—And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus, L.H.*]

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exit, L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter the SOOTHSAYER, R.H. *reading a Scroll.*

Sooth. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;

*trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ;
Decius loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd Caius La-
garius. • There is but one mind in all these men, and
it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal,
look about thee !*

*If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.*

• (He retires, a little to centre.)

Enter LUCIUS and PORCIA, R.H.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes ; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well ;

For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.—
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

(Soothsayer advancing, and going, L.H.)

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Por. *(Seeing the Soothsayer.)* Come hither, fellow :
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
tow'rds him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance. [*Exit, L.H.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is !—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—O,
Brutus, Brutus,

The heaven speed thee in thine enterprise !—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint !—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

Say, I am merry : come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt Porcia, R.H. Lucius, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Rome.—The Capitol.*

A flourish of instruments, L.H.—The Senate sitting.

DISPOSITION OF THE STAGE WHEN THE SCENE COMMENCES.

12 *Fasces.*

12 *Guards.*

S. Eagle.—G. Eagle —Star.—G. Eagle.—S. Eagle.

2 *Priests.*

Great *Eagle.*

2 *Priests.*

3 *Senators.*

Chair.

3 *Senators.*

Cæsar.

Lepidus.

Decius.

Antony.

Trebonius.

Cinna.

Metellus.

Casca.

Cassius.

Brutus.

3
Cha

R.H.

L.H.

Enter the SOOTHSAYER, R.H.

Sooth. Hail, Cæsar!

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.—Hail!—Read this schedule. (*Advancing as far as Decius.*)

Dec. (*Stops the Soothsayer.*) Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Sooth. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Sooth. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Dec. Sirrah, give place.

[Exit Soothsayer, R.H.S.E.]

Enter POPILIUS LENAS, R.H.

Pop. (*Crosses to Cassius.*) I wish your enterprise may thrive to-day.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. (*Advances to Cæsar's L.H.*)

Bru. What said Popilius Lenas?

Cas. He wish'd to day our enterprise might thrive. I fear our purpose is discovered.

(*Casca comes to Cassius's R.H. and Decius to Casca's R.H.*)

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden; for we fear prevention.— Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar shall never turn back; For I will slay myself.

(*Popilius kisses Cæsar's hand.*)

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lenas speaks not of our purposes:

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

[*Exeunt Trebonius and Antony, L.H.U.E.*]

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

(*Metellus advances to Cæsar.*)

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

(*Casca goes up to L.H. of Cæsar's chair.*)

Bru. He is address'd : (1) press near, and second him.

Cas. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready?—What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.

(*Kneeling.*)

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
And turn pre-ordinance, (2) and first decree,
Into the law (3) of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning :
Thy brother by decree is banish'd ;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

(*Metellus rises.*)

Know, Cæsar, doth not wrong ; nor, without cause,
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru.—(*Kneels.*)—I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar :

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus ! (*Brutus rises.*)

(1) Ready.

(2) Pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established. •

(3) Method, manner.

Cas.—(*Kneels.*)—Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

(*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
(*Cassius rises.*)

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So, in the world : 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ; (1)
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank, (2)
Unshak'd of motion : (3) and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin.—(*Kneels.*)—O Cæsar—

• *Cæs.* Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec.—(*Kneels.*)—Great Cæsar—

Cæs. Doth not Decius bootless kneel ?

Casca Speak, hands, for me.

(*Metellus lays hold on Cæsar's robe :—Casca
stabs Cæsar in the neck :—Cæsar catches hold
of his arm :—he is then stabbed by the other
Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*)

Cæs. Et tu, Brute ?—Then, fall Cæsar. (*Dies.*)

Bru. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

Cas. Run hence, proclaim it ;—cry about the streets,
Liberty ! Freedom ! and Enfranchisement !

(*The Senators and Attendants are retiring in
great confusion.—Lepidus crosses to L.H.—
Popilius Lenas crosses to R.H.*)

Bru. People, and Senators !—Be not affrighted ;

(1) Intelligent, capable of apprehending.

(2) Holds his place.

(3) Unshak'd by suit, or solicitation.

Fly not; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid ;
 There is no harm intended to your persons,
 Nor to no Roman else :—so tell them, Lenas.

Cas. Leave us, Popilius ; lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so :—[*Exeunt Popilius Lenas, R.H. and
 Lepidus, L.H.*]

And let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS, L.H.

Cas. Where's Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd :

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
 As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we'll know your pleasures :—
 That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.—
 On, Romans, on ;
 With hands and swords besmear'd in Cæsar's blood,
 Thus walk we forth, even to the market-place :
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty ?

(*A violent movement of congratulation among
 the Conspirators.—Trebonius crosses behind,
 R.H.—Casca next, to his L.H.*)

Cas. How many ages hence,
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
 In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
 That now at Pompey's basis lies along,
 No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd
 The men that gave their country liberty.

Casca. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
 Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.
 (Crosses to Brutus.)

Enter SERVIUS.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel :
 (Kneels.)

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down :
 And, being prostrate, thus he bid me say.

(Brutus raises him.)

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving :
 Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him :
 Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit, L.H.]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind,
 That fears him much.

*Enter ANTONY, L.H.—SERVIUS, and STRATO, who
 retire L.H.*

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
 Antony.

Ant. (*Stops, L.H.*) O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank; (1)
If I myself there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us,
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
And our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

(1) Rank, rather diseased, foul, corrupted; therefore of necessity blooded. Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and grown too high for the public safety.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
 Now, Decius, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;—
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :

(Goes to the body)

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—
 Most noble,—in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
 hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so :
 But what compact mean you to have with us ?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore, I took your hands : but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,

(Crosses by Cassius.)

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce ~~his~~ body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
(*Aside*)—You know not what you do : do not consent,
'That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru.—(*Aside.*)—By your pardon :—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas.—(*Aside*)—I know not what may fall ; I like
it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
(*The Conspirators cross behind to L.H.*)
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Brutus, Cassius, Decius, Metellus,*
Cinna, Casca, and Trebonius, L.H.]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding picce of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,

That ever lived in the tide of times. (1) /
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 (Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs (2) of men :
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havoc*, and let slip (3) the dogs of war : (4)
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.— (Rises.)

Enter FLAVIUS, CLITUS, and 4 Guards, R.H.

News from Octavius Cæsar, is it not ?

Fla. It is, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Fla. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
 He writes, that I should say to you,——O, Cæsar!—
 (Seeing the body.)

Ant. Thy heart is big : get thee apart and weep.
 (Flavius retires a little, R.H.)

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is Octavius coming ?

Fla.—(Advancing.)—He lies to-night within seven
 leagues of Rome.

(1) Course of times.

(2) We should read *line of men*, i.e. human race.

(3) A term belonging to the chase, *slips* were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismission.

(4) By the dogs of war is probably meant fire, sword, and famine

Ant. Post off with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd. (*Flavius going, R.H.*)

Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.—
Come, bring the body on.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Rome.—A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, with the Cap of Liberty, a Throng
of Plebeians,—BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBO-
NIUS, DECIUS, METELLUS, with their Swords drawn,
R.H. and another Throng of Plebeians, L.H.*

All the Ple. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, come to the Forum.

Cas. Those that will follow Cassius, go with me;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

Several Ple. We will hear Brutus speak.

Several Ple. We will hear Cassius.

[*Exeunt Cinna and Brutus with the greater part
of the Plebeians, L.H.—Cassius, and the other
Conspirators, with the rest of them, R.H.*]

• SCENE IV.—*Rome.—The Forum.*

*Enter a Throng of Twelve Plebeians, R.H.—BRUTUS,
and another Crowd of Plebeians, R.H.—Brutus
goes into the Rostrum.*

All the Ple. Silence! silence!

2 Ple. The noble Brutus is ascended:—Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.—Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers! (1) hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer;—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All the Ple. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

All the Ple. Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

1 Ple. Bring him with triumph home unto his house:—

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

2 Ple. Let him be Cæsar.

All the Ple., Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 Ple. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

(1) i. e. Friends.

Bru. Here comes Cæsar's body, mourn'd by Mark Antony.—

Enter Guards, bearing Cæsar's body on a bier, ANTONY, SERVIUS, STRATO, and CLITUS, L.H.

Good countrymen, let me withdraw alone ;
I do entreat no man of you will stir ;
But, for my sake, stay here with Antony ;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse ; and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

(Leaves the Rostrum.)

With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for
the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

[Exit, R.H.]

All the Ple. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 Ple. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

*(Antony goes into the Rostrum, having dismissed
his Servants and the Guards.)*

2 Ple. What does he say of Brutus?

1 Ple. He says for Brutus' sake

He finds himself beholden to us all.

2 Ple. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 Ple. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

2 Ple. Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All the Ple. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it were a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—

(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,)—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

• He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

• But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

• And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me. (*Weeps.*)

1 *Ple.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings :

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

2 *Ple.* Marked ye his words ? He would not take
the crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Ple.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
Antony.

2 *Ple.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3 *Ple.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,

And none so poor (1) to do him reverence.
 O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will .
 Let but the commons hear this testament,—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins (2) in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

2 *Ple.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

All the Ple. The will, the will ; we will hear
 Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends : I must not
 read it :

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'Tis good, you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

1 *Ple.* Read the will ; we will hear it. Cæsar's
 will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

2 *Ple.* They were traitors : honourable men !

All the Ple. The will ! the testament !

(1) The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.

* (2) Handkerchiefs.—*Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of
 linen.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

2 Ple. Descend : you shall have leave.

All the Ple. Come down, come down.

(Antony quits the Rostrum.)

2 Ple. Room for Mark Antony ;—most noble Antony !

All the Ple. Stand back ! room ! hear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, (1) great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.—
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! What, weep you, when you but behold

(1) The image seems to be that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it.

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—(*Tearing off the mantle which covered the body of Cæsar.*)—Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, (1) as you see, with traitors.

1 *Ple.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Ple.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Ple.* O woeful day !

4 *Ple.* O traitors, villains !

2 *Ple.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Ple.* Peace there :—hear the noble Antony.

2 *Ple.* We'll hear him. we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable :

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable :
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well,

That gave me public leave to speak of him ;

For I have neither wit, nor words nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on,

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know.

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All the Ple. We'll mutiny.

2 *Ple.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

1 *Ple.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All the Ple. Peace, ho !

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

You have forgot the will I told you of.

2 Ple. Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear
• the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. (1)

2 Ple. Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All the Ple. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : when comes such another ?

2 Ple. Never, never :—come, away, away :
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And, with the brands, fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

They raise the hearse on which Cæsar's body lies.)

2 Ple. Go, fetch fire.—Pluck down benches,—

3 Ple. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

4 Ple. Come, brands, ho ! fire-brands.

5 Ple. To Brutus', to Cassius' ; burn all.

2 Ple. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's.

3 Ple. Some to Trebonius'.

All the Ple. Away ; go.

*[Exeunt the Plebeians, bearing Cæsar's body
with great noise and tumult, R.H.]*

Ant. Now let it work :—mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

(1) A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as a Roman denier of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob.

Enter FLAVIUS hastily, L.H.

Fla. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Fla. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And, in this mood, will give us any thing.

Fla. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Sardis.—The Camp of Brutus.—A flourish of trumpets, L.H.*

BRUTUS, VARRO, LUCIUS, and others, *with* L.H.

Bru. Stand here.—Give the word, ho ! ~~and stand.~~

Var. Stand.

Luc. Stand.

*Enter BRUTUS, VARRO, LUCIUS, an Eagle, and
6 Lictors, L.H. meeting METELLUS and PIN-
DARUS, R.H.*

Bru. What now, Metellus? Is Cassius near?

Met. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

(*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*)

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Bru. (To Pindarus.) He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.— [*Exit Pindarus, R.H.*]
A word, Metellus :
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Met. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Metellus,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.—

(*A distant sound of trumpets, R.H.*)
Come, my army on ?

They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
ter'd :—
The greater part, the house in general,
Are gone with Cassius.

(*Trumpets sound nearer, R.H.*)
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd.

CASSIUS, TREBONIUS, TITINIUS, PINDARUS, *Silver
Eagle and 6 Fasces, without, R.H.*

Cas. Stand, ho !
Tre. Stand.

Tit. Stand.

Pin. Stand.

*Enter CASSIUS, TRIBONIUS, TITINIUS, PINDARUS,
an Eagle, and 6 Lictors, R.H.*

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs:
And when you do them,—

Bru. Cassius, be content:
Speak your griefs (1) softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then, in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

[*Exeunt Pindarus, Eagle, and 6 Lictors, R.H.*

Bru. Metellus, do the like:—

[*Exeunt Metellus, Eagle and 6 Lictors, L.H.*
And let no man

Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

(*Flourish of trumpets, R.H. and L.H.*)

[*Exeunt Cimber, Lucius, Cassius and Brutus,
L.H. Titinius, Trebonius, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*The tent of Brutus.—A table—papers
—chairs—cushions, &c.*

*Enter CASSIUS and BRUTUS, from the upper part of
the tent.*

Cas. (R.H.) That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice (1) offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm !—

(Half draws his sword)

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March,—the ides of March re-
member !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions. (2)

Bru. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

(1) Small, trifling.

(2) That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices
which are at my disposal.

Cas. Urge me no more ; I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible,—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.—

(*Cassius advances, angry, as going to speak*)
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares ?

Cas. Ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more.—(*Cassius crosses to*
L.II.)—I let, till your proud heart break.—

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble : must I budge ?
Must I obseve you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ?—By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you, for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so—make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me,
Brutus

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus^{*} have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace : you durst not so have tempted
him

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me as the idle wind
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
 For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring (1)
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces! *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
 • That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
 my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
 appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
 For Cassius is weary of the world:
 Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

(1) *Wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting.

'To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from my eyes !—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire :
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. } (*They embrace.*)

Cas. O, Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rough humour which my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.—
 Metellus and Titinius !—

Enter METELLUS and TITINIUS, L.H.

Bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

(*Titinius crosses behind, R.H.*)

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Trebonius
with you;
Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Titinius, R.H. and Metellus, L.H*

Bru. Lucius!—

Enter LUCIUS, R.H.M.D.

A bowl of wine. [*Exit Lucius, R.H.M.D.*

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Porcia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Porcia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,—
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came :—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O, ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, R.H.M.D. with a taper, and VARRO,
with a Jar of Wine and a Goblet. —Lucius places
the taper on the table, and takes the Jar from Varro.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine :—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. (*Drinks*)

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. (*Drinks.*)

[*Exeunt Varro and Lucius, R.H.M.D.*

Enter TITINIUS, R.H. TREBONIUS and METELLUS,
L.H.

Bru. Come in, Titinius :—welcome, good Trebonius.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

(*Trebonius, Titinius, and Metellus, sit.*)

Cas. Porcia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

(*Brutus sits L.H. and Cassius, R.H.*)

Trebonius I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Tre. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition ?

Tre. That, by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions,—Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Tre. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—

Brutus, had you your letters from your wife ?

Bru. No, Trebonius.

Tre. Not nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Trebonius.

Tre. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in
yours ?

Tre. No, Brutus.

Bru. (*Rises.*) Now, as you are a Roman, tell me
true.

Tre. (*Rises.*) Then, like a Roman, bear the truth
I tell :

For certain, she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Porcia!—

(They all rise, and advance.)

We must die, Trebonius:—

With meditating that she must die once, (1)

I have the patience to endure it now.

Cas. Even so great men great losses should endure.—

I have as much of this in art (2) as you ;

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us ;

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;

For they have grudg'd us contribution :

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd :

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother,—

Bru. Under your pardon:—you must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :

The enemy increaseth every day ;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

(1) i. e. at some time or other.

(2) Theory.

Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi. /

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.—
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more.—Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

(Crosses to R.H.)

Bru. Lucius, my gown.—Farewell, good Trebonius :
(Trebonius crosses to Titinius.)
Good night, Titinius :—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. *(Crosses to Brutus and embraces him.)* O, my dear brother !

This was an ill-beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.—
Good night, good brother :—farewell, every one.—
[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, Trebonius, R.H. and Metellus, L.H.M.D.*

Enter LUCIUS, R.H.M.D. with the gown, he advances
L.H.

Give me my book.

(Lucius gives the book from the pocket of the gown.)

Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent. *(Goes for the lute, R.H.)*

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Varro, and some other of my friends ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Metellus ! Varro !

(Returns with the lute, R.H.)

Enter METELLUS, L.H.M.D. and VARRO, R.H.M.D. advance, L.H.

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be, I shall raise you by-and-bye
On business to my brother Cassius.

Met. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so ; lie down, good sirs :
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.—

*(Metellus and Varro retire, and lie down on
cushions, L.H.)*

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much ; but thou art willing.

(Sits, R.H.)

Luc. It is my duty, sir.—*(Touches the strings and
sits down, R.H. near the wing.)*

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.
If I do live, I will be good to thee.—

(Lucius begins to play, but soon falls asleep.)

This is a mournful tune.—O murd'rous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace (1) upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good night :
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee :—*(Rises.)*—so,—good boy, good
night !—

Let me see, let me see :—*(Sitting down.)*—is not the
leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the GHOST of CÆSAR, L.H.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me :—art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

(1) A mace is the ancient term for a sceptre.

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi
(*Crosses to R. V.*)

Bru Well,

Then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay,—at Philippi. (*Ghost vanishes, R.H.*)

Bru. (*Rises*) Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Lucius ?—Metellus !—Varro !—Sirs, awake !

Met. My lord !—

Luc. My lord !—

Var. My lord !—

(*Together,—advancing*)

Bru Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

Met Did we, my lord ?

Bru Ay—saw you any thing ?

Met. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

[*Exeunt; Metellus, R.H. Brutus, Lucius, and
Varro, into the Tent.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*—*A Flourish
of trumpets, R.H.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, FLAVIUS, CLITUS,
STRATO, S.P.Q.R. 2 Gold Eagles, 6 Fasces,
6 Guards, R.H*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions :

¹ proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean, to warn (1) us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, (2) thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage :
But 'tis not so.

Enter SERVIVS, L.H.

Scr. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

(*Crosses behind to R.H.*)

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

(*A Flourish of Trumpets, L.H.*)

*Enter CASSIUS, BRUTUS, TREBONIUS, METELLUS,
TITINIUS, PINDARUS,—Standards,—Ensign of
Battle,—S.P.Q.R.—Silver Eagles,—Lictors,—and
Guards, L.H S.E.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Oc-
tavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words :

(1) Summon

(2) i. e. with a gallant show of courage, carrying with it terror and
dismay

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown,
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile dag-
gers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatters!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come:—the cause, if arguing makes us
sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—

I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou cannot die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy train,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
 If not, when you have stomachs.

(*Flourish of Trumpets, R.H.*)

[*Exeunt with Antony, and their Attendants, R.H.*
Cas. Why now, blow wind ; swell, billow ; and
 swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.—
 Most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself :—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life :—arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
 He bears too great a mind.—But, this same day
 Must end that work, the ides of March began :
 And, whether we shall meet again, I know not ;
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—Oh, that a man might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come !

But, it sufficeth that the day will' end,

And then the end is known.—Oome, ho ! away !

[*Flourish of Trumpets, R.H.—Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Plains of Philippi —Another Part of the Field.—Alarums, R.H. and L.H.*

Enter CASSIUS, with an Eagle in his hand, and TREBONIUS, R.H.

Cas. O look, Trebonius, look, the villains fly !

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tre. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

(*Alarums, I.H.*)

Enter PINDARUS, L.H.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. (*Gives the Ensign to Pindarus, who crosses behind to R.H.*)

This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Trebonius :—

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tre. They are, my lord. (*Alarums, R.H.*)

Cas. Trebonius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again : that I may rest assur'd,

Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tre. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit Trebonius, R.H.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Trebonius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Exit Pindarus.* R.H. & E.

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—*Sirrah*, what news ?

Pin. (*Without*, R.H.) O, my lord !—

Cas. What news ?

Pin. (*Without*, R.H.) Trebonius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur ;—yet he spurs on :—
Now they are almost on him :—now, Trebonius !—
Now some 'light : O, he 'lights too :—he's ta'en ;—
(*Shouts, and Flourish of Trumpets* R.H.)

And hark,
They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !—

Enter PINDARUS, R.H. & E.—*Advances to L.H.*

Come hither, *sirrah* :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath ;

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts,
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—

(*Pindarus takes the Sword, and Cassius runs upon it.*)

Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. (*Dus.*)

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not have so been.
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius !

Far from this country Pindarus shall go,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Alarum, R.H.—Exit, L.H.*

Enter TREBONIUS, R.H. with a laurel crown on his head, and TITINIUS.

Tit. It is but change, Trebonius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tre. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Tit. Where did you leave him?

Tre. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill

Tit. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tre. He lies not like the living.—O my heart!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.—
What, Pindarus!—Where art thou, Pindarus?

Tit. Seek him, Trebonius; while I go to meet
The noble Brutus. [Exit, R.H.]

Tre. Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing.

*Enter TITINIUS, BRUTUS, METELLUS, LUCIUS,
VARRO, Standard, S.P.Q.R.—Silver Eagles.—6
Lactors,—and 6 Guards, R.H.*

Brut. Where, where, Titinius, doth his body lie?

Tit. Lo, yonder,—and 'Trebonius mourning it.

Brut. O! Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet;
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
Into our own proper entrails —
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

• Stoop, soldiers, stoop,—and bear the body hence.—
(Soldiers prepare to bear away the Body.)

• Now let us to the field; for yet, ere night,
 We will try fortune in a second fight.

[Alarums, L.H.—Exeunt. L.H.]
(Scene closes on the Body.)

SCENE III.—*The Plains of Philippi.—Another Part of the Field.—Alarums, R.H. and L.H.*

• *Enter FLAVIUS, TITINIUS, SERVIUS, L.H. Standards, S.P.Q.R.—Silver Eagles,—Lictors,—and Guards.*

Fla. Run, ho!—Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

Ser. Here comes the general.

(Flourish of Trumpets, R.H.)

Enter ANTONY, CLITUS, STRATO, R.H. Standards, S.P.Q.R.—Golden Eagles,—Lictors, and Guards.

Fla. Brutus is ta'en, my lord,—Brutus is ta'en.

• *Ant.* Where is he?

Tit. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies.

This is not Brutus, sirs; but, I assure you,
 A prize well worth a soldier's arm.—Go on,

And see wher Brutus be alive, or dead:

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

(Flourish of Trumpets, R.H.)

[Exeunt; Servius and Flavius, L.H.—Antony, Titinius, Clitus, Strato, &c. R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*The Plains of Philippi.—Another Part of the Field.—A Retreat sounded, L.H.*

Enter METELLUS, BRUTUS, VARRO, and LUCIUS, L.H.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, let's rest us here.—

Slaying is the word ;

It is a deed in fashion.—Hark thee, Lucius.

(Whispering hum.)

Luc. What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Luc. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Come hither, good Metellus : list a word.—
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;

And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.

I know, my hour is come.

Met. Brutus!—Not so.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is.

Thou see'st the world, Metellus, how it goes :

Our enemies have beat us to the pit ;

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us.—Good Metellus,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword hilts, whilst I run on it.

Met. Brutus, that's not an office for a friend.

(Alarums, R.H.)

Luc. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;—and you ;—and you, Metellus.—

Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.—

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By their vile conquest shall attain unto.—



~~THE MAN OF THE WORLD.~~

THE MAN OF THE WORLD,

A COMEDY,

By Charles Mathlin.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FATHOMFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W OXBERRY, *Comedian.*

London.

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Remarks.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

THE fortunate author of a successful play, even in the full tide of his popularity, can scarcely fail to experience some unpleasant misgivings as to the stability of his fame, if he allows himself to reflect for one moment upon the fate of those numerous dramas, which, like his own, enjoyed their brief day of attraction, yet have long been completely forgotten. The Cleones, Alzumas, Zaras, and Elviras, with myriads of sentimental comedies, which charmed our grandams in the last century, now rest, unread and unthought of, in the volumes of Bell's British Theatre, and, your lucky playwright, we think, must feel it difficult to repress a foreboding sigh, while he gazes at that "sacred storehouse of his predecessors," and meditates, with *Basilie Mucklethrift*, upon the lamentable "instability of all human affairs."

A comparison between the indifference with which the comedy before us is now regarded, and the distinguished reception it experienced on its first appearance, forty years ago, naturally gives rise to such reflections as these. Yet, in this instance, we must not place the change to the account of popular caprice, but to the decay of those hateful antipathies, which once led men to fancy resplendent polish in its coarsest jokes, and to accept of a vulgar caricature, as a highly-finished natural portraiture. The total disappearance of national prejudices, is neither to be expected nor desired; but, that stupid conceit, which sees a scoundrel in every man born beyond the Tweed, is now, we trust, confined to the lowest of the low. The man who in the present day cracks jokes upon Scotch poverty and servility, betrays almost as complete a lack of wit as he who indulges in stale jests against law, wedlock, or religion, those ancient topics of stupid railery, and Englishmen at length condescend to believe that a North

Britain sometimes wears breeches, is occasionally free from the itch, and is not inevitably a bringing place-hunter.

Such, however, was once the popular idea of the Scots, in England; and the feelings of dislike towards them were increased in a tenfold degree during the early part of the late king's reign, by the favour shown to Lord Bute, whose countrymen were supposed to engross all the affections of royalty, and all the wealth and power which were at the disposal of government. In this aversion, MACKLIN largely participated; and, by his character of *Sir Pertinax*, contrived at once to gratify his antipathies, and to insure to his comedy a favourable reception. The piece, in fact, is little more than a political squib, in five acts; a conductor through which the author contrived to pour forth all the revillings against Scotchmen and courtiers, which observation, and a memory sharpened by animosity, had enabled him to treasure up. Invectives against the great and wealthy, will always catch the applause of the vulgar, under any form of government; and when to these was superadded abuse of the Scots, the perfect success of MACKLIN's play, in the then state of popular feeling, was scarcely surprising. Yet, this piece is now comparatively neglected; for the extirpation of those narrow notions, which once stamped a factitious value upon its sordid metal, has sadly diminished its power of pleasing; and the audience who cannot derive amusement for three hours from the exposition of *Sir Pertinax's* despicable principles alone, will find little else to entertain them. His character, 'tis true, has hitherto preserved the play from sinking into perfect oblivion; but this is solely owing to the reputation which one or two celebrated actors have acquired in the personation of it. When the comedy is occasionally revived, the public go to see how Mr. KEAN or Mr. JOHNSTON will sustain the part; or, to institute comparisons between their performance and that of COOKE; but certainly not with any expectation of deriving amusement from the composition, considered as a whole.

The plot belongs to the most trivial and hackneyed description of such things. Mercenary fathers, bent upon forming rich alliances for their children, which the disobedient children provokingly refuse to enter into, demand no particular stretch of invention in a dramatist, for they may be met with, ready-formed for his purpose, in half the novels and dramas of the last century. It is only for some peculiar business in the delineation of personages so familiar to us all, that a

writer can now expect to gain much applause; and, surely, this happiness is not to be met with in the characters of MACKLIN's comedy. *Sir Pertinax*, as we have before observed, is a clumsy libel; a more diluted *Sir Giles Overreach*; such an outrageous drawing as may readily be executed by any man possessed of common talent, and deterred by no scruples from holding up an unmitigated mass of deformity, as a correct national portraiture. True genius is elicited in nicely depicting the blended good and evil which enter into the composition of every human being, and not in rudely tracing a monster. When the caricaturist is allowed to rank with the historical painter, then may MACKLIN's coarse daub take its place amongst the cabinet-pictures of CONGREVE and SHERIDAN. The other characters are so utterly insignificant, that they scarcely demand any particular notice. *Lady Rodolpha* seems to have been intended by the author for a female wit, but he has made her only a volatile young lady, possessing more animal spirits than refinement. There was an opportunity for some powerful writing in the scene in which she and *Egerton* mutually avow their previous attachments; but MACKLIN either overlooked it, or had not the ability to avail himself of it—he has slubbered it over with provoking indifference. Let him, however, have all the praise which the idea of the lady's dialect deserves. "A provincial pronunciation on the stage," says a great authority, "is honourable to the inventor of it;" and, though North Britons of the lower orders had frequently been exhibited on the stage before MACKLIN's time, he was, we believe, the first who ventured to bestow the accent upon a lady. His good taste in this matter may fairly be questioned; but the novelty has this advantage, that it induces many people to receive for wit, what has no claim to the title; and, upon the old principle, they are content to admire what they do not exactly understand. The lovers, *Egerton* and *Constantia*, are as insipid a pair of beings as heart can wish. In the second act, the reader is in some pain for the lady's delicacy, when he finds her, without any apparent excuse, accepting a valuable present from the man whom she determines never to marry; but, in the fifth he is relieved, by the discovery that this present is most ingeniously contrived to introduce the lady's father, and bring about a happy termination of the drama, by cutting the gordian knot of perplexity. The beauty of such a catastrophe cannot be perfectly appreciated in the present day, because with its novelty it has lost half

of its effect. Out of fifty remedies by MORTON and REYNOLDS, about thirty are wound up by the entrance of an old gentleman just arrived from India, in search of a darling deserted daughter.

The language—the English portion of it, at least—must not be praised very highly. It has none of the ease of familiar colloquy, for the author, by constantly endeavouring to make his characters utter something striking, has encumbered their conversation with an absurd profusion of epithets; a fault, of which the very first scene affords several remarkable instances. His aim seems to have been to make their speeches *effective*, at all hazards, without stopping to consider whether they were natural. Hence, the cutting satirical descriptions which *Su Peritunas* gives of knaves and parasites, are inaptly placed in the mouth of one of the tribe; while the uncalled for and useless confessions of his rawality, which he constantly volunteers, proceed with little propriety from one whose dissimulation is so all pervading. When his ambitious views are thwarted by *Egerton's* refusal to second them, he consoles himself by uttering invectives against national luxury and prodigality; reflections not very likely to occur to such a man at such a crisis. but MACKLIN held probability in little account, provided he could find an opportunity of touching upon those themes which he knew would be palatable to the majority of his audience.

One feature of the piece remains to be noticed. The dramatic student, who has doubtless heard much dull jargon respecting the *unities*, and has read many excellent plays, the authors of which never troubled themselves about the matter, will find that this comedy possesses the merit, such as it is, of adhering to one of them in perfection. That of *place* is strictly preserved, and that of *time*, is not grossly violated. We notice this beauty, because it might otherwise chance to be overlooked by the reader, who will now observe that great pains have been taken to confine the action to one room, at some expense of probability, and without producing any effect after all, but that of wearying the eyes of spectators in the theatre, with a tedious sameness of scene. But, one of MACKLIN's foibles was a desire of being thought intimately acquainted with the Greek and Roman Drama, upon which he once pretended to give a course of lectures, with scarcely a single qualification for the undertaking. He was doubtless incited to the attempt of preserving the unities, more by this vanity, than by any conviction of their value.

MACKLIN's character as an actor, an author, and a man, has been so amusingly described by his biographer, Mr. COOKE, that we shall merely refer our readers to that gentleman's work, without committing an act of supererogation, by saying much upon the subject here. Yet, we are persuaded that his reputation has greatly outstripped his merits; for which he is probably in a great measure indebted to the advantageous circumstance of having far exceeded the usual years of man. People have been so accustomed to hear him spoken of as a phenomenon, and to connect his name with the idea of something surprising, that the admiration excited by seeing a man of ninety performing on the stage, has insensibly been transferred to the man's productions, and, because his corporeal powers were gigantic, they have fancied that his mental endowments were equally remarkable. Yet, what is the actual state of the case? Of his writings, this piece, and "*Love a-la-Mode*," (an excellent farce, 'tis true) are the only portions which readers in general ever heard of; and though he received much praise as an actor, it was by no means of that description which is awarded to the more elevated efforts of the art. Where the passion to be represented was grovelling, palpable to the vulgar apprehension, and possessing prominent traits easy to be seized upon, he succeeded completely.—his *Shylock*, *Iago*, and *Sir Pertinax*, were excellent. But, in what may be termed the poetry of acting, he was entirely deficient; and hence his *Macbeth* is allowed, even by his partial biographer, to have been a lamentable failure. "His figure," says he, "even from his boyish days, was ill-calculated to express the character of a dignified warrior; and, in his first scene, when the audience saw a clumsy old man, who looked more like a Scotch piper than a general and a prince of the blood, stumping down the stage, at the head of a supposed conquering army, 'commanding a halt upon the heath,' they felt under an impression of absurdity and ridicule." MACKLIN found at once that he had aimed too high, and had sense enough to restrain his future attempts more within the limits of his powers. The following epigram appeared on this occasion

"The witches, while living, deluded Macbeth,
 "And the devil took charge of his soul after death.
 "But, Satan found this not enough to content him,
 "So MACKLIN he sent upon earth to present him!"

In MACKLIN's character as a man, there was much that was admirable, and a great deal that was repulsive. He was an excellent father, though his affection was ill requited, constant in his friendships, strictly honest, free from avarice, and occasionally generous. But, in his temper, he was violent, capricious, and overbearing, in his language, vulgar, brutal, and profane. The following specimens of what some people are pleased to style humour, seem to afford a pretty correct idea of his colloquial manner. They occur in COOKE'S Memoirs of him.—

“ Meeting with the compiler of these anecdotes in one of his rambles, MACKLIN asked him where he usually spent his evenings, as he should be glad to mix with some of his old acquaintances. The ensuing Saturday evening was appointed, at the Fountain in the Strand, where several of his friends met. When he was announced, and had taken his seat, he told us, as the rheumatism had left him, he thought he was authorised, like the man in Scripture, ‘to take up his bed, and walk.’ Exercise always did him more good than physic, and society had always a double charm for him. Then, turning about to the waiter—‘Well, sir, have you recollected what I ordered for supper?’—‘Oh, yes, sir, perfectly well; *lamb's fry*.’—‘I thought so, by G—’—No, sir, (with a voice like Stentor) *lamb's boil* that is to say, those parts of the lamb which you usually fry, I must have boiled, with a little parsley-and-butter; for I have no teeth for your d—d hard fries.’

“ In the course of conversation, he was asked whether Mr. Macklin, the late print seller in Fleet-street, was any relation of his; to which he replied, rather shortly, ‘No, sir; I am the first of my name: there was no Macklin before me, as I invented it, merely to get rid of that d—d Irish name, M'Loughlin.’ ‘But, might not such a name exist without your knowing it?’ said a dignitary of the church, present.—‘No, sir;’ (growlingly.) ‘Why, now I think of it,’ replied the other, there was a printer of that name towards the close of the sixteenth century, near Temple Bar;’ and, appealing to a gentleman present, very conversant in black-letter learning, ‘I believe you may have seen books of his printing.’ ‘Oh, yes, (says the other) several with the name of Macklin at the bottom of the title-page.’ Upon this, most of the company exclaimed, ‘Well, Mr. Macklin, what do you say now? Here is proof positive.’ ‘Say now, sir,’ replied Macklin, ‘why all I

have to say is this, (looking the two antiquaries full in the face) that black-letter men will lie like other men.' "

Macklin's ambition to pass for a man of erudition has already been noticed, and of this trait in his character several amusing anecdotes are recorded. Being once engaged to sup with some men of science, when Foote was to be of the party, and feeling desirous of cutting a figure in conversation, he prepared himself in the morning, by reading a philosophical treatise on the properties of gunpowder. This, one would suppose, was an anomalous subject for common discourse, and one rather difficult to be introduced, but, whether it was the only book at hand, or his eccentric disposition led him to select it, this was the *great gun* he prepared to fire off that evening. A long time, however, passed without an opportunity of introducing it, and probably a much longer period would have elapsed, if Macklin had not hit upon an expedient, by suddenly starting from his chair, and exclaiming, " Good G——! was not that a gun fired off?"—" A gun!" cried the company, in amazement. " Ay, there it is again," says he, " and I'm sure some accident has happened below stairs." Upon this, the landlord was called up, who satisfying the party there was no such thing, Macklin took up the cue: " Well," said he, " though my *hearing* has been deceived in respect to the report of a *gun*, yet the *properties of gunpowder* are in many respects of a very singular nature;" and then went on in the track of reading he had previously studied, with great parade of philosophical knowledge.

The "*Man of the World*" was originally in three acts only, and was produced in that form at Dublin, so early as 1764, under the title of the "*True-born Scotchman*." To its subsequent extension into five acts, many of its defects are doubtless to be attributed. It was received with much applause, Macklin himself playing *Sir Pertinax*, and a Scotch nobleman is said to have sent him a handsome suit of laced dress clothes, with a note, begging his acceptance of the present, as a small mark of the pleasure he had derived from the exhibition of so fine a portrait of his grandfather. In 1781, it was brought forward at Covent-garden, under its present title, and acquired great popularity, though from causes having little connexion with its intrinsic merit. Since the death of Cooke, who was the last popular representative of *Sir Pertinax*, it has fallen into disesteem, and we are persuaded will continue to be neglected, unless some political occurrence should once more ex-

cite animosity against the Scotch, or some popular actor should feel ambitious of displaying his proficiency in the northern dialect, by personating the hero

Amongst the papers which Macklin left behind him, were a few MSS. containing his opinions upon various subjects, carelessly noted down. From these are transcribed the following descriptions of a *Man of the World* and the *Scotch nation*. They are curious, as affording additional evidence of the bitterness of his prejudices, and as being the germs of those ideas which he afterwards matured and promulgated in the comedy before us —

“ *A Man of the World* —Morality, patriotism, rectitude, and the good of one’s country, are fine sounding words, and courtier, place, and pension, and minister, are odious terms, no doubt—unpopular appellations in the ears of a mob but, I believe, the world is as full of morality, patriotism, virtue, and honesty, as ever. There is not a man among the patriots, that would not be a courtier, nor a man that would not be a pensioner, or a placeman, a ministerial man. All they want is opportunity.

He that is out will pout,
He that is in will grin.”

“ *The Scotch* —An inveterate envy and hatred between Scotland and England has existed from time immemorial. Before the Romans,—when they were in England,—and after they left England. Witness their battles, bickerings, pride, and envy, the frequent quarrels amongst the Scotch footmen and English servants, their conduct to Charles the first; their treachery, and the constant scenes of treason in which they were engaged from 1688; the rebellions in 1715 and 1745. What did the administration, and George the First and Second, think of them, and Queen Anne, and the people of England? How did the Scotch look, and live, and dress, in London and England then, and how in Dublin and Ireland?—They looked dejected, the guilt of rebellion was in every visage; they lived among themselves, and were reserved both in the senate and society; never gave an opinion in public upon literature or politics, but were cautious, silent, modest, economical, but, in the present reign, they and the Tories came into the possession of power and the loaves and fishes. Such an alteration in a whole people, in so short a time, cannot be found in the history of any

nation. They mix in every part of society, from the cabinet council, the king's closet, the senate, down to the lowest dregs of the people; coffee-houses, taverns, beer-houses, private families, clubs, and every kind of public meeting, in which they first flatter, and then betray to ministry every sentiment that passes respecting politics, religion, morality, and all human dealings. They seize on the press, as printers and scribblers; on the theatre, as authors; on literature, as historians, which they falsify by pretended MSS. from foreign libraries, by various forgeries and falsehoods. They wrote quines of paper on government, torturing it to tyrannical tory principles. The English Tories join them in this policy, and, by that, work their own and their country's ruin." P. P

Mr. Macklin was a native of Ireland, and born in the county of West Meath, on the 1st of May, 1690. He made his first appearance in London, at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in the year 1716. This great nestor of the stage, died July 11, 1797, said to be aged 107, and his remains were interred in a Vault under the chancel of Covent Garden church. His dramatic works are—

• King Henry the Seventh; or, the Popish Impostor. *T.* 8vo. 1746 -- A Will or no Will, or, A Bone for the Lawyers. *F.* 1746. N. P.—The Suspicious Husband criticized; or, the Plague of Envy. *F.* 1747. N. P.—The Fortune Hunters, or, the Widow Bewitched. *F.* 1748. N. P.—Covent Garden Theatre. *D. S.* 1752. N. P.—Love à-la-Mode. *F.* 1760. 4to. 1793.—The Married Libertine. *C.* 1761. N. P.—The True-born Irishman. *F.* 1763. N. P. This was afterwards acted under the title of—The Irish Fine Lady. *F.* 1767. N. P.—The True-born Scotchman. *C.* 1764. N. P. Since acted at Covent Garden, under the title of—The Man of the World. *C.* 1781. 4to. 1793.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, (including the time occupied between the acts) is about three hours and a quarter.—The first act occupies the space of twenty-five minutes—the second, thirty-five—the third, twenty-eight—the fourth, twenty-seven—the fifth, thirty-four—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
L.H..... Left Hand.
S.E..... Second Entrance.
U.E..... Upper Entrance.
M.D..... Middle Door.
D.F..... Door in Flat.
R.H.D..... Right Hand Door.
L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.

Costume.

SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT.

Rich embroidered dress suit.

EGERTON.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and black silk breeches.

LORD LUMBERCOURT. *

Brown dress suit.

SIDNEY.

Black coat, waistcoat, and breeches.

MELVILLE.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, pantaloons, and boots.

SERJEANT EITHERSIDE.

* Black suit

COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE.

Ibid.

TOMLINS.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and buff breeches.

Servants, in Livery.

LADY MACSYCOPHANT.

Dark satin dress.

LADY RODOLPHA LUMBERCOURT.

In the height of fashion.

CONSTANTIA.

Plain white dress.

BETTY HINT.

White dress, and apron trimmed with pink riband.

NANNY.

Neat coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden</i>
<i>Sir Pertinax Macrycoplant</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Cooke.
<i>Egerton</i>	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Kemble
<i>Lord Lumbercourt</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Waddy.
<i>Sidney</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Brunton
<i>Melville</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Murray
<i>Counsellor Plausible</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Beverky
<i>Serjeant Etherside</i>	Mr. Wilmot.	Mr. Davenport
<i>Sam</i>	Mr. Randall.	Mr. Trueman.
<i>John</i>	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Tomlin</i>	Mr. Howell.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Lady Macsycoplant</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Miss Leserve.
<i>Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt</i>	Miss Booth.	Mrs. Glover
<i>Constantia</i>	Miss Smithson.	Miss Brunton.
<i>Betty Hint</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Nanny</i>	Mrs. Marjerum.	Miss Cox.

THE
MAN OF THE WORLD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter BETTY, R.H. and SAM, L.H.

Betty. The postman is at the gate, Sam ; play step and take in the letters.

Sam. John the gardener is gone for them, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. Bid John bring them to me, Sam : tell him I am here in the library.

Sam. I'll send him to your ladyship in a crack.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter NANNY, R.H.

Nanny. Miss Constantia desires to speak to you, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. How is she now ?—any better, Nanny ?

Nanny. Something ; but very low spirited still. I verily believe it is as you say

Betty. O ! I would take my book oath of it. I cannot be deceived in that point, Nanny.—Aye, ay, her business is done—she is certainly breeding, depend upon it.

Nanny. Why, so the housekeeper thinks too.

Betty. Nay, I know the father, the man that ruined her.

Nanny. The deuce you do!

Betty. As sure as you are alive, Nanny; or I am greatly deceived— and yet—I can't be deceived neither. —Was not that the cook that came galloping so hard over the common just now?

Nanny. The same: how very hard he galloped; he has been but three quarters of an hour, he says, coming from Hyde-Park Corner.

Betty. And what time will the family be down?

Nanny. He has orders to have dinner ready by five; there are to be lawyers, and a great deal of company here—he fancies there is to be a private wedding to night, between our young Master Charles, and Lord Lumbarcourt's daughter, the Scotch lady, who, he says, is just come post from Bath, in order to be married to him.

Betty. Ay, ay, Lady Rodolpha—nay, like enough, for I know it has been talked of a good while: well, go tell Miss Constantia that I will be with her immediately.

Nanny. I shall, Mrs Betty. [Exit, R.H.]

Betty. So!—I find they all believe the impertinent creature is breeding—that's pure! it will soon reach my lady's ears, I warrant.

Enter JOHN, L.H.

Well, John, ever a letter for me?

John. No, Mrs. Betty; but here is one for Miss Constantia.

Betty. Give it me —Hum! my lady's hand.

John. And here is one, which the postman says is for my young master—but it's a strange direction—
(*Reads.*) *To Charles Egerton, Esq.*

Betty. O! yes, yes; this is for Master Charles, John; for he has dropped his father's name of Mac-sycophant, and has taken up that of Egerton—the parliament has ordered it.

John. The parliament!—pr'ythee, why so, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. Why, you must know, John, that my lady, his mother, was an Egerton, by her father; she stole a match with our old master, for which all her family, on both sides, have hated Sir Pertinax, and the whole crew of the Macsycophants. ever since; and so, John, my lady's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, dying an old bachelor, and, as I said before, mortally hating our old master, and all the crew of the Macsycophants, left his whole estate to Master Charles, who was his godson, but on condition that he should drop his father's name of Macsycophant, and take up that of Egerton, and that is the reason, John, why the parliament has made him change his name.

John. I am glad that Master Charles has got the estate, however, for he is a sweet-tempered gentleman.

Betty. As ever lived.—But come, John; as I know you love Miss Constantia, and are fond of being where she is, I will make you happy; you shall carry this letter to her

John. Shall I, Mrs. Betty? I am very much obliged to you.—Where is she?

Betty. In the housekeeper's room, settling the desert.—Give me Mr. Egerton's letter, and I'll leave it on the table in his dressing-room: I see it is from his brother Sandy.—So—now go and deliver your letter to your sweetheart, John.

John. (*Crosses to R.H.*) That I will; and I am much beholden to you for the favour of letting me carry it to her: for though she should never have me, yet I shall always love her, and wish to be near her, she is so sweet a creature.—Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Betty. Your servant, John.—Ha, ha, ha! poor fellow! he perfectly doats on her; and daily follows her about with nosegays and fruit, and the first of every thing in the season.—Ay, and my young master, Charles, too, is in as bad a way as the gardener:—in

short, every body loves her, and that's one reason why I hate her.—For my part, I wonder what the deuce the men see in her—a creature that was taken in for charity; I'm sure she's not so handsome. I wish she was out of the family once;—if she was, I might then stand a chance of being my lady's favourite myself—ay, and perhaps of getting one of my young masters for a sweetheart, or at least the chaplain: but as to him, there would be no such great catch if I should get him. I will try for him, however; and my first step shall be to tell the doctor all I have discovered about Constantia's intrigues with her spark at Hadley.—Yes, that will do; for the doctor loves to talk with me—loves to hear me talk too; and I verily believe—be, he, he! that he has a sneaking kindness for me, and this story will make him have a good opinion of my honesty, and that, I am sure, will be one step towards—O! bless me, here he comes, and my young master with him. I'll watch an opportunity to speak to him as soon as he is alone, for I will blow her up, I am resolved, as great a favourite, and as cunning as she is.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Enter EGERTON, L. H. in great warmth and emotion; SIDNEY following, as in conversation.

Sid. Nay, dear Charles, but why are you so impetuous?—Why do you break from me abruptly?

Eger. (*With great warmth.*) I have done, sir; you have refused. I have nothing more to say upon the subject. I am satisfied. (*Crosses to L. H.*)

Sid. (*With a glow of tender friendship.*) Come, come, correct this warmth—it is the only weak ingredient in your nature, and you ought to watch it carefully. Because I will not abet an unwarrantable passion by an abuse of my sacred character, in marrying you beneath your rank, and in direct opposition to your father's hopes and happiness—you blame me, you angrily break from me, and call me unkind.

Eger. (*With tenderness and conviction*) Dear

Sidney, for my warmth I stand condemned : but for my marriage with Constantia, I think I can justify it upon every principle of filial duty, honour, and worldly prudence.

Sid. Only make that appear, Charles, and you know you may command me.

Eger. (*With great filial regret.*) I am sensible how unseemly it appears in a son to descant on the unamiable passions of a parent ; but, as we are alone, and friends, I cannot help observing, in my own defence, that when a father will not allow the use of reason to any of his family—when his pursuit of greatness makes him a slave abroad, only to be a tyrant at home—when a narrow partiality to Scotland, on every trivial occasion, provokes him to enmity even with his wife and children, only because they give a national preference where they think it most justly due ; and when, merely to gratify his own ambition, he would marry his son into a family he detests ;—(*Great warmth.*)—sure, Sidney, a son thus circumstanced (from the dignity of human reason, and the feelings of a loving heart) has a right—not only to protest against the blindness of a parent, but to pursue those measures that virtue and happiness point out.

Sid. The violent temper of Sir Pertinax, I own, cannot be defended on many occasions, but still—your intended alliance with Lord Lumbercourt—

Eger. (*With great impatience.*) O ! contemptible !—a trifling, quaint, haughty, voluptuous, servile tool ! the mere lacquey of party and corruption ; who, for the prostitution of near thirty years, and the ruin of a noble fortune, has had the despicable satisfaction, and the infamous honour, of being kicked up and kicked down—kicked in and kicked out, just as the insolence, compassion, or convenience of leaders predominated ; and now, being forsaken by all parties, his whole political consequence amounts to the power of franking a letter, and the right honourable privilege of not paying a tradesman's bill.

Sid. Well, but dear Charles, you are not to wed my lord, but his daughter.

Eger. Who is as disagreeable to me for a companion, as her father for a friend or an ally.

Sid. What, her Scotch accent, I suppose, offends you.

Eger. No, upon my honour; not in the least; I think it entertaining in her: but, were it otherwise, in decency, and indeed in national affection, being a Scotchman myself, I can have no objection to her on that account:—besides, she is my near relation.

Sid. So I understand. But pray, Charles, how came Lady Rodolph, who I find was born in England, to be bred in Scotland?

Eger. From the dotage of an old, formal, obstinate, stiff, rich, Scotch grandmother, who, upon a promise of leaving this grandchild all her fortune, would have the girl sent to her to Scotland, when she was but a year old, and there has she been ever since, bred up with this old lady, in all the vanity and unlimited indulgence that fondness and admiration could bestow on a spoiled child, a fancied beauty, and a pretended wit—(*In a tone of friendly affection.*)—and is this a woman fit to make my happiness? this the partner that Sidney would recommend to me for life?—to you, who best know me, I appeal.

Sid. Why, Charles, it is a delicate point, unfit for me to determine; besides, your father has set his heart upon the match.

Eger. (*Impatiently.*) All that I know—but still I ask and insist upon your candid judgment—is she the kind of woman that you think could possibly contribute to my happiness? I beg you will give me an explicit answer.

Sid. The subject is disagreeable; but, since I must speak, I do not think she is

Eger. (*In a start of friendly rapture.*) I know you do not; and I am sure you never will advise the match.

Sid. I never will—I never will.

Eger. (*With a start of joy*) You make me happy; which, I assure you, I never could be with your judgment against me in this point.

Sid. But pray, Charles, suppose I had been so indiscreet as to have agreed to marry you to Constantia, would she have consented, think you?

Eger. That I cannot say positively; but I suppose so.

Sid. Did you never speak to her upon that subject, then?

Eger. In general terms only; never directly requested her consent in form—(*He starts into a warmth of amorous resolution.*)—but I will this very moment—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—for I have no asylum from my father's arbitrary design, but my Constantia's arms. Pray do not stir from hence; I will return instantly. I know she will submit to your advice; and I am sure you will persuade her to my wish, as my life, my peace, my earthly happiness, depend on my Constantia. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sid. Poor Charles! he little dreams that I love Constantia too; but to what degree I knew not myself, till he importuned me to join their hands: Yes—I love—but must not be a rival, for he is dear to me as fraternal affinity.

Enter BETTY, R.H.

Betty. (*Running up to Sidney.*) I beg pardon for my intrusion, sir. I hope, sir, I don't disturb your reverence?

Sid. Not in the least, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. I humbly beg you will excuse me, sir; but I wanted to break my mind to your honour—about a scruple that lies upon my conscience; and indeed I should not have presumed to trouble you, sir, but that I know you are my young master's friend, and my old master's friend, and, indeed, a friend to the whole family:—(*Runs up to him and curtsies very low.*)—

for, to give you your due, sir, you are as good a preacher as ever went into a pulpit.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! do you think so, Mrs. Betty?

Bet. Ay, in truth do I; and as good a gentleman, too, as ever came into a family, and one that never gives a servant a bad word, nor that does any one an ill turn, neither behind their back nor before their face.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! why, you are a mighty well-spoken woman, Mrs. Betty, and I am mightily beholden to you for your good character of me.

Bet. Indeed, sir, it is no more than you deserve, and what all the world and all the servants say of you.

Sid. I am much obliged to them, Mrs. Betty—but, pray, what are your commands with me?

Bet. Why, I'll tell you, sir;—to be sure, I am but a servant, as a body may say—and every tub should stand upon its own bottom; but—*(She takes hold of him familiarly, looks first about cautiously, and speaks in a low familiar tone of great secrecy.)*—my young master is now in the china-room, in close conference with Miss Constantia. I know what they are about, but that is no business of mine; and, therefore, I made bold to listen a little—because, you know, sir, one would be sure, before one took away any body's reputation.

Sid. Very true, Mrs. Betty—very true, indeed.

Betty. O! heavens forbid that I should take away any young woman's good name, unless I had a good reason for it; but, sir,—*(With great solemnity.)*—if I am in this place alive, as I listened, with my ear close to the door, I heard my young master ask Miss Constantia the plain marriage question; upon which I started and trembled, nay, my very conscience stirred within me so, that I could not help peeping through the key-hole.

Sid. Ha, ha, ha! and so your conscience made you peep through the key-hole, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. It did, indeed, sir;—and there I saw my young master upon his knees—lord bless us—and what

do you think he was doing?—kissing her hand as if he would eat it, and protesting, and assuring her, he knew that you, sir, would consent to the match, and then the tears ran down her cheeks as fast—

Sid. Ay!

Betty. They did indeed. I would not tell your reverence a lie for the world.

Sid. I believe it, Mrs. Betty; and what did Constantia say to all this?

Betty. Oh!—Oh! she is sly enough; she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth; but all is not gold that glitters—smooth water, you know, sir, runs deepest: I am sorry my young master makes such a fool of himself; but, um—take my word for it, he is not the man; for, though she looks as modest as a maid at a christening,—(*Hesitating.*)—yet—ah!—when sweethearts meet; in the dusk of the evening, and stay together a whole hour, in the dark grove, and embrace, and kiss, and weep at parting—why, then, you know, sir, it is easy to guess all the rest.

Sid. Why, did Constantia meet any body in this manner?

Betty. (*Starting with surprise.*) O! heavens! I beg, sir, you will not misapprehend me; for, I assure you, I do not believe they did any harm—that is, not in the grove; at least, not when I was there; and she may be honestly married for aught I know. O! lud, sir, I would not say an ill thing of Miss Constantia for the world. I only say that they did meet in the dark walk; and all the servants observe that Miss Constantia wears her stays very loose, looks very pale, is sick in the morning and after dinner; and, as sure as my name is Betty Hint, something has happened that I won't name; but, nine months hence, a certain person in this family may ask me to stand god-mother for I think I know what's what, when I see it, as well as another.

Sid. No doubt you do, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. (*Going and returning.*) I do, indeed, sir: and so, your servant, sir. But I hope your worship

won't mention my name in this business; or that you had an item from me.

Sid. I shall not, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. For, indeed, sir, I am no busybody, nor do I love fending nor proving; and I assure you, sir, I hate all tittling and tattling, and gossiping, and back-biting, and taking away a person's good name.

Sid. I observe you do, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. I do, indeed, sir. I am the farthest from it in the world.

Sid. I dare say you are.

Betty. I am, indeed, sir; and so your humble servant.

Sid. Your servant, Mrs. Betty.

Betty. (*Aside, in great exultation.*) So! I see he believes every word I say—that's charming. I'll do her business for her, I'm resolved. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sid. What can this ridiculous creature mean by her dark walk, her private spark, her kissing, and all her slanderous insinuations against Constantia, whose conduct is as unblamable as innocence itself? I see envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench, as in the vainest or most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest, as well as in the highest station, must feel the shaft of envy's constant agents—falsehood and slander. [*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter CONSTANTIA *and* EGBERTON, R.H.

Con. Mr. Sidney is not here, sir.

Eger. I assure you I left him, and begged he would stay till I returned.

Con. His prudence, you see, sir, has made him retire; therefore we had better defer the subject till he is present; in the mean time, sir, I hope you will permit me to mention an affair that has greatly alarmed and perplexed me: I suppose you guess what it is?

Eger. I do not, upon my word.

Con. That is a little strange. You know, sir, that you and Mr. Sidney did me the honour of breakfasting with me this morning in my little study.

Eger. We had that happiness, madam.

Con. Just after you left me, upon opening my book of accounts, which lay in the draw of the reading desk, to my great surprise, I there found this case of jewels, containing a most elegant pair of ear-rings, a neck-lace of great value, and two bank-bills in this pocket-book, the mystery of which, sir, I presume, you can explain?

Eger. I can.

Con. They were of your conveying, then?

Eger. They were, madam.

Con. I assure you they startled and alarmed me.

Eger. I hope it was a kind of alarm, such as blushing virtue feels, when with her hand, she gives her heart and last consent.

Con. It was not, indeed, sir.

Eger. Do not say so, Constantia: come, be kind at once; my peace and worldly bliss depend upon this moment.

Con. What would you have me do?

Eger. What love and virtue dictate.

Con. O! sir, experience but too severely proves, that such unequal matches as ours, never produce aught but contempt and anger in parents, censure from the world, and a long train of sorrow and repentance in the wretched parties; which is but too often entailed upon their hapless issue.

Eger. But that, Constantia, cannot be our case: my fortune is independent and ample; equal to luxury

and splendid folly. I have a right to choose the partner of my heart.

Con. But I have not, sir; I am a dependant on my lady—a poor, forsaken, helpless orphan; your benevolent mother found me, took me to her bosom, and there supplied my parental loss, with every tender care, indulgent dalliance—and with all the sweet persuasion that maternal fondness, religious precept, polished manners, and hourly example could administer—she fostered me:—(*Weeps.*)—and shall I now turn viper, and with black ingratitude sting the tender heart that thus hath cherished me? shall I seduce her house's heir, and kill her peace? No; though I loved to the mad extreme of female fondness; though every worldly bliss that woman's vanity or man's ambition could desire, followed the indulgence of my love, and all the contempt and misery of this life, the denial of that indulgence, I would discharge my duty to my benefactress—my earthly guardian, my more than parent.

Eger. My dear Constantia, your prudence, your gratitude, and the cruel virtue of your self-denial, do but increase my love, my admiration, and my misery.

Con. Sir, I must beg you will give me leave to return these bills and jewels.

Eger. Pray do not mention them: sure my kindness and esteem may be indulged so far without suspicion or reproach—I beg you will accept of them; nay, I insist.

Con. I have done, sir; my station here is to obey. I know, sir, they are gifts of a virtuous mind; and mine shall convert them to the tenderest and most grateful use.

Eger. Hark! I hear a coach: it is my father. Dear girl, retire and compose yourself. I will send my lady and Sidney to you; and by their judgment we will be directed: will that satisfy you?

Con. I can have no will but my lady's. With

your leave, I will retire; I would not see her in this confusion.

Eger. Dear girl, adieu! [*Exit Constantia, L.H.*]

Enter SAM, R.H.

Sam. Sir Pertinax and my lady are come, sir; and my lady desires to speak with you in her own room: Oh! here she is, sir. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter LADY MACSYCOPHANT, R.H.

Lady M. (In great confusion and distress.) Dear child, I am glad to see you: why did not you come to town yesterday, to attend the levee? your father is incensed to the utmost at your not being there.

Eger. (With great warmth.) Madam, it is with extreme regret I tell you, that I can be no longer a slave to his temper, his politics, and his scheme of marrying me to this woman; therefore you had better consent at once to my going out of the kingdom, and my taking Constantia with me—for without her I never can be happy.

Lady M. As you regard my peace, or your own character, I beg you will not be guilty of so rash a step. You promised me you never would marry her without my consent.—I will open it to your father. Pray, dear Charles, be ruled: let me prevail.

Sir P. (Without, L.H. in great anger.) Sir, will ye do as ye are bid, and haud your gab, you rascal! You are so full of gab, you scoundrel. Take the chesnut gelding, return to town directly, and see what is become of my Lord Lumbercourt.

Lady M. Here he comes. I will get out of his way.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—But, I beg, Charles, while he is in this ill humour, that you will not oppose him, let him say what he will—when his passion is a little cool, I will return, and try to bring him to reason—but do not thwart him.

Eger. Madam, I will not. [*Exit Lady M. L.H.*]

Sir P. (Without, R.H.) Here, you Tomlins, where is my son Egerton?

Tom. (Without, R.H.) In the library, sir.

Sir P. (Without, R.H.) As soon as the lawyers come, be sure bring me word.

Enter SIR PERTINAX, R.H. with great haughtiness and in anger—Egerton bows two or three times most submissively low.

Sir P. Weel sir! vary weel! vary weel: are nat ye a fine spark? are ye nat a fine spark, I say?—ah! you are a—so you wou'd not come up till the levee?

Eger. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I was not very well; besides, I did not think my presence there was necessary.

Sir P. (Snapping him up.) Sir, it was necessary; I tauld you it was necessary; and, sir, I must now tell you that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir; I am sure I do not mean to offend you.

Sir P. I care not what you intend. Sir, I tell you, you do offend. What is the meaning of this conduct, sir?—neglect the levee!—death, sir, you—what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger. (With a stifled filial resentment.) Sir, I am not used to levees; nor do I know how to dispose of myself; nor what to say or do in such a situation.

Sir P. (With a proud angry resentment.) Zounds, sir, do you nat see what others do? gentle and simple, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops; aw crowding, bustling, and pushing foremost intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a look or a smile fra the great mon, which they meet wi'an amicable recsibility of aspect—a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon; which expresses an officious promptitude for his ser-

vice, and indicates that they look upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his polemical fortune; thus, sir, is what you ought to do, and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for this five-and-thirty years, let who would be minister.

Eger. (Aside.) Contemptible!

Sir P. What is that you mutter, sir?

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative to you.

Sir P. Sir, your absenting yourself fra the levee at this juncture is suspicious—it is looked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your countrymen are highly offended at your conduct. For this, sir, they do not look upon you as a friend or weel-wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger. (With a quick warmth.) Then, sir, they wrong me, I assure you; but, pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged, either with coldness or offence to my country?

Sir P. Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, left you his three thousand pounds a-year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are grown proud—that you have estranged yourself fra the Macsycophants—have associated with your mother's family—with the opposition—and with those who do not wish well to Scotland: besides, sir, the other day, in a conversation, at dinner at your cousin Campbell M'Kenzie's, before a whole table full of your ain relations, did you not publicly wish a total extinguishment to aw party, and of aw national distinctions whatever, relative to the three kingdoms?—(*With great anger.*)—And, you blockhead—was that a prudent wish before so many of your ain countrymen? or was it a filial language to hold before me?

Eger. Sir, with your pardon, I cannot think it unfilial or imprudent.—(*With a most patriotic warmth.*)—I own I do wish—most ardently wish for a total extinction of all party; particularly—that those of

English, Irish, and Scotch might never more be brought into contest or competition, unless, like loving brothers, in generous emulation for one common cause.

Sir P. How, sir! do you persist? what! would you banish aw party, and aw distinction between English, Irish, and your ain countrymen?

Eger. (*With great dignity of spirit.*) I would, sir.

Sir P. Then damn you, sir, you are nae true Scot. Ay, sir, you may look as angry as you will, but again I say, you are nae true Scot.

Eger. Your pardon, sir, I think he is the true Scot and the true citizen, who wishes equal justice to the merit and demerit of every subject of Great Britain; amongst whom I know but of two distinctions.

Sir P. Weel sir, and what are those—what are those?

Eger. The knave and the honest man.

Sir P. Pshaw! rideeculous.

Eger. And he, who makes any other—let him be of the North, or of the South—of the East, or of the West—in place, or out of place, is an enemy to the whole, and to the virtues of humanity.

Sir P. Ay, sir, this is your brother's impudent doctrine, for the which I have banished him for ever fra my presence, my heart, and my fortune.—Sir, I will have no son of mine, because truly he has been educated in an English seminary, presume, under the mask of candour, to speak against his native land, or against my principles. Scotchmen, sir, Scotchmen, wherever they meet throughout aw the globe, should unite, and stick together, as it were in a political phalanx. However, nae mair of that now; I will talk at large to you about that anon.—In the mean while, sir, notwithstanding your contempt of my advice, and your disobedience till my commands, I will convince you of my paternal attention till your welfare, by my management of this voluptuary—this Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter you are to marry.

You ken, sir, that the fellow has been my patron above these five-and-thirty years.

Eger. Truc, sir.

Sir P. Vary weel.—And now, sir, you see, by his prodigality, he is become my dependant ; and, accordingly, I have made my bargain with him ; the devil a bubee he has in the world but what comes through these clutches ; for his whole estate, which has three impleecit boroughs upon it—mark—is now in my custody at nurse ; the which estate, on my paying off his debts, and allowing him a life rent of five thousand pounds per annum, is to be made over till me for my life, and at my death is to descend till ye and your issue.—The peerage of Lumbercourt, you ken, will follow of course.—So, sir, you see, there are three impleecit boroughs, the whole patrimony of Lumbercourt, and a peerage at one slap. Why, it is a stroke—a hit—a hit.—Zounds ! sir, a mon may live a century, and not make sic an hit again.

Eger. It is a very advantageous bargain indeed, sir ; but what will my lord's family say to it.

Sir P. Why, mon, he cares not if his family were law at the devil, so his luxury is but gratified ; only let him have his race horse to feed his vanity ; his harridan to drink drams with him, scrat his face, and burn his periwig, when she is in her maudlin hysterics ; and three or four discontented patriotic dependants to abuse the ministry, and settle the affairs of the nation, when they are aw intoxicated ; and then, sir, the fellow has aw his wishes, and aw his wants, in this world and the next.

Enter TOMLINS, R.H.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, sir.

Sir P. And my lord ?

Tom. Not yet, sir ; he is about a mile behind, the servants say.

Sir P. Let me know the instant he arrives.

Tom. I shall, sir.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Sir P. Step you out, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolpha ;— (*Egerton crosses to R.H.*)—and, I desire you will treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible ; for my lord has hinted that you have been very remiss as a lover. Adzooks, Charles, you should administer a whole torrent of flattery till her ; for a woman ne'er thinks a mon loves her, till he has made an idiot of her understanding by flattery : flattery is the prime bliss of the sex, the nectar and ambrosia of their charms, and you can ne'er gi' 'em o'er muckle on't ; so, there's a guid lad, gang and mind your flattery.— [*Exit Egerton, R.H.*]—Hah ! I must keep a devilish tight hand upon this fellow. Ah ! I am frightened out of my wits, lest his mother's family should seduce him to desert to their party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart. A fine time of day for a blockhead to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed ! Why the common people, the vary vulgar, have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjurer, a magician, or any other impostor in society.

Enter TOMLINS and LORD LUMBERCOURT, R.H.

Tom. Lord Lumbercourt. [*Exit R.H.*

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir P. Your lordship's most devoted.

Lord L. Why, you stole a march upon me this morning ; gave me the slip, Mac ; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called upon me.

Sir P. My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving town before you ; but ye ken that your lordship, at dinner yesterday, settled it that we should meet this morning at the levee.

Lord L. That I acknowledge, Mac ; I did promise to be there, I own.

Sir P. You did, indeed ; and accordingly I was at the levee, and waited there till every soul was gone,

and seeing you did not come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord L. Why, to confess the truth, my dear Mac, those old sinners, Lord Freakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Soaker, and two or three more of that set, laid hold of me last night at the opera; and, as the General says, 'from the intelligence of my head this morning,' I believe we drank pretty deep ere we parted; ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I do not wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

Lord L. The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. But I wish I had seen you before you left town; I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir P. I am heartily sorry that I was not in the way; but on what account did you want me?

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! a cursed awkward affair—and—Ha, ha, ha!—yet, I can't help laughing at it, neither, though it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir P. Vexed you, my lord! Zounds, I wish I had been with you! But, for heaven's sake, my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord L. Why, that impudent, teasing, dunning rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer;—you know the fellow?

Sir P. Perfectly, my lord.

Lord L. The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some damned kind of a—something or other in the law, that I think they call an execution.

Sir P. The rascal!

Lord L. Upon which, sir, the fellow, by way of asking pardon—ha, ha, ha!—had the modesty to wait on me two or three days ago, to inform my honour—ha, ha, ha!—as he was pleased to dignify me, that the execution was now ready to be put in force against my honour; but that, out of respect to my honour, as he had taken a great deal of my honour's money, he would not suffer his lawyer to serve it, till

34 • THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

he had first informed my honour, because he was not willing to affront my honour—ha, ha, ha!—a son of a w——!

Sir P. I never heard of so impudent a dog.

Lord L. Now, my dear Mac—ha, ha, ha!—as the scoundrel's apology was so very satisfactory, and and his information so very agreeable, I told him that, in honour, I thought that my honour could not do less than to order his honour to be paid immediately.

Sir P. Vary weel, vary weel; you were as complaisant to the scoundrel till the full, I think, my lord.

Lord L. You shall hear, you shall hear, Mac: so sir, with great composure, seeing a smart oaken cudgel that stood very handily in a corner of my dressing-room, I ordered two of my fellows to hold the rascal, and another to take the cudgel, and return the scoundrel's civility with a good drubbing, as long as the stick lasted.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! as good a stroke of humour as ever I heard of. And, did they drub him, my lord?

Lord L. Most liberally, most liberally, sir; and there I thought the affair would have rested, till I should think proper to pay the scoundrel; but this morning, just as I was stepping into my chaise, my servants about me, a fellow, called a tipstaff, stepped up, and begged the favour of my footman, who thrashed the upholsterer, and of the two that held him, to go along with him upon a little business to my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir P. The devil!

Lord L. And at the same instant I, in my turn, was accosted by two other very civil scoundrels, who, with a most insolent politeness, begged my pardon, and informed me that I must not go into my own chaise!

Sir P. How, my lord, not into your ain carriage?

Lord L. No, sir; for that they, by order of the Court, must seize it, at the suit of a gentleman—one Mr. Tugany, an upholsterer.

Sir P. An impudent villain!

Lord L. It is all true, I assure you; so you see, my dear Mac, what a damned country this is to live in, where noblemen are obliged to pay their debts just like merchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics—is not that a scandal, dear Mac, to this nation?

Sir P. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a national grievance.

Lord L. Sir, there's not a nation in the world has such a grievance to complain of.

Sir P. Vary true, my lord, vary true; and it is monstrous that a man of your lordship's condition is not entitled to run one of these mechanics through the body, when he is impertinent about his money; but our laws shamefully, on these occasions, make no distinction of persons amongst us.

Lord L. A vile policy, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But, sir, the scoundrel has seized upon the house, too; that I furnished for the girl I took from the opera.

Sir P. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel!

Lord L. Ay, but what concerns me most, I am afraid, my dear Mac, that the villain will send down to Newmarket, and seize my string of horses.

Sir P. Your string of horses? zounds! we must prevent that at all events, that would be sic a disgrace. I will dispatch an express to town directly, to put a stop till the rascal's proceedings.

Lord L. Pr'thee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. O! it shall be done, my lord.

Lord L. Thou art an honest fellow, Sir Pertinax, upon honour.

Sir P. O! my lord, it is my duty to oblige your lordship to the utmost stretch of my abeility.

Enter TOMLINS, R.H.

Tom. Colonel Toper presents his compliments to you, sir, and having no family down with him in the country, he and Captain Hardbottle, if not inconv-

nient, will do themselves the honour of taking a family dinner with you.

Sir P. They are two of our militia officers—does your lordship know them?

Lord L. By sight only.

Sir P. I am afraid, my lord, they will interrupt our business.

Lord L. Not at all: I should be glad to be acquainted with Toper; they say he's a damned jolly fellow.

Sir P. O! devilish jolly, devilish jolly; he and the Captain are the two hardest drinkers in the country.

Lord L. So I have heard! let us have them by all means, Mac; they will enliven the scenc. How far are they from you?

Sir P. Just across the meadows; not half a mile, my lord; a step, a step.

Lord L. O! let's have the jolly dogs, by all means.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Sir P. My compliments—I shall be proud of their company.—[*Exit Tomlins, R.H.*.]—Guif ye please, my lord, we will gang and chat a bit with the women; I have not seen Lady Rodolpha since she returned fra the Bath. I long to have a little news from her about the company there.

Lord L. O! she'll give you an account of them, I warrant you. (*A very loud laugh without.*)

Lady R. (*Without, R.H.*) Ha, ha, ha! weel, I vow, cousin Egerton, you have a vast deal of shrewd humour. But, Lady Macsycophant, which way is Sir Pertinax?

Lady M. (*Without, R.H.*) Straight forward, madam.

Lord L. Here the hairbrain comes: it must be her by the noise.

Lady R. (*Without, R.H.*) Allons, gude folks; fallow me—sans ceremonie.

Enter, LADY RODOLPHA, LADY MACSYCOPHANT, EGERTON, and SIDNEY, R.H. Egerton crosses to L.H.

Lady R. (*Running up to Sir P.*) Sir Pertinax,

your most devoted, most obsequious, most obedient vassal.

(*Curtseys very low.*)

Sir P. (*Bowing ridiculously low.*) Lady Rodolpha, down till the ground, my congratulations and duty attend you; and I should rejoice to kiss your ladyship's footsteps.

Lady R. (*Curtseying very low.*) Oh! Sir Pertinax, your humeclity is most sublimely complaisant: at present unanswerable; but I shall intensely study to return it, fyfty fold.

Sir P. Your ladyship does me singular honour. Weel, madam; ha! you look gaily; weel, and how, how is your ladyship after your jaunt till Bath.

Lady R. Never better, Sir Pertinax; as weel as youth, health, riotous spirits, and a careless happy heart can make me.

Sir P. I am mightily glad till hear it, my lady.

Lord L. Ay, ay; Rodolpha is always in spirits, Sir Pertinax. *Vive la bagatelle* is the philosophy of our family—ha, Rodolpha—ha?

Lady R. Traith it is, my lord; and upon honour, I am determined it shall never be changed with my consent. Weel I vow—ha, ha, ha!—*Vive la bagatelle* would be a most brilliant motto for the chariot of a belle of fashion. What say you till my fancy, Lady Macsycophant?

Lady M. It would have novelty, at least, to recommend it, madam.

Lady R. Which of aw charms is the most delightful that can accompany wit, taste, love, or friendship; for novelty I take to be the true *je ne sçai quoi* of all worldly bliss. Cousin Egerton, should not you like to have a wife with *Vive la bagatelle* upon her wedding chariot?

Eger. O! certainly, madam.

Lady R. Yes, I think it would be quite out of the common, and singularly ailegant.

Eger. Indisputably, madam; for, as a motto ^{is} a word to the wise, or rather a broad hint to the whole world of a person's taste and principles, *Vive la ba-*

gabelle would be most expressive, at first sight, of your ladyship's characteristic.

Lady R. (Curtseys.) Oh! Maister Egerton, you touch my very heart with your approbation—ha, ha, ha!—that is the vary spirit of my intention, the instant I commence bride.—Weel! I am immensely proud that my fancy has the approbation of so sound an understanding, and so polished a taste, as that of the all-accomplished—*(Curtseys very low.)*—Mr. Egerton.

Sir. P. Weel, but, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted to ask your ladyship some questions about the company at the Bath; they say you had aw the world there.

Lady R. O, yes! there was a vary great mob there indeed, but vary little company. Aw Canaille, except our ain party. The place was crowded with your little purse-proud mechanics; an odd kind of queer-looking animals, that have started intill fortune fra lottery tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in 'Change Alley, and sic like caprices of fortune; and away they aw crowd to the Bath, to learn gentcelity, and the names, titles, intrigues, and bon-mots of us people of fashion—ha, ha, ha!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! I know them; I know the things you mean, my dear extremely well. I have observed them a thousand times, and wondered where the devil they all came from—ha, ha, ha!

Lady M. Pray, Lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady R. Guid traith, my lady, the company were my diversion: and better nae human follies ever afforded—ha, ha, ha!—sic an a mixture, and sic oddities! ha, ha, ha!—a perfect gallimaufry. Lady Kungunda M'Kenzie and I used to gang about till every part of this human chaos, on purpose to reconoitre the monsters, and pick up their frivolities—ha, ha, ha!

Sir. P. Ha, ha, ha!—why that must have been a high amusement till your ladyship.

R. Superlative and inexhaustable, Sir Per—
ha, ha, ha!—Madam, we had in one group, a

peer and a sharper, a duchess and a pinnaker's wife, a boarding-school miss and her grandmother, a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral—ha, ha, ha!—aw speaking together, and bawling and wrangling in fierce contention, as if the fame and fortune of aw the parties were to be the issue of the conflict.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! pray, madam, what was the object of their contention?

Lady R. O! a vary important one, I assure you; of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady R. In another party, Sir Pertinax, ha, ha, ha! we had what was called the cabinet council, which was composed of a duke and a haberdasher, a red hot patriot and a sneering courtier, a discarded statesman and his scribbling chaplain, with a busy, bawling, muckle-headed, prerogative lawyer; all on whom were every minute ready to gang together by the luggs, about the in and the out meenistry; ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow.—Vary whimsical, upon honour. But they are all great politicians at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with as much ease as they do the tune of a country dance.

Lady R. Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room—in a bye corner—snug—we had a Jew and a bishop.

Sir P. A Jew and a bishop!—ha, ha—a devilish guid connection that;—and pray, my lady, what were they about?

Lady R. Why, sir, the bishop was striving to convert the Jew—while the Jew, by intervals, was slyly picking up intelligence fra the bishop, about the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stock.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! admirable! admirable! I honour the smouse! ha! it was devilish clever of him,

my lord, devilish clever. The Jew distilling the bishop's brains.

Lord L. Yes, yes; the fellow kept a sharp look-out. I think it was a fair trial of skill on both sides, Mr. Egerton.

Egert. True, my lord; but the Jew seems to have been in the fairer way to succeed.

Lord L. O! all to nothing, sir; ha, ha, ha! Well, child, I like your Jew and your bishop much. It's devilish clever. Let us have the rest of the history, pray, my dear.

Lady R. Guid traith my lord, the sum total is—that there we aw danced, and wrangled, and flattered, and slandered, and gambled, and cheated, and mingled, and jumbled together, even like the animal assembly in Noah's ark.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, you are a droll girl, Rodolpha; and, upon my honour, ha, ha, ha! you have given us as whimsical a sketch as ever was hit off. What say you, Mr. Sidney?

Sid. Upon my word, my lord, the lady has made me see the whole assembly in distinct colours.

Lady R. O! Maister Sidney, your approbation makes me as vain as a reigning toast before her looking glass.

Enter TOMLINS, R.H.

Tom. Colonel Topper and Captain Hardbottle are come, sir.

Sir P. O! vary weel. Dinner directly.

Tom. It is ready, sir. [*Exit R.H.*]

Sir P. My lord, we attend your lordship.

Lord L. Lady Mac, your ladyship's hand if you please. [*Exit with Lady M. R.H.*]

Sir P. And here, Lady Rodolpha, is an Arcadian swain that has a hand at your ladyship's devotion.

Lady R. (*Giving her hand to Egerton.*) And I, sir, have one at his. There, sir; as to hearts, ye ken,

cousin, they are not brought into the account of human dealings now a-days.

Eger. O! madam, they are mere temporary baubles, especially in courtship; and no more to be depended upon than the weather, or a lottery ticket.

Lady R. Ha, ha, ha!—two excellent similies, I vow, Mr. Egerton.—Excellent! for they illustrate the vagaries and inconstancy of my dissipated heart, as exactly as if you had meant to describe it.

[*Exit with Egerton, R.H.*

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! what a vast fund of spirits and guid humour she has, Maister Sidney!

Sid. A groat fund, indeed, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Come, let us till dinner.—Hah! by this time to-morrow, Maister Sidney, I hope we shall have every thing ready for you to put the last hand till the happiness of your friend and pupil; and then, sir, my cares will be over for this life; for as to my other son, I expect nae guid of him, nor should I grieve, were I to see him in his coffin:—but this match—O! it will make me the happiest of aw human beings.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

END OF ACT II

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter SIR PERTINAX and EGERTON, R.H.

Sir P. (*In warm resentment.*) Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it you are wrong; you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or two, or twenty till oblige him.

Eger. Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

Sir P. Yes, you did ; but how, how ?—just as a bairn takes physic—with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed : then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you slily slunged away.

Eger. I thought, sir, it was time to go, wh'n my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

Sir P. Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the colonel, in order to try his bottom ; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses.

Eger. But, sir, I beg pardon : I did not choose to drink any more.

Sir P. But, zoons ! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking more.

Eger. A necessity ! in what respect, pray sir ?

Sir P. Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage—about which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble—and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

Eger. But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble ?

Sir P. Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed to assist me.

Eger. How so, sir ?

Sir P. Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely ; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bon-mots, when you are in the humour ; and guin you had but staid, and been a little jolly, and drank half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it, among ourselves, before the lawyers came : but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

Eger. But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir ?

Sir P. The most seasonable, sir : for sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart

is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship; and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend?—What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir?

Eger. At my own ignorance, sir: for I understand neither the philosophy, nor the morality of your doctrine.

Sir P. I know you do not, sir: and, what is worse, you never will understand it, as you proceed:—in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manoeuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune—and how do you think I raised it?

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

Sir P. Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead:—nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it:—sir, I raised it—by booing—(*Bows ridiculously low*)—by booing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great man, but always booded, and boood, and boood—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by instinct, sir?

Sir P. How do I mean by instinct!—Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

Eger. Certainly, sir.

Sir P. Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Eger. Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir; sit ye down then, sit you

down here ;--(*They sit down.*)--and now, sir, you must recal to your thoughts, that your grandfather was a man, whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune ; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel ; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Eger. Very prudent advice, sir.

Sir P. Therefore, sir, I lay it before you.—Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned strippling fra the North, to try my fortune with them here in the South ; and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here, in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect

Eger. It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

Sir P. The reverse, the reverse : weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply ; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every man and every mode of prosperity ; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it : now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty ! beauty !—a' ! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart ; and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked ; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get ; for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally, a—proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed

Sir P. And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it ; and, in its stead, sir, mark !—I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager ; a consumptive toothless, phthisical, wealthy widow ; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an 12-

hard, or an appersi—and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

Eger. O! doubtless, doubtless sir.

Sir P. Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller?—nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies—nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independent, bradlonian, and mugglestonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir P. O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields: and as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings aw-most cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week—married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month;—touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again—(*Rises.*)—and this, sir, was the first boo, that is the first effectual boo, I ever made till the va-

nity of human nature.—Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir P. Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir: extremely well.

Sir P. My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was intill parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booted, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence, and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them: ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a booing to: and was nae that booing to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir P. But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booing?

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir P. Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booing, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heart-sores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeleties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time; but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, wlk I would one day raise the house of Macsycophant to the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, my plan: I have done my part of it; Nature

has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent, aw parties like and respect you: and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed—completion follows.

Eger. Your liberality, sir, in my education, are obligations I shall ever remember with the deepest filial gratitude.

Sir P. Vary weel, sir: but, Charles, have you had any conversation yet with Lady Rodolpha, about the day of your marriage—your liveries—your equipage—or your domestic establishment?

Eger. Not yet, sir.

Sir P. Poh! why there again, now, you are wrong—vary wrong.

Eger. Sir, we have not had an opportunity.

Sir P. Why, Charles, you are vary tardy in this business.

Lord L. (*Sings without, R.H. flushed with wine.*)
“What have we with day to do?”

Sir P. O! here comes my lord.

Lord L. “Sons of care, ’twas made for you.”

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT, R.H. drinking a dish of coffee; TOMLINS waiting with a salver in his hand.

“Sons of care, ’twas made for you,” Very good coffee, indeed, Mr. Tomlins. “Sons of care, ’twas made for you.” Here, Mr. Tomlins.

Tom. Will your lordship please to have another dish?

Lord L. No more, Mr. Tomlins.—[*Exit Tomlins. R.H.*—]Ha, ha, ha! my host of the Scotch pints, we have had warm work.

Sir P. Yes, you pushed the bottle about, my lord, with the joy and vigour of a bacchanal.

Lord L. That I did, my dear Mac; no loss of time with me: I have but three motions, old boy, charge—toast—fire—and off we go: ha, ha, ha! that’s my exercise.

Sir P. And fine warm exercise it is, my lord, especially with the half-pint glasses.

Lord L. Zounds! it does execution point blank: ay, ay, none of your pimping acorn glasses for me, but your manly, old English half-pint bumpers, my dear; they try a fellow's stamina at once: but where's Egerton?

Sir P. Just at hand, my lord; there he stands.

Lord L. My dear Egerton.

Eger. Your lordship's most obedient.

Lord L. I beg pardon, I did not see you; I am sorry you left us so soon after dinner: had you staid, you would have been highly entertained. I have made such examples of the commissioner, the captain, and the colonel.

Eger. So I understand, my lord.

Lord L. But, Egerton, I have slipped from the company for a few moments; on purpose to have a little chat with you. Rodolpha tells me she fancies there is a kind of demur on your side, about your marriage with her

Sir P. A demur! how so, my lord?

Lord L. Why, as I was drinking my coffee with the women just now, I desired they would fix the wedding night, and the etiquette of the ceremony; upon which the girl burst into a loud laugh, telling me she supposed I was joking, for that Mr. Egerton had never yet given her a single glance or hint upon the subject.

Sir P. My lord, I have been just now talking to him about his shyness to the lady.

Enter TOMLINS, R.H.

Tom. Counsellor Plausible is come, sir, and Serjeant Eitherside.

Sir P. Why then we can settle the business this very evening, my lord.

Lord L. As well as in seven years; and, to make the way as short as possible, pray, Mr. Tomlins, present your master's compliments and mine to Lady Rodolpha, and let her ladyship know we wish to speak.

with her directly.—[*Exit Tomlins, L.H.*.]—He shall attack her this instant, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Aye, this is doing business effectually, my lord.

Lord L. O! I will pit them in a moment, Sir Pertinax; that will bring them into the heat of the action at once, and save a great deal of awkwardness on both sides. O, here your dulcinea comes, sir.

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, R.H. singing.

Lady R. Weel, Sir Pertinax, I attend your commands, and yours—(*Crosses to him.*)—my paternal lord.—(*Lady Rodolpha curtsies very low; my lord bows very low, and answers in the same tone and manner.*)

Lord L. Why then, my filial lady, we are to inform you that the commission for your ladyship and this enamoured cavalier, commanding you to serve your country, jointly and inseparably, in the honourable and forlorn hope of matrimony, is to be signed this very evening.

Lady R. This evening, my lord!

Lord L. This evening, my lady. Come, Sir Pertinax, let us leave them to settle their liveries, wedding suits, carriages, and all their amorous equipage for the nuptial campaign.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! excellent! excellent! Weel, I vow, my lord, you are a great officer:—this is as guid a manœuvre to bring on a rapid engagement as the ablest general of them a' could have started.

Lord L. Ay, ay! leave them together; they'll soon come to a right understanding, I warrant you, or the needle and loadstone have lost their sympathy.—[*Exit with Sir Pertinax, R.H.*.]—(*Lady Rodolpha stands at that side of the Stage where they went off, in amazement; Egerton is at the opposite side, who, after some anxious emotion, settles into a deep reflection. This part of the scene must be ma-*

naged by a nice whispering tone of self-conversation mutually observed by the lovers.)

Eger. (Aside.) What a dilemma am I in!

Lady R. (Aside.) Why, this is downright tyranny! it has quite damped my spirits; and my betrothed, yonder, seems planet-struck, too, I think.

Eger. (Aside.) A whimsical situation, mine.

Lady R. (Aside.) Ha, ha, ha! methinks we look like a couple of cautious generals, that are obliged to take the field, but neither of us seems willing to come till action.

Eger. (Aside.) I protest I know not how to address her.

Lady R. (Aside.) He will nae advance, I see: what am I to do in this affair? guid traith, I will even do, as I suppose many brave heroes have done before me—clap a guid face on the matter; and so conceal an aching heart under a swaggering countenance.—*(As she advances, she points at him, and smothers a laugh; but when she speaks to him, the tone must be rude and loud on the word Sir.)*—Sir, as we have, by the commands of our guid fathers, a business of some little consequence to transact, I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty of recommending a chair till you, for the repose of your body, in the embarrassed deliberation of your perturbed spirits.

Eger. (Greatly embarrassed.) Madam, I beg your pardon.—*(Hands her a chair, then one for himself.)*—Please to sit, madam.—*(They sit down with great ceremony: she sits down first, he sits at a distance from her. They are silent for some time. He coughs, hems, and adjusts himself; she mimicks him.)*

Lady R. (Aside.) Aha! he's resolved not to come too near till me, I think.

Eger. (Aside.) A pleasant interview this—hem, hem!

Lady R. (Aside, mimicks him to herself.) Hem! will not open the congress, I see: then I will.—*(Very loud.)*—Come, sir, when will you begin?

Eger. (Greatly surprised.) Begin! what, madam?

Lady R. To make love till me.

Eger. Love, madam!

Lady R. Ay, love, sir. Why, you have never said a word till me on the subject, nor cast a single glance at me, nor heaved one tender sigh, nor even secretly squeezed my loof: now, sir, th'of our fathers are so tyrannical as to dispose of us without the consent of our hearts, yet you, sir, I hope, have more humanity than to think of marrying me without administering some of the preliminaries usual on those occasions.

Eger. Madam, I own your reproach is just; I shall, therefore, no longer disguise my sentiments; but fairly let you know my heart.

Lady R. (*Starts up and runs to him.*) That's right, that is right, cousin!—but sit you down, sit you down again;—(*They sit.*)—I shall return your frankness and your passion, cousin, with a melting tenderness, equal till the amorous enthusiasm of an ancient heroine.

Eger. Madam, if you will hear me—

Lady R. But remember, you must begin with fervency, and a most rapturous vehemency; for you are to consider, cousin, that our match is nae to arise fra the union of hearts, and a long decorum of ceremonious courtship, but is instantly to start at once, out of necessity, or mere accident—ha, ha, ha!—like a match in an ancient romance, where, you ken, cousin, the knight and the damsel are mutually smitten and dying for each other at first sight, or by an amorous sympathy, before they exchange a single glance. So, now cousin, with the true romantic enthusiasm, you are to suppose me the lady of the enchanted castle; and you—ha, ha, ha!—you are to be the knight of the sorrowful countenance—ha, ha, ha!—and, upon honour, you look the character admirably—ha, ha, ha!

Eger. Trifling creature!

Lady R. Come, sir, why do you nae begin to ravish me with your valour, your vows, your knight-errantry, and your amorous frenzy?—Nay, nay, nay! guin you do nae begin at once, the lady of the enchanted castle will vanish in a twinkling.

Eger. Lady Rodolpha, I know your talent for rail-
lery well; but at present, in my case, there is a kind
of cruelty in it.

Lady R. Raillery! upon honour, cousin, you mis-
take me quite and clean. I am serious, very serious;
ay, and I have cause to be serious; nay, I will sub-
mit my case even to yourself.—(*Whines.*)—Can any
puir lassie be in a mair lamentable condition, than to
be sent four hundred miles, by the command of a po-
sitive grandmother, to marry a man who, I find, has no
more affection for me than if I had been his wife these
seven years?

Eger. Madam, I am extremely sorry—

Lady R. (*Cries and sobs.*) But it is vara weel,
cousin—I see your unkindness and aversion plain
enough; and, sir, I must tell you fairly, you are the
ainly man that ever slighted my person, or that drew
tears fra these een.—But it is vara weel, it's vara
weel; I will return till Scotland to-morrow morning,
and let my grandmother know how I hae been affronted
by your slights, your contempts, and your aversions.

Eger. If you are serious, madam, your distress
gives me a deep concern; but affection is not in our
power, and you will forgive me when I tell you, I can
never have that honour which is intended me, by a
connexion with your ladyship.

Lady R. (*Starting up.*) How, sir—are you serious?
And so you persist in slighting me?

Eger. I beg your pardon, madam; but I must be
explicit, and at once declare, that I never can give
my hand where I cannot give my heart.

Lady R. (*In great anger.*) Why, then, sir, I
must tell you, that your declaration is sic an affront
as nae woman of spirit can, or ought to bear; and
here I make a solemn vow, never to pardon it but on
one condition.

Eger. If that condition be in my power, madam—

Lady R. (*Snaps him up.*) Sir, it is in your power.

Eger. Then, madam, you may command me.

Lady R. (*With a firm and peremptory command.*)
Why, then, sir, the condition is this, you must here

give me your word and honour, that nae importunity, command, or menace of your father—in fine, that nae consideration whatsoever, shall induce you to take me, Rodolpha Lumbercourt, to be your wedded wife.

Eger. I most solemnly promise I never will.

Lady R. And I, sir, most solemnly and sincerely—(*Curtsies.*)—thank you for—(*Curtsies*)—your resolution, and your agreeable aversion—ha, ha, ha! for you have made me as happy as a puir wretch reprieved in the vara instant of intended execution.

Eger. Pray, madam, how am I to understand all this?

Lady R. (*With frankness and a reserve of manners.*) Why, sir, your frankness and sincerity demand the same behaviour on my side, therefore, without further disguise or ambiguity, know, sir, that I myself—(*With a deep sigh.*)—am as deeply smitten with a certain swain, as I understand you are with your Constantia.

Eger. Indeed, madam!

Lady R. (*With an amiable, soft, tender sincerity.*) O! sir, notwithstanding a' my show of courage and mirth, here I stand as errant a trembling Thisbe as ever sighed or mourned for her Pyramus: and, sir, a' my extravagant levity and ridiculous behaviour in your presence now, and ever since your father prevailed upon mine to consent till this match, has been a premeditated scheme to provoke your gravity and guid sense intill a cordial disgust, and a positive refusal.

Eger. But, madam, if I may presume so far, pray, who is your lover?

Lady R. Why, in that too, I shall surprise you perhaps more than ever. In the first place he is a beggar, and in disgrace with an unforgiving father; and, in the next place, he is—(*Curtsies.*)—your ain brother.—So you see, cousin Charles, th'of I cou'd nae mingle affections with you, I have nae ganged out of the family.—But now, sir, let me ask one question—pray, how is your mither affected in this business?

Eger. She knows of my passion, and will, I am sure, be a friend to the common cause.

Lady R. Ah, that's lucky. Our first step then must be to take her advice upon our conduct, so as to keep our fathers in the dark till we can hit off some measure that will wind them about till our ain purpose, and the common interest of our ain passion; so come along, cousin Charles. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter SIR PERTINAX and COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE,
R.H.

Sir P. No, no.—Come away, Counsellor Plausible, come away, I say, let them chew upon it. Why, counsellor, did you ever see so impertinent, so meddling, and so obstinate a blockhead as that Serjeant Eitherside? Confound the fellow, he has put me out of a' temper.

Plaus. He is very positive, indeed, Sir Pertinax; and no doubt was intemperate and rude. But, Sir Pertinax, I would not break off the match notwithstanding, for certainly, even without the boroughs, it is an advantageous bargain both to you and your son.

Sir P. But, zounds! Plausible, do you think I will give up the nomination til three boroughs? Why, I would rather give him twenty, nay, thirty thousand pounds in any other part of the bargain;—especially at this juncture, when votes are likely to become so valuable. Why, man, if a certain affair comes on, they will rise above five hundred *per cent.*

Plaus. You judge very rightly, Sir Pertinax; but

what shall we do in this case? for Mr. Serjeant insists that you positively agreed to my lord's having the nomination to the three boroughs during his own life.

Sir P. Why, yes: in the first sketch of the agreement, I believe I did consent: but, at that time, mon, my lord's affairs did not appear to be half so desperate as I now find they turn out. Sir, he must acquiesce in whatever I demand, for I have got him into sic an hobble that he cannot—

Plaus. No, doubt, Sir Pertinax, you have him absolutely in your power.

Sir P. Vara weel; and ought nae a man to make his vantage of it?

Plaus. No doubt you ought; no manner of doubt. But, Sir Pertinax, there is a secret spring in this business that you do not seem to perceive; and which, I am afraid, governs the matters respecting these boroughs.

Sir P. What spring do you mean, counsellor?

Plaus. Why, this Serjeant Eitherside: I have some reason to think, that my lord is tied down, by some means or other, to bring the Serjeant in, the very first vacancy, for one of these boroughs; now, that, I believe, is the sole motive why the Serjeant is so strenuous that my lord should keep the boroughs in his own power; fearing that you might reject him for some man of your own.

Sir P. Odswunds and death! Plausible, you are clever, devilish clever. By the blood, you have hit upon the vara string that has made a' this discord. Oh! I see it—I see it now. But hauld—hauld—bide a wee bit—a wee bit, mon; I have a thought come intill my head—yes—I think, Plausible, with a little twist in our negotiation, that this vara string, properly tuned, may be still made to produce the vara harmony we wish for. Yes, yes, I have it:—this Serjeant, I see, understands business; and, if I am not mistaken, knows how to take a hint.

Plaus. O! nobody better, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Why, then, Plausible, the short road is the

best with sic a man. You must even come up till his mark at once, and assure him from me that I will secure him a seat for one of these vary boroughs.

Plaus. Oh? that will do, Sir Pertinax—that will do, I'll answer for't.

Sir P. And further, I beg you will let him know that I think myself obliged to consider him, in this affair, as acting for me as weel as my lord, as a common friend till baith;—and for the services he has already done us, make my special compliments till him: and, pray let this amicable bit of paper be my faithful advocate to convince him of what my gratitude further intends for his great—(*Gives him a bank bill.*)—equity in adjusting this agreement betwixt my lord and me.

Plaus. Ha, ha, ha!—upon my word, Sir Pertinax, this is noble. Ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit of paper, indeed.

Sir P. Maister Plausible, in a' human dealings, the most effectual method is that of ganging at once till the vara bottom of a mon's heart: for, if we expect that men should serve us, we must first win their affections by serving them. O! here they baith come.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT and SERJEANT EITHERSIDE, R.H.

Lord L. My dear Sir Pertinax, what could provoke you to break off this business so abruptly? You are really wrong in the point; and, if you will give yourself time to recollect, you will find that my having the nomination to the boroughs for my life, was a preliminary article; I appeal to Mr. Serjeant Eitherside here, whether I did not always understand it so.

Serj. I assure you, Sir Pertinax, that in all his lordship's conversation with me upon this business, and in his positive instructions, both he and I always understood the nomination to be in my lord, *durante vita.*

Sir P. Why, then, my lord, to shorten the dispute, a' that I can say in answer till your lordship is, that there has been a total mistake betwixt us in that point: and, therefore, the treaty must end here. I give it up. O! I wash my hands of it for ever.

Plaus. Well, but, gentlemen, gentlemen, a little patience. Sure this mistake, somehow or other, may be rectified. Pr'ythee, Mr. Serjeant, let you and I step into the next room by ourselves, and reconsider the clause relative to the boroughs, and try if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serj. (*With great warmth.*) Mr. Plausible, I have considered the clause fully; am entirely master of the question; my lord cannot give up the point. It's unkind and unreasonable to expect it.

Plaus. Nay, Mr. Serjeant, I beg you will not misunderstand me. Do not think I want his lordship to give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Serjeant and me to retire a few moments to re-consider this point?

Sir P. With a' my heart, Maister Plausible; any thing to oblige his lordship—anything to accommodate his lordship—any thing.

Plaus. What say you, my lord?

Lord L. Nay, I submit it entirely to you and Mr. Serjeant.

Plaus. Come, Mr. Serjeant, let us retire.

Lord L. Ay, ay, go, Mr. Serjeant, and hear what Mr. Plausible has to say.

Serj. Nay, I'll wait on Mr. Plausible, my lord, with all my heart; but I am sure I cannot suggest the shadow of a reason for altering my present opinion:—impossible, impossible.

Plaus. Well, well, Mr. Serjeant, do not be positive. I am sure, reason and your client's conveniency, will always make you alter your opinion.

Serj. Ay, ay—reason and my client's conveniency, Mr. Plausible, will always controul my opinion, depend

upon it—ay, ay! there you are right. Sir, I attend you.

[*Exeunt lawyers, R. H.*]

Sir P. I am sorry, my lord, extremely sorry, indeed, that this mistake has happened.

Lord L. Upon my honour, and so am I, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. But come, now, after a', your lordship must allow you have been in the wrong: come, my dear lord, you must allow me that now.

Lord L. How so, my dear Sir Pertinax?

Sir P. Not about the boroughs, my lord; for those I do not mind of a bawbee; but about your distrust of my friendship.—Why, do you think, now,—I appeal till your ain breast, my lord—do you think, I say, that I should ever have slighted your lordship's nomination till these boroughs.

Lord L. Why, really, I do not think you would, Sir Pertinax; but one must be directed by one's lawyer, you know.

Sir P. Ha! my lord, lawyers are a dangerous species of animals to have any dependence upon: they are always starting punctilios and difficulties among friends. Why, my lord, it is their interest that a' mankind should be at variance; for disagreement of every kind is the vara manure with which they enrich and fatten the land of litigation; and, as they find that that constantly promotes the best crop, depend upon it, they will always be sure to lay it on as thick as they can.

Lord L. Come, come, my dear Sir Pertinax, you must not be angry with the Serjeant for his insisting so warmly on this point—for those boroughs, you know, are my sheet anchor.

Sir P. I know it, my lord; and, as an instance of my promptness to study, and of my acquaintance till your lordship's inclination, as I see that this Serjeant Eitherside wishes you weel, and you of him, I think, now, he would be as guid a man to be returned for one of those boroughs as could be pitched upon; and,

as such, I humbly recommend him till your lordship's consideration.

Lord L. Why, my dear Sir Pertinax, to tell you the truth, I have already promised him. He must be in for one of them, and that is one reason why I insisted so strenuously; he must be in.

Sir P. And why not? odswunds! why not? is nae your word a fiat? and will it nae be always so till me? are ye nae my friend, my patron—and are we nae, by this match of our children, to be united intill one interest?

Lord L. So I understand it, I own, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. My lord, it can nae be otherwise; then, for Heaven's sake, as your lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us have nae mair words about these paltry broughs, but conclude the agreement just as it stands: otherwise there must be new writings drawn up, new consultations of lawyers; new objections and delays will arise; creditors will be impatient and impertinent, so that we shall nae finish the Lord knows when.

Lord L. You are right, you are right; say no more, Mac, say no more. Split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-Hall could. It shall stand as it is: yes, you shall settle it your own way; for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir P. No doubt of it, my lord.

Lord L. O! here the lawyers come.

Enter COUNSELLOR PLAUSIBLE and SERJEANT EITHERSIDE, R.H.

Lord L. So, gentlemen—Well, what have you done?—How are your opinions now?

Serj. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—fully convinc'd me.

Plaus. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him: I have laid such arguments before Mr. Serjeant as were irresistible.

Serj. He has, indeed, my lord ; besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer review of the whole matter, I think it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

Lord L. I am very glad you think so, Mr. Serjeant, because that is my opinion too : so my dear Eitherside, do you and Mr. Plausible dispatch the business now as soon as possible.

Serj. My lord, every thing will be ready in less than an hour. Come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Serjeant.

[*Exeunt Lawyers, R.H.*]

Lord L. And, while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women.

Sir P. Do, do, my lord ; and I will come to you presently.

Lord L. Very well, my dear Mac, I shall expect you.

[*Exit, R.H. singing.*]

Sir P. So ! a little flattery, mixed with the finess of a gilded promise on one side, and a quantum sufficit of the aurum palpabile on the other, have at last made me the happiest father in Great Britain. Ha ! my heart expands itself, as it were, through every part of my whole body, at the completion of this business, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation.—Hauld ! hauld ! bide a wee—bide a wee ! I have but one little matter mair in this affair to adjust ; and then, Sir Pertinax, you may dictate till fortune herself, and send her to govern fools ! while you show and convince the world that wise men always govern her. Wha's there ?

Enter SAM, R.H.

Tell my son, Egerton, I would speak with him here in the library.—[*Exit Sam, R.H.*].—Now I have

settled the grand point with my lord, this, I think, is the proper juncture to feel the political pulse of my spark, and, once for a', to set it to the exact measure that I would have it constantly beat.

Enter EGERTON, R.H.

Come hither, Charles.

Eger. Your pleasure, sir.

Sir P. About two hours since I told you, Charles, that I received a letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland, against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence ; and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as well as he : to be plain, I must roundly tell you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man ; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do any thing either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir P. I hope so too : but to the point. The fact is this : there has been a motion made this very day to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday seven-night. Now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are well heard, it is expected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone, sir, for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a larger share in that question, and supporting it with a' your power.

Eger. Sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence, as to insist upon my supporting a measure by an obvious, prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and conscience.

Sir P. Conscience ! why, you are mad ! did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters ? Conscience, quotha ? I have been in parliament these three and thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Eger. Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you

work against my nature ; you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor ; for know, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

Sir P. What are you about, sir ? malignant ferment and venal ambition ! Sir, every man should be ambitious to serve his country, and every man should be rewarded for it : and pray, sir, would nae you wish to serve your country ? Answer me that. I say, would nae you wish to serve your country ?

Eger. Only shew me how I can serve my country, and my life is her's. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and to deal her honest vengeance on her insulting foes ;—or could my eloquence pull down a state leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity, as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit ? *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Sir P. Why are you mad, sir ? you have certainly been bit by some mad whig or other. Oh ! you are young, vara young in these matters ; but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has twa consciences—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant now, or a shop-keeper, that kens the science o'the world, always looks upon an oath at a custom-house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion ;—and just so it is at an election : for instance, now, I am a candidate, pray observe, and I gang till a periwig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or thraaty guineas, for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose : and so on, through a majority of voters ; vara weel, what is the consequence ?—why this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us—a commercial friendship ;—and in a day or twa, these men gang and give their suffrages ; weel !

what is the inference?—Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, ca' this a bribe?—nae, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the one side, and gratitude on the other; so, sir, let me have nae more of your religious or philosophical refinements, but prepare, attend, and speak till the question, or you are nae son of mine.—Sir, I insist upon it.

Enter SAM, R.H.

Sam Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready, and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir P. Vara weel, we'll attend his lordship.—*[Exit Sam, R.H.]*—Come, sir, let us gang down and finish this business.

Eger. (*Stopping Sir P. as he is going off.*) Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon this subject.

Sir P. Weel sir, what would you say?

Eger. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match—

Sir P. How, sir?

Eger. But my respect, and fear of disobliging you, have hitherto kept me silent.

Sir P. Your aversion!—your aversion, sir! How dare you use sic language to me? Your aversion! Look ye, sir, I shall cut the matter vara short: consider, my fortune is nae inheritance; a' mine ain acquisition; I can make ducks and drakes of it; so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir P. How! another woman? and, you villain, how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman?—what is she?—Speak, sir, speak.

Eger. Constantia.

Sir P. Constantia! oh, you profligate!—what, a creature taken in for charity!

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune: her birth is equal to the noblest; therefore, sir—

Sir P. Haud your jabbering, you villain, haud your jabbering; none of your romance or refinement till me. I have but one question to ask you—but one question, and then I have done with you for ever; for ever; therefore, think before you answer:—will you marry the lady, or will you break my heart?

Eger. Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer; but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this unparental passion. (*Going, L.H.*)

Sir P. Tarry, I command you; and I command you, likewise, not to stir till you have given me an answer, a definitive answer:—will you marry the lady, or will you not?

Eger. Since you command me, sir, know, then, that I cannot, will not marry her. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir P. Oh, the villain has shot me through the head! he has cut my vitals! I shall run distracted! the fellow destroys a' my measures, a' my schemes: there never was sic a bargain as I have made with this foolish lord: possession of his whole estate, with three boroughs upon it—six members. Why, what an acquisition! what consequence, what dignity, what weight till the house of Macsycophant! O, damn the fellow!—three boroughs, only for sending down six broomsticks!—O, miserable, O, miserable, ruined, undone! For these five and twenty years, ever since this fellow came intill the world, have I been secretly preparing him for ministerial dignity; and, with the fellow's eloquence, abilities, popularity, these boroughs, and proper connexions, he might certainly, in a little time, have done the deed; and sure never were times so favourable, every thing conspires, for a' the auld political post-horses are broken-winded and foundered,

and cannot get on; and as, till the rising generation, the vanity of surpassing one another in what they foolishly call taste and elegance, binds them hand and foot in the chains of luxury, which will always set them up till the best bidder; so that, if they can but get wherewithal to supply their dissipation, a minister may convert the political morals of a' sic voluptuaries, intill a vote that would sell the nation till Prester John, and their boasted liberties till the great Mogul.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

— ACT V. —

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter SIR PERTINAX and BETTY HINT, R.H.

Sir P. Come this way, Betty—come this way:—you are a guid girl, and I will reward you for this discovery. Oh, the villain, I offer her marriage!

Betty. It is true, indeed, sir, I would not tell your honour a lie for the world; but, in truth, it lay upon my conscience, and I thought it my duty to tell your worship.

Sir P. You are right, you are right; it was your duty to tell me, and I'll reward you for it. But you say Maister Sidney is in love with her too; pray how came you by that intelligence?

Betty. O, sir, I know when folks are in love, let them strive to hide it as much as they will. I know it by Mr. Sidney's eyes, when I see him stealing a sly look at her—by his trembling—his breathing short—his sighing when they are reading together. Besides, sir, he has made love-verses upon her, in praise of her virtue, and her playing upon the music. . Ay! and I

suspect another thing, sir—she has a sweetheart, if not a husband, not far from hence.

Sir P. Wha—Constantia?

Betty. Ay, Constantia, sir. Lord, I can know the whole affair, sir, only for sending over to Hadley, to farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Then send this instant, and get me a particular account of it.

Betty. That I will, sir.

Sir P. In the mean time, keep a strict watch upon Constantia, and be sure you bring me word of whatever new matter you can pick up about her, my son, or this Hadley husband or sweetheart.

Betty. Never fear, sir. [Exit B.B.]

Sir P. This love of Sidney's for Constantia is not unlikely. There is something promising in it. Yes, I think it is nae impossible to convert it into a special and immediate advantage. It is but trying. Wha's there? If it misses, I am but where I was.

Enter TOMLINS, L.H.

Where is Maister Sidney?

Tom. In the dining-room, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Tell him I would speak with him.—[Exit

Tomlins, L.H.]—'Tis more than probable. Spare to speak and spare to speed. Try—try—always try the human heart; try is as guid a maxim in politics as in war. Why suppose this Sidney now should be privy till his friend Charles's love for Constantia—what then?—guid trath, it is natural to think that his ain love will demand the preference—ay, and obtain it, too. Yes, self—self is an eloquent advocate on these occasions, and seldom loses his cause. I have the general principle of human nature at least to encourage me in the experiment; for only make it a man's interest to be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integrity—in serving himself.

Enter SIDNEY, L. H.

Sid. Sir Pertinax, your servant:—Mr. Tomlins told me you desired to speak with me.

Sir P. Yes, I wanted to speak with you upon a vera singular business. Maister Sidney, give me your hand. Guin it did nae look like flattery, which I detest, I would tell you, Maister Sidney, that you are an honour till your cloth, your country, and till human nature.

Sid. Sir, you are very obliging.

Sir P. Sit you down, Maister Sidney; sit you down here by me.—(*They sit.*)—My friend, I am under the greatest obligations till you for the care you have taken of Charles. The principles, religious, moral, and political, that you have infused intill him, demand the warmest return of gratitude both fra him and fra me.

Sid. Your approbation, sir, next to that of my own conscience, is the best test of my endeavours, and the highest applause they can receive.

Sir P. Sir, you deserve it, richly deserve it. And now, sir, the same care that you have had of Charles, the same my wife has taken of her favourite Constantia—and sure, never were accomplishments, knowledge, or principles, social and religious, infused intill a better nature.

Sid. In truth, sir, I think so too.

Sir P. She is besides a gentlewoman, and of as guid a family as any in this country.

Sid. So I understand, sir.

Sir P. Sir, her father had a vast estate; the which he dissipated and melted in feastings, and friendships, and charities, and hospitalities, and sic kind of nonsense—but to the business.—Maister Sidney, I love you—yes, I love you—and I have been looking out and contriving how to settle you in the world. Sir, I want to see you comfortably and honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family; and guin you were mine ain son a thousand times, I cou'd nae make a more valuable

present till you for that purpose, as a partner for life, than this same Constantia, with sic a fortune down with her as you yourself shall deem to be competent, and an assurance of every canonical contingency in my power to confer or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly; but though the highest station would derive lustre from Constantia's charms and worth, yet—were she more amiable than love could paint her in the lover's fancy—and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's appetite—I could not, would not wed her. (*Rises.*)

Sir P. Not wed her!—odswands, man!—you surprise me! Why so—what hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal, but, briefly and finally, it cannot be; nor is it a subject I can long converse upon.

Sir P. Weel, weel, weel, sir, I have done, I have done.—(*Sidney sits down.*)—Sit you down, man; sit you down again; sit you down; I shall mention it no more;—not but I must confess honestly till you, friend Sidney, that the match, had you consented to my proposal, besides profiting you, would have been of singular service till me likewise. However, you may still serve me as effectually as if you had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will, most heartily.

Sir P. I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank you: I have nae friend to depend upon but yourself. My heart is almost broke—I cannot help these tears—And, to tell you the fact at once, your friend Charles is struck with a most dangerous malady—a kind of insanity—You see I cannot help weeping when I think of it—in short,—this Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon him. Do you understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir P. Why, he is grievously smitten with the love of her; and, I am afraid, will never be cured without a little of your assistance.

Sid. Of my assistance! pray, sir, in what manner?

Sir P. In what manner?—lord, Maister Sidney, how can you be so dull:—Now, then, my vara guid

friend, guin you would but give him that hint, and take an opportunity to speak a good word for him intill the wench; and guin you wou'd likewise cast about a little, now, and contrive to bring them together once; why, in a few days after, he would nae care a pinch of snuff for her.—(*Sidney starts up.*)—What is the matter with you, man? What the devil gars you start, and look so astounded?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me! In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness, which entitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir. P. Indignity! What indignity do you mean, sir? Is asking you to serve a fiend with a wench an indignity? Sir, am I not your patron and benefactor, eh?

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart; but the virtuous gratitude that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me that, in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pauder, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir P. (Rising.) How! what, sir?—do you dispute? Are you nae my dependant, eh? and do you hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? Sir, let me tell you, however nice you may be, there is nae a client about the court that wou'd nae jump at sic an opportunity to oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre, may be learned in your party schools: for where faction and public venality are taught as measures necessary to good government and general prosperity, there every vice is to be expected.

Sir P. Oho! oho!—vara weel; vara weel; fine slander upon ministers! fine sedition against government!—O, ye villain!—You—you—you are a black sheep, and I'll mark you. I am glad you show yourself. Yes, yes; you have taken off the mask at last.

you have been in my service for many years, and I never knew your principles before.

Sid. Sir, you never affronted them before; if you had, you should have known them sooner.

Sir P. It is vara weel; I have done with you.—Ay, ay; now I can account for my son's conduct—his aversions till courts, till ministers, levees, public business, and his disobedience till my commands.—Ah! you are a Judas—a perfidious fellow: you have ruined the morals of my son, you villain! But I have done with you. However, this I will prophecy at our parting, for your comfort, that guin you are so very squeamish about bringing a lad and a lass together, or about doing sic an a harmless innocent job for your patron, you will never rise in the church.

Sid. Though my conduct, sir, should not make me rise in her power, I am sure it will in her favour, in the favour of my own conscience, too, and in the esteem of all worthy men; and that, sir, is a power and dignity beyond what patrons, or any minister, can bestow. [Exit, L.H.]

Sir P. What a rigorous, saucy, stiff-necked rascal it is! I see my folly now; I am undone by mine ain policy. This Sidney is the last man that should have been about my son. The fellow, indeed, hath given him principles that might have done vara weel among the ancient Romans, but are damn'd unfit for the modern Britons. Weel, guin I had a thousand sons, I never wou'd suffer one of these English university-bred fellows to be about a son of mine again; for they have sic an a pride of literature and character, and sic saucy English notions of liberty continually fermenting in their thoughts, that a man is never sure of them.—But what am I to do?—Zoons! he must nae marry this beggar; I cannot set down tamely under that.—Stay—haud æ wee.—By the blood, I have it!—Yes, I have hit upon it.

Enter BETTY HINT, R.H.

Betty. O, sir! I have got the whole secret out,

Sir P. About what?

Betty. About Miss Constantia. I have just got all the particulars from farmer Hilford's youngest daughter, Sukey Hilford.

Sir P. Weel, weel, but what is the story?—quick, quick—what is it?

Betty. Why, sir, it is certain that Mrs. Constantia has a sweetheart, or a husband; a sort of a gentleman, or a gentleman's gentleman, they don't know which, that lodges at Gaffer Hodges; for Sukey says she saw them together last night, in the dark walk, and Mrs. Constantia was all in tears.

Sir P. Zoons, I am afraid this is too guid news to be true.

Betty. O! sir, 'tis certainly true.—Besides, sir, she has just writ a letter to her gallant, and I have sent John Gardener to her, who is to carry it to him to Hadley. Now, sir, if your worship would seize it—see, see, sir—here John comes, with the letter in his hand.

Sir P. Step you out, Betty, and leave the fellow till me.

Betty. I will, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.U.E.*

Enter JOHN, R.H. with a packet and a letter.

John. (*Putting the packet into his pocket.*) There, go you into my pocket. There's nobody in the library, so I'll c'en go through the short way. Let me see—what is the name—Mel—Meltil—O, no! Melville, at Gaffer Hodge's.

Sir P. What letter is that, sir?

John. Letter, sir!

Sir P. Give it me, sir.

John. An't please you, sir, it is not mine.

Sir P. Deliver it this instant, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

John. There, there, your honour.

Sir P. Begone, rascal. This, I suppose, will let us intill the whole business.

John. (*Aside.*) You have got the letter, old Surly, but the packet is safe in my pocket. I'll go and deliver that, however, for I will be true to poor Mrs. Constantia in spite of you. [*Exit L.H.*]

Sir P. (*Reading the letter.*) Um—um—'and bless my eyes with the sight of you.' Um—um—'throw myself into your dear arms.'—Zoons, this letter is invaluable. Aha, madam!—yes, this will do—this will do, I think. Let me see how it is directed—'To Mr. Melville.' Vara weel.

Enter BETTY, L.H.U.E.

O, Betty, you are an excellent wench—this letter is worth a million.

Betty. Is it as I suspected—to her gallant?

Sir P. It is, it is. Bid Constantia pack out of the house this instant, and let them get a chaise ready to carry her wherever she pleases. But first send my wife and son hither.

Betty. I shall, sir.

Sir P. Do so; begone.—[*Exit Betty, R.H.*]
—Aha, Maister Charles, I believe I shall cure you of your passion for a beggar now. I think he cannot be so infatuated as to be a dupe. Let me see, how am I to act now? Why, like a true politician, I must pretend most sincerity where I intend most deceit.

Enter EGBERTON and LADY MACSYCOPIANT, R.H.

Weel, Charles, notwithstanding the misery you have brought upon me, I have sent for you and your mother in order to convince you both of my affection and my readiness to forgive, nay, and even to indulge your perverse passion. Sir, since I find this Constantia has got hold of your heart, and that your mother and you think that you can never be happy without her, why, I'll nae longer oppose your inclinations. I'll be your friend. Dear sir, you snatch me from the sharpest

misery; on my knees, let my heart thank you for this goodness.

Lady M. Let me express my thanks too, and my joy; for, had you not consented to his marrying her, we all should have been miserable.

Sir P. Weel, I am glad I have found a way to please you both at last. But, my dear Charles, suppose, now, that this spotless vestal,—this wonder of virtue,—this idol of your heart, should be a concealed wanton after a' or should have an engagement of marriage, or an intrigue with another man, and is only making a dupe of you a' this time—I say, only suppose it, Charles—what would you think of her?

Eger. I should think her the most deceitful, and most subtle of her sex; and, if possible, would never think of her again.

Sir P. Will you give me your honour of that?

Eger. Most solemnly, sir.

Sir P. Enough;—I am satisfied.—You make me young again. Your prudence has brought tears of joy fra my very vitals. I was affraid you were fascinated with the charms of a crack. Do you ken this hand?

Eger. Mighty well, sir.

Sir P. And you, madam?

Lady M. As well as I do my own, sir; it is Constantia's.

Sir P. It is so; and a better evidence it is than any that can be given by the human tongue. Here is a warm, rapturous, lascivious letter, under the hypocritical syren's ain hand—her ain hand, sir. Ay, ay; here—take and read it yourself.

Eger. (*Reads.*) 'I have only time to tell you, that the family came down sooner than I expected, and that I cannot bless my eyes with the sight of you till the evening. The notes and jewels, which the bearer of this will deliver to you, were presented to me since I saw you by the son of my benefactor.'—

Sir P. (*Interrupts him by his remarks.*) Now mark.

Eger. (Reads.) 'All which I beg you will convert to your immediate use.'—

Sir P. Mark, I say.

Eger. (Reads.) 'For my heart has no room for any wish or fortune, but what contributes to your relief and happiness.'—

Sir P. Oh, Charles, Charles! do you see, sir, what a dupe she makes of you? But mark what follows.

Eger. (Reads.) 'O, how I long to throw myself into your dear, dear arms; to sooth your fears, your apprehensions, and your sorrows.—I have something to tell you of the utmost moment, but will reserve it till we meet this evening in the dark walk.'—

Sir P. In the dark walk—in the dark walk—ah, an evil-eyed curse upon her!—Yes, yes; she has been often in the dark walk, I believe. But read on.

Eger. (Reads.) 'In the mean time, banish all fears, and hope the best from fortune, and your ever dutiful

CONSTANTIA HARRINGTON."

Sir P. There—there's a warm epistle for you;—in short, the hussey, you must know, is married till the fellow.

Eger. Not unlikely, sir.

Lady M. Indeed, by her letter I believe she is.

Sir P. Now, madam, what amends can you make me for countenancing your son's passion for sic a strumpet? And you, sir, what have you to say for your disobedience and your frenzy? O, Charles, Charles!

Eger. Pray, sir, be patient; compose yourself a moment; I will make you any compensation in my power.

Sir P. Then instantly sign the articles of marriage.

Eger. The lady, sir, has never yet been consulted; and I have some reason to believe that her heart is engaged to another man.

Sir P. Sir, that is nae business of yours. I know she will consent, and that's aw we are to consider. here comes my lord.

Enter LORD LUMBERCOURT, R.H.

Lord L. Sir Pertinax, every thing is ready, and the lawyers wait for us.

Sir P. We attend your lordship. Where is Lady Rodolpha?

Lord L. Giving some female consolation to poor Constantia. Why, my lady—ha, ha, ha!—I hear your vestal has been flirting.

Sir P. Yes, yes, my lord; she's in vary guid order for any man that wants a wife and an heir till his estate intill the bargain.

Enter TOMLINS, R.H.

Tom. Sir, there is a man below that wants to speak to your honour upon particular business.

Sir P. I cannot speak till any body now—he must come another time:—haud—stay—what, is he a gentleman?

Tom. He looks something like one, sir—a sort of a gentleman—but he seems to be in a kind of a passion; for when I asked his name, he answered hastily, —It is no matter, friend; go tell your master there is a gentleman here that must speak to him directly.

Sir P. Must? ha!—vary, peremptory indeed:—pr'ythee, let's see him, for curiosity's sake.

[Exit Tom. R.H.]

Enter LADY RODOLPHA, L.H.

Lady R. O! my Lady Macsycophant, I am come an humble advocate for a weeping piece of female frailty, wha begs she may be permitted to speak till your ladyship, before you finally reprobate her.

Sir P. I beg your pardon, Lady Rodolpha, but it must not be; see her she shall not.

Lady M. Nay, there can be no harm, my dear, in hearing what she has to say for herself.

Sir P. I tell you, it shall not be.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I have done.

Enter TOMLINS and MELVILLE, R.H.

Tom. Sir, that is my master. [Exit, R.H.]

Sir P. Weel, sir, what is your urgent business with me?

Mel. To shun disgrace, and punish baseness.

Sir P. Punish baseness! what does the fellow mean? Wha are you, sir?

Mel. A man, sir, and one whose fortune once bore as proud a sway as any within this country's limits.

Lord L. You seem to be a soldier, sir.

Mel. I was, sir; and have the soldier's certificate to prove my service—rags and scars. In my heart for ten long years, in India's parching clime, I bore my country's cause, and in noblest dangers sustained it with my sword; at length, ungrateful peace has laid me down where welcome war first took me up—in poverty, and the dread of cruel creditors. Paternal affection brought me to my native land, in quest of an only child: I found her, as I thought, amiable as parental fondness could desire; but foul seduction has snatched her from me, and hither am I come, fraught with a father's anger, and a soldier's honour, to seek the seducer, and glut revenge.

Lady M. Pray, sir, who is your daughter?

Mel. I blush to own her—but—Constantia.

Eger. Is Constantia your daughter, sir?

Mel. She is; and was the only comfort that nature, fortune, or my own extravagance, had left me.

Sir P. Guid truth, then, I fancy you will find but very little comfort fra her; for she is nae better than she should be. She has had nae damage in this mansion. I am told she is with bairn; but you may gang till Hadley, till one farmer Hodge's, and there you may learn the whole story, and wha the father of the bairn is, fra a cheeld they call Melville.

Mel. Melville!

Sir P. Yes, sir, Melville.

Mel. O, would to heaven she had no crime to answer but her commerce with Melville! No, sir, he is not the man; it is your son, your Egerton, that has seduced her; and here, sir, are the evidence of his seduction.

Eger. Of my seduction!

Mel. Of yours, sir, if your name be Egerton.

Eger. I am that man, sir; but pray what is your evidence?

Mel. These bills, and these gorgeous jewels, not to be had in her menial state, but at the price of chastity! Not an hour since she sent them, imprudently sent them, by a servant of this house: contagious infamy started from their touch.

Eger. Sir do you but clear her conduct with Melville, and I will instantly satisfy your fears concerning the jewels and her virtue.

Mel. Sir, you give me new life; you are my better angel, I believe in your words—your looks. Know, then, I am that Melville.

Sir P. How, sir, you that Melville that was at farmer Hodge's?

Mel. The same; sir; it was he brought my Constantia to my arms; lodged and secreted me,—once my lowly tenant, now my only friend. The fear of inexorable creditors made me change my name from Harrington to Melville, till I could see and consult some who once called themselves my friends.

Eger. Sir, suspend your fears and anger but for a few minutes; I will keep my word with you religiously, and bring your Constantia to your arms, as virtuous and as happy as you could wish her.

[*Exit with Lady Mac. L.H.*]

Sir P. The clearing up of this wench's virtue is damned unlucky; I am afraid it will ruin a' our affairs again; however, I have one stroke still in my head that will secure the bargain with my lord, let matters gang as they will.—(*Aside.*)—But I wonder, maister Melville, that you did nae pick up some little

matter of siller in the Indies. Ah! there have been bonny fortunes snapt up there, of late years, by some of the military blades.

Mel. It is very true, sir; but it is an observation among soldiers, that there are some men who never meet with any thing in the service, but blows and ill-fortune. I was one of those, even to a proverb.

Sir P. Ah! 'tis pity, sir, a great pity, now, that you did nae get a Mogul, or some sic an animal, intill your clutches. Ah! I should like to have the strangling of a nabob, the rummaging of his gold dust, his jewel-closet, and a' his magazines of bars and ingots. Ha, ha, ha! guid traith, naw, sic an a fellow would be a bonny cheeld to bring till this town, and to exhibit him riding on an elephant; upon honour, a man might raise a poll tax by him, that would gang near to pay the debts of the nation.

Enter EGERTON, CONSTANTIA, LADY MACSYCO-PHANT, and SIDNEY, L.H.

Eger. Sir, I promised to satisfy your fears concerning your daughter's virtue; and my best proof is, that I have made her the partner of my heart, and the tender guardian of my earthly happiness for life.

Sir P. How! married!

Eger. I know, sir, at present, we shall meet your anger, but time, reflection, and our dutiful conduct, we hope will reconcile you to our happiness.

Sir P. Never, never; and, could I make you, her, and a' your issue beggars, I would move hell, heaven, and earth, to do it.

Lord L. Why, Sir Pertinax, this is a total revolution, and will entirely ruin my affairs.

Sir P. My lord, with the consent of your lordship and Lady Redolpha, I have an expedient to offer, that will not only punish that rebellious villain, but answer every end that your lordship and the lady proposed by the intended match with him.

Lord L. I doubt it much, Sir Pertinax—I doubt

it much. But, what is it, sir? What is your expedient?

Sir P. My lord, I have another son, Sandy—Eh, he's a guid lad—and, provided the lady and your lordship have nae objection till him, every article of that rebel's intended marriage shall be amply fulfilled upon Lady Rodolpha's union with my younger son.

Lord L. Why, that is an expedient, indeed, Sir Pertinax. But what say you, Rodolpha?

Lady R. Nay, nay, my lord, as I ha nae reason to have the least affection till my cousin Egerton, and as my intended marriage with him was entirely an act of obedience till my grandmother, provided my cousin Sandy will be as agreeable till her ladyship as my cousin Charles here would have been, I have nae the least objection till the change. Ay, ay; one brother is as good to Rodolpha as another.

Sir P. I'll answer, madam, for your grandmother. Now, my lord, what say you?

Lord L. Nay, Sir Pertinax, so the agreement stands, all is right again. Come, child; let us begone. Ay, ay; so my affairs are made easy, it is equal to me whom she marries. I say, Sir Pertinax, let them be but easy, and rat me if I care if she incorporates with the cham of Tartary. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Sir P. As to you, my Lady Macsycophant, I suppose you concluded, before you gave your consent till this match, that there would be an end of a' intercourse betwixt you and me. You shall have a jointure; but not a bawbee besides, living or dead, shall you, or any of your issue, ever see of mine: and so, madam, live with your Constantia, with your son, and with that damned black sheep there.

[Exit, R.H.]

Lady R. Weel, cousin Egerton, in spite of the ambitious phrenzy of your father, and the thoughtless dissipation of mine, Don Cupid has at last carried his point in favour of his devotees. But I must now take my leave; and so, guid folks, I will leave you with the fag end of an auld North-Country wish: "May

mutual love and good humour be the guest of your hearts, the theme of your tongues, and the blithsome subjects of all your tricksey dreams through the rugged road of this deceitful world; and may our fathers be an example till ourselves, to treat our bairns better than they have treated us." [Exit, R.H.]

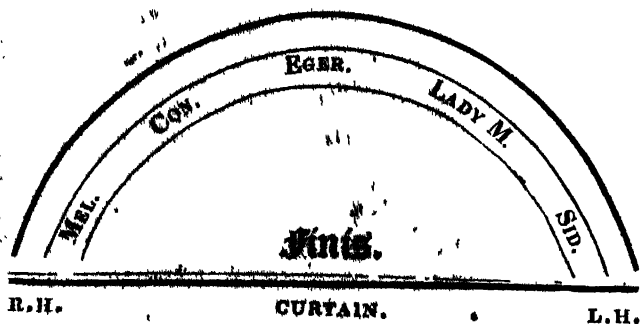
Eger. You seem melancholy, sir.

Mel. These precarious turns of fortune, sir, will press upon the heart; for, notwithstanding my Constantin's happiness, and mine in her's, I own I cannot help feeling some regret, that my misfortunes should be the cause of any disagreement between a father and the man to whom I am under the most endearing obligations.

Eger. You have no share in his disagreement; if affluence can procure content and ease, they are within our reach. My fortune is ample, and shall be dedicated to the happiness of this domestic circle.—

*My scheme, though mock'd by knave, coquet, and fool,
To thinking minds will prove this golden rule:
In all pursuits, but chiefly in a wife,
Not wealth, but morals, make the happy life.*

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.





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**From the Press of W. Oxberry
8, White-hart Yard.**

Remarks.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

The lapse of every quarter of a century gives rise to a fresh fashion in dramatic composition, as surely as in that of our garments; and hence the species of comedy, of which the piece before us forms one of the most pleasing specimens, though once highly esteemed, has of late been little cultivated by our ingenious playwrights. Twenty or thirty years ago, each season gave birth to numerous nondescript things which passed for comedies, displaying half-a-dozen characters, of habits and language so eccentric, that their likenesses were no where to be found in nature; and as invariably containing an underplot of dire misfortune, of which the distresses of a disobedient but penitent daughter generally formed the main ingredients. Scenes of woe succeeded to scenes of mirth with as much regularity as the black squares in a draught-board are followed by the white ones; and, no sooner had the audience finished laughing at the absurdities of a queer old soldier, or a quizzical bachelor, than they were requested to weep over an imprisoned husband, surrounded by a tender wife and sundry half-starved children.

This style of writing has fallen into disrepute. Some late disciples of the school stuffed their lighter scenes so full of buffoonery, and their serious business so full of fustian, that the town became quite surfeited; and, without much discriminating justice, discarded the whole race for the faults of a few. Tragedy and melo-drame then took complete possession of the stage; and, for several years past, the appearance of a new comedy has been an event of as rare occurrence as that of a comet. Yet, 'tis extremely doubtful whether, upon the whole, we have greatly benefited by the change. The drivelling senti-

mental trash which sickened us in the plays we have spoken of, could scarcely be more distressing than the tumid extravagance which in many instances has succeeded it; nor, are we certain, after all, that the vagaries of Reynolds and Cobb were not preferable to the monstrosities of Pocock and Shiel. Tragedy seems to have become "a most sweet creature of 'exaltast,'" while melo-drame, a species of composition which affords room for displaying the highest talent, is left for the most part in the hands of the veniest underlings of literature, who content themselves with doing into English the refuse of the French theatres, at a fixed price per dozen.

Such being the case, we rejoice that "*Every One Has His Fault*" has escaped the general doom, and is still frequently played with applause. This is a homage justly due to the writer's distinguished talents, spite of the stupid under-plot with which she has disfigured her composition;—that lump of alloy, which detracts from the sterling character of the play, and diminishes the effect of the comic scenes, without in any way acting as a foil to set off their lustre. The general merit of the comedy, however, has buoyed it up, even with this load of dullness attached to it; and, if characters pleasantly drawn, evincing an intimate acquaintance with human nature, joined to dialogue always lively and amusing, may be allowed to compensate for a defective plot, it cannot be said that the good-fortune of this play has by any means been undeserved.

That the foibles of the various personages are sketched in a somewhat exaggerated style, must perhaps be allowed; nor is there much respect paid to probability in bringing into contact so remarkable a group of abilities as *Solus*, *Placid*, and *Harmony*. Yet, overlooking this objection, with how much originality and truth of colouring are their singularities depicted, how admirably the sorrows of the discontented bachelor are opposed to the vexations of the married man, and how delightfully engaging is the character of the peace-maker *Harmony*, with his amiable propensity to preserve kindness and good-will amongst all mankind. In him, lying, the meanest of vices, becomes almost a virtue, and deceit itself acquires an air of nobleness. The plot seems, in some respects, to have been intended for a good-temper lecture upon pretenders to universal philanthropy, so numerous at the time this comedy was brought forward; but, whatever was the writer's aim, she has produced a picture, the contemplation of which

cannot but inspire the most benevolent sentiments. There is much originality, too, in the characters of *Sir Robert Ramble* and *Miss Woorburn*, though the conception of the latter part is more felicitous than the execution. Her first interview with her discarded husband is not very cleverly worked up, nor is the scene in which their reconciliation is brought about, half so effective as the reader is led to anticipate, the manner, too, in which she agrees to take for a second husband any man *Lord Norland* may choose to select, is revolting and unnatural, and the incident at *Sir Robert Ramble's* in the fifth act, at once clumsily contrived and improbable. The last two acts, indeed, are altogether inferior to the others, a circumstance which can only be accounted for by the supposition that the author, anxious to bring the piece to a conclusion, was not very solicitous about the means by which he effected it. a dangerous propensity which has been fatal to the last acts of far more celebrated dramatists than *Mrs. Inchbald* — *Lord Norland*, *Irwin*, and his wife, (the obdurate father and disobedient children,) belong to a class of personages so constantly occurring on the stage, and have so little to distinguish them from the crowd of similar unfortunate beings, that we must be pardoned if we dismiss them very briefly. The author has done her utmost to reconcile our respect for *Lord Norland* with our sympathy towards his daughter; but the character of an unforgiving parent cannot be wholly divested of its repulsive features, even by the most consummate talent; while the distresses of his victims are often apt to render the spectators of a comedy impatient, rather than to awaken their pity. We are glad to lose sight of misery which we despair of alleviating; and feel indescribably relieved when the scene closes *Irwin* and his embarrassments from our view. The part, however, affords the actor of it a fine opportunity for the display of powerful passion; and if such lamentable under-plots are to be tolerated in comedy at all, we know not where a less exceptionable specimen of them could readily be met with.

The language of the piece is pleasing, but not particularly distinguished by wit. The speeches do not sparkle with antitheses, nor do the characters, from the lord, down to the footman, enliven their conversation by brilliant repartees. The dialogue, however, if not witty, is natural and animated, which to our thinking is far better, for, since the drama is intended to be a true picture of human nature, surely that dramatist deserves the highest applause who makes his men and women

converse in a language the most closely assimilated to that of their prototypes—avoiding a tone of coarse vulgarity as carefully as too artificial a strain of elegance and refinement.

There is no drama of Mrs. Inchbald's so firmly fixed at present in the favour of the town as this one, yet, it had to endure a storm of opposition before its merits were generally appreciated, and among other bad qualities, it became discovered in some of its sentiments,—what the reader will search for in vain,—a tendency to encourage revolutionary principles! At that period, public feeling was in so feverish a state, that a charge of the kind, however unfounded it might be, was highly prejudicial, and even ruinous, to a writer for the theatre, unless promptly met and refuted. Mrs. Inchbald therefore addressed the following letter upon the subject to a Mr. Woodfall, then printer of a newspaper, called "The Diary:"

"Sir,—After the most laborious efforts to produce a dramatic work deserving the approbation of the town, after experiencing the most painful anxiety till that approbation was secured, a malicious falsehood, aimed to destroy every advantage arising from my industry, has been circulated in a print called 'The True Briton,' in which I am accused of conveying seditious sentiments to the public. This charge I considered of little importance, while an impartial audience were, every evening, to judge of its truth; but, my accuser having, in this day paper, taken a different mode of persecution, saying I have expunged those sentences which were of a dangerous tendency, the play can, now, no longer be its own evidence. I am therefore compelled to declare in contradiction to this assertion, that not one line, or one word, has been altered or omitted since the first night of representation.

"As a farther proof of the injustice with which I have been treated, had I been so unfortunate in my principles, or blind to my own interest, as to have written anything of the nature of which I am accused, I most certainly should not have presented it for reception to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

"E. INCHBALD

"*Lincoln Square, February 1, 1793.*"

This appeal had all the effect which its writer could desire—it satisfied the public and silenced her detractors; the comedy met with striking success, nor has it ever experienced an abatement of popular

favour. Amongst the compliments to Mrs. Inchbald which its merits draw forth, the following may be cited as one of the neatest —

“ Each has his fault,” you boldly say,
Nay, prove the maxim true,
And yet, so perfect is your play,
We can’t find fault with you ”

This accomplished woman, whose talents, brilliant as they were, were less distinguished than her virtues, died on the first of August, 1821, aged 68 years, and was buried in the church of Kensington where a tablet has been placed to her memory. The inscription it bears, observes, with perfect justice, that her writings will be cherished while truth, simplicity, and feeling command public attention and that her life closed, as it existed, in acts of charity and benevolence

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and forty-five minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty minutes—the second, thirty-five—the third, forty—the fourth, thirty—the fifth, thirty—The half price commences at nine o’clock.

Stage Directions.

R H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
L H..... Left Hand.
S.E..... Second Entrance.
U.E..... Upper Entrance.
M D..... Middle Door
D I..... Door in Flat
R H D..... Right Hand Door
L H D..... Left Hand Door

PROLOGUE.

BY THE REVEREND R. NARIS.

SPOKEN BY MR. FARREN.

Our author, who accuses great and small,
And says so boldly, there are faults in all ;
Sends me with dismal voice, and lengthen'd pliz,
Humbly to own one dreadful fault of his .
A fault, in modern authors not uncommon,
It is,—now don't be angry—he's—a woman.

Can you forgive it ?—Nay, I'll tell you more,
One who has dar'd to venture here before ;
Has seen your smiles, your frowns,—tremendous sight !
O, be not in the frowning mood to-night !
The play, perhaps, has many things amiss
Well, let us then reduce the point to this,
Let only those that have no failings, hiss.

The Rights of Women, says a female pen,
Are, to do every thing as well as men .
To think, to argue, to decide, to write,
To talk, undoubtedly—perhaps, to fight .
(For females march to war, like brave commanders,
Not in old authors only—but in Flanders.)

I grant this matter may be strain'd too far,
And maid 'gainst man is most uncivil war .
I grant, as all my city friends will say,
That men should rule, and women should obey
That nothing binds the marriage contract faster,
Than our—"Zounds, madam, I'm your lord and master
I grant their nature, and their frailty such,
Women may make too free—and know too much .
But since the sex at length has been inclin'd
To cultivate that useful part—the mind ;—
Since they have learnt to read, to write, to spell ;—
Since some of them have wit,—and use it well ;—
Let us not force them back with brow severe,
Within the pale of ignorance and fear,
Confin'd entirely to domestic arts,
Producing only children, pics, and tarts.

PROLOGUE.

The fav'rite fable of the useful nine,
Implies that female genius is divine.
Then, drive not, critics, with tyrannic rage,
A supplicating fair-one from the stage ;
The comic muse perhaps is growing old,
Her lovers, you well know, are few and cold.
'Tis time then freely to enlarge the plan,
■ And let all those write comedies—that can.

EPILOGUE.

BY M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.—SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTHEWS.

“ Each has his fault,” we readily allow,
To this decree, our dearest friends must bow ;
One is too careless, one is too correct,
All, save our own sweet self, has some defect
And characters to ev'ry virtue dear,
Sink from a hint, or suffer by a sneer

“ Sir Harry Blink ! Oh, he's a worthy man,
Still anxious to do all the good he can ;
To aid distress, would share his last poor guinea,
Delights in kindness—but then, what a ninny !”

Lady Doll Primrose says to Lady Sly,
“ You know Miss Tidlikins ? Yes—looks awry—
She's going to be married,—that won't mend it ;—
They say she'll have a fortune,—and she'll spend it
I hope your la'ship visits Lady Hearty,
We meet to-night—a most delightful party.
I don't like dowagers, who would be young,
And 'twixt ourselves they say—she has a tongue.”

If such the general blame that all await,
Say, can our author 'scape the general fate ?
Some will dislike the saucy truths she teaches,
Fond bachelors, and wives who wear the breeches.

“ Let me be wedded to a handsome youth,”
Cries old Miss Mumblelove, without a tooth
“ These worn-out beaux, because they've heavy purse
Expect us, spinsters, to become their nurses

To love, and be beloved 's the happy wife,
A mutual passion is the charm of life."

" Marriage is heaven's best gift, we must believe it,
Yet some with weak ideas can't conceive it —
Poor Lady Solwell's grief the town would stun,
Oh, Tiffany! Your mistress is undone
Dear ma'am—I hope my lord is well—don't cry—
Hav'n't I cause?—The monster will not die—
The reason why I married him, is clear,
I fondly thought he could not live a year—
But now his dropsy's better, and his cough—
Not the least chance for that to take him off
I, that could have young husbands now in plenty,
Sha'n't be a widow till I'm one-and-twenty—
No lovely weeds—no sweet dishevel'd hair—
Oh! I could cry my eyes out in despair "

(Sobbing and crying)

Sir Tristram Testy, worn with age and gout;
Within, all spleen, and flannel all without;
Roars from his elbow-chair, " Reach me my crutches,
Oh! if Death had my wife within his clutches,
With what delight her funeral meats I'd gobble,
And tho', not dance upon her grave, I'd hobble,
No longer then, my peace she could unhinge,
I should cut capers soon—*(Tries to jump, and stumbles, —*
Zounds! What a twinge!"—

These playful pictures of discordant life,
We bring to combat discontent and strife,
And by the force of contrast, sweetly prove
The charm that waits on fond and faithful love
When suited years, and pliant tempers join,
And the heart glows with energy divine,
As the lov'd offspring of the happy pair
Oft climb the knee, the envied kiss to share.

Such joys this happy country long has known,
Rear'd in the cot, reflected from the throne,
Oh! may the glorious zeal, the loyal stand
Which nobly animate this envied land,
Secure to every breast, with glad increase,
The heartfelt blessings of domestic peace!

Costume.

LORD NORLAND

Dress Suit

SIR ROBERT RAMBLE.

Blue coat, white waistcoat and buff pantaloons.

SOLUS.

**First dress — Brown suit. Second dress — White cloth suit
trimmed with silver, wedding favours, &c.**

HARMONY

Brown suit.

PLACID.

Brown coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

EDWARD.

Drab coloured jacket, white waistcoat and nankeen trowsers

HAMMOND.

Suit of black.

LADY ELEANOR IRWIN.

Grey sarsnet dress, trimmed with white.

MRS. PLACID.

Pink gauze dress, trimmed with white lace.

MISS WOOBURN.

White muslin dress, trimmed with white satin riband.

MISS SPINSTER.

**First dress — Grey silk gown. Second dress — White brocade silk
gown and petticoat, trimmed with white satin riband.**

Persons Represented.

As Originally Acted.

Lord Norland Mr. Farren.
Sir Robert Ramble Mr. Lewis.
Solus Mr. Quick.
Harmony.... Mr. Munden.
Placid... .. Mr. Fawcett
Irwin Mr. Pope.
Hammond Mr. Powell.
Porter..... Mr. Thompson.
Edward Miss Grist.

Lady E. Irwin Mrs. Pope.
Mrs. Placid Mrs. Mattocks.
Miss Spruster.... Mrs. Webb.
Miss Woolburn Mrs. Esten.

Drury Lane. Covent Garden. Haymarket

<i>Lord Norland</i> ..	Mr. Foote.	Mr. Egerton	Mr. Younge,
<i>Sir Robert Ramble</i>	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. C. Kemble,	Mr. Johnson
<i>Solus</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Harmony</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. W. Fairen.	Mr. Terry
<i>Placid</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Farley.	Mr. Baker
<i>Irwin</i>	Mr. Raymond.	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Faulkner
<i>Hammond</i>	Mr. Meredith.	Mr. Jefferies	Mr. Hammond
<i>Porter</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Elsworth
<i>Edward</i> ..	Miss Carr.	Miss Beaumont.	Miss Carr

<i>Lady E. Irwin</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Faucit,	Mrs. Chatterley
<i>Mrs. Placid</i>	Mrs. Orger	Mrs. Gibbs,	Mrs. Pearce.
<i>Miss Spruster</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. Taylour
<i>Miss Woolburn</i> ...	Mrs. Mardyn.	Miss Foote.	Miss Boyce

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Mr. Placid's.*

Enter MR. PLACID and MR. SOLUS, L.H.

Placid. You are to blame.

Solus. I say the same by you.

Placid. And yet your singularity pleases me; for you are the first elderly bachelor I ever knew, who did not hug himself in the reflection that he was not in the trammels of wedlock.

Solus. No; I am only the first elderly bachelor who has truth and courage enough to confess his dissatisfaction.

Placid. And you really wish you were married?

Solus. I do. I wish still more, that I had been married thirty years ago. Oh! I wish a wife and half-a-score children would now start up around me, and bring along with them all that affection which we should have had for each other by being earlier acquainted. But as it is, in my present state, there is not a person in the world I care a straw for; and the world is pretty even with me, for I don't believe there is a creature in it who cares a straw for me.

Placid. Pshaw! you have in your time been a man of gallantry; and, consequently, must have made many attachments.

Solus. Yes, such as men of gallantry usually make. I have been attached to women who have purloined my fortune, and to men who have partaken of the theft : I have been in as much fear of my mistress as you are of your wife.

Placid. Is that possible ?

Solus. Yes ; and without having one of those tender delicate ties of a husband, as an excuse for my apprehension.—I have maintained children—

Placid. Then why do you complain for the want of a family ?

Solus. I did not say I ever had any children ; I said I had *maintained* them ; but I never believed they were mine ; for I could have no dependence upon the principles of their mother—and never did I take one of those tender infants in my arms, that the forehead of my valet, the squint eye of my apothecary, or the double-chin of my chaplain did not stare me in the face, and damp all the fine feelings of the parent, which I had just called up.

Placid. But those are accidents which may occur in the marriage state.

Solus. In that case a man is pitied—in mine he is only laughed at.

Placid. I wish to heaven I could exchange the pity which my friends bestow on me, for the merriment which your ill fate excites.

Solus. You want but courage to be envied.

Placid. Does any one doubt my courage ?

Solus. No. If a prince were to offend you you would challenge him, I have no doubt.

Placid. But if my wife offend me I am obliged to make an apology.—Was not that her voice ? I hope she has not overheard our conversation.

Solus. If she have, she'll be in an ill humour.

Placid. That she will be, whether she have heard it or not.

Solus. Well, good-day. I don't like to be driven from my fixed plan of wedlock ; and, therefore, I won't be a spectator of your mutual discontent.

(*Going, L.H.*)

Placid. But before you go, Mr. Solus, permit me to remind you of a certain concern that, I think, would afford you much more delight than all you can, at this time of life, propose to yourself in marriage. Make happy by your beneficence, a near relation whom the truest affection has drawn into that state, but who is denied the blessing of competency to make the state supportable.

Solus. You mean my nephew, Irwin? But do not you acknowledge he has a wife and children? Did not he marry the woman he loved, and has he not, at this moment, a large family by whom he is beloved? And is he not, therefore, with all his poverty, much happier than I? He has often told me, when I have reproached him with his indiscreet marriage, "that in his wife he possessed kingdoms!". Do you suppose I will give any part of my fortune to a man who enjoys such extensive domains? No:—let him preserve his territories, and I will keep my little estate for my own use. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Placid. John! John!—

Enter JOHN, R.H.

Has your mistress been inquiring for me?

John. Yes, sir:—my lady asked just now, if I knew who was with you?

Placid. Did she seem angry?

John. No, sir;—pretty well.

Placid. You scoundrel, what do you mean by "pretty well?" [*John in anger.*]

John. Much as usual, sir.

Placid. And do you call that "pretty well?" You scoundrel, I have a great mind—

Enter MRS. PLACID, R.H. speaking very loud.

Mrs. P. What is the matter, Mr. Placid? What is all this noise about? You know I hate a noise. What is the matter?

Placid. My dear, I was only finding fault with that blockhead.

Mrs. P. Pray, Mr. Placid, do not find fault with any body in this house. But I have something which I must take you very severely to task about, sir.

Placid. No, my dear, not just now, pray.

Mrs. P. Why not now?

Placid. (*Looking at his watch.*) Because dinner will be ready in a few minutes. I am very hungry, and it will be cruel of you to spoil my appetite. John, is the dinner on table?

Mrs. P. No, John, don't let it be served yet—Mr. Placid, you shall first hear what I have to say.

[*Sitting down.*—*Exit John, R.H.*]

Placid. But then I know I sha'n't be able to eat a morsel.

Mrs. P. Sit down.—(*He sits.*)—I believe, Mr. Placid, you are going to do a very silly thing. I am afraid you are going to lend some money?

Placid. Well, my dear, and suppose I am?

Mrs. P. Then I don't approve of people lending their money.

Placid. But, my dear, I have known you approve of borrowing money: and, once in our lives, what should we have done if every body had refused to lend?

Mrs. P. That is nothing to the purpose.—And now I desire you will hear what I say, without speaking a word yourself.

Placid. Well, my dear.

Mrs. P. Now mind you don't speak till I have done.—Our old acquaintance, Captain Irwin and Lady Eleonor, his wife (with whom we have lived upon very intimate terms, to be sure, while we were in America) are returned to London, and I find you have visited them very frequently.

Placid. Not above two or three times, upon my word; for it hurts me to see them in distress, and I feel bound to go.

Mrs. P. There! you own they are in distress; I

expected as much. Now, own to me that they have asked you to lend them money.

Placid. I do own it—I do own it. Now, are you satisfied?

Mrs. P. No; for I have no doubt but you have promised they shall have it.

Placid. No, upon my word, I have not promised

Mrs. P. Then promise me they shall not.

Placid. Nay, my dear, you have no idea of their distress!

Mrs. P. Yes, I have; and 'tis that which makes me suspicious.

Placid. His regiment is now broken; all her jewels and little baubles are disposed of; he is in such dread of his old creditors, that, in the lodging they have taken, he passes by the name of Middleton. They have three more children, my dear, than when we left them in New England; and they have in vain sent repeated supplications, both to his uncle and her father, for the smallest bounty.

Mrs. P. And is not Lord Norland, her father, a remarkably wise man, and a good man? And ought you to do for them what he has refused?

Placid. They have offended him, but they have never offended me.

Mrs. P. I think 'tis an offence to ask a friend for money, when there is no certainty of returning it.

Placid. By no means: for, if there were a certainty, even an enemy might lend.

Mrs. P. But I insist, Mr. Placid, that they shall not find a friend in you upon this occasion.—What do you say, sir?

Placid. (*After a struggle.*) No, my dear, they shall not.

Mrs. P. Positively shall not?

Placid. Positively shall not—since they have found an enemy in you.

Enter JOHN, R.H.

John. Dinner is on table.

Placid. Ah! I am not hungry now.

Mrs. P. What do you mean by that, Mr. Placid? I insist on your being hungry.

Placid. Oh! yes; I have a very excellent appetite. I shall eat prodigiously.

Mrs. P. You had best. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr. Harmony's.*

Enter MR. HARMONY, R.H. followed by MISS SPINSTER.

Miss S. Cousin, cousin Harmony, I will not forgive you for thus continually speaking in the behalf of every servant whom you find me offended with. Your philanthropy becomes insupportable; and, instead of being a virtue, degenerates into a vice.

Har. Dear madam, do not upbraid me for a constitutional fault.

Miss S. Very true; you had it from your infancy. I have heard your mother say you were always foolishly tender-hearted, and never shewed one of those discriminating passions of envy, hatred, or revenge, to which all her other children were liable.

Har. No: since I can remember, I have felt the most unbounded affection for all my fellow-creatures. I even protest to you, dear madam, that, as I walk along the streets of this large metropolis, so warm is my heart towards every person who passes me, that I long to say, "How do you do!" and "I am glad to see you," to them all. Some men I should like even to stop and shake hands with;—and some women I should like even to stop and kiss.

Miss S. How can you be so ridiculous!

Har. Nay, 'tis truth: and I sincerely lament that

human beings should be such strangers to one another as we are. We live in the same street, without knowing one another's necessities; and oftentimes meet and part from each other at church, at coffee-houses, play-houses, and all public places, without ever speaking a single word, or nodding "Good bye!" though 'tis a hundred chances to ten we never see one another again.

Miss S. Let me tell you, kinsman, all this pretended philanthropy renders you ridiculous. There is not a fraud, a theft, or hardly any vice committed, that you do not take the criminal's part, shake your head, and cry, "Provisions are so scarce!" And no longer ago than last Lord Mayor's day, when you were told that Mr. Alderman Ravenous was ill with an indigestion, you endeavoured to soften the matter, by exclaiming, "Provisions are so scarce!"—But, above all, I condemn that false humanity, which induces you to say many things in conversation which deserve to stigmatize you with the character of deceit.

Har. This is a weakness, I confess. But though my honour sometimes reproaches me with it as a fault, my conscience never does: for it is by this very failing that I have frequently made the bitterest enemies friends. Just by saying a few harmless sentences, which, though a species of falsehood and deceit, yet, being soothing and acceptable to the person offended, I have immediately inspired him with lenity and forgiveness; and then, by only repeating the self-same sentences to his opponent, I have known hearts cold and closed to each other, warmed and expanded, as every human creature's ought to be.

Enter SAM, L.H.

Sam. Mr. Solus.

[Exit, L.H.]

Miss S. I cannot think, Mr. Harmony, why you keep company with that old bachelor; he is a man, of all others on earth, I dislike; and so I am obliged to quit the room, though I have a thousand things to say.

[Exit angrily, R.H.]

Enter SOLUS, L.H.

Har. Mr. Solus, how do you do?

Solus. I am very lonely at home; will you come and dine with me?

Har. Now you are here, you had better stay with me: we have no company; only my cousin, Miss Spinster, and myself.

Solus. No, I must go home: do come to my house.

Har. Nay, pray stay: what objection can you have?

Solus. Why, to tell you the truth, your relation, Miss Spinster, is no great favourite of mine; and I don't like to dine with you, because I don't like her company.

Har. That is to me surprising!

Solus. Why, old bachelors and old maids never agree; we are too much alike in our habits; we know our own hearts so well, we are apt to discover every foible we would wish to forget, in the symptoms displayed by the other. Miss Spinster is peevish, fretful, and tiresome, and I am always in a fidget when I am in her company.

Har. How different are her sentiments of you! for one of her greatest joys is to be in your company.—
(*Solus starts and smiles.*)—Poor woman! she has, to be sure, an uneven temper—

Solus. No, perhaps I am mistaken.

Har. But I will assure you, I never see her in half such good humour as when you are here; for I believe you are the greatest favourite she has.

Solus. I am very much obliged to her, and I certainly am mistaken about her temper. Some people, if they look ever so cross, are good-natured in the main; and I dare say she is so. Besides, she never has had a husband to sooth and soften her disposition; and there should be some allowance made for that.

Har. Will you dine with us?

Solus. I don't care if I do. Yes, I think I will. I must, however, step home first—but I'll be back in a

quarter of an hour. My compliments to Miss Spinster, if you should see her before I return. [*Exit*, I.H.]

Enter SERVANT, R.H.

Serv. My lady begs to know, sir, if you have invited Mr. Solus to dine; because if you have, she shall go out. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter MISS SPINSTER, R.H.

Har. Yes, madam, I could not help inviting him; for, poor man, his own house is in such a state for want of proper management, he cannot give a comfortable dinner himself.

Miss S. And so he must spoil the comfort of mine.

Har. Poor man, poor man! after all the praises he has been lavishing upon you.

Miss S. What praises?

Har. I won't tell you; for you won't believe them.

Miss S. Yes, I shall.—Oh, no—now I recollect, this is some of your invention.

Har. Nay, I told him it was *his* invention; for he declared you looked better last night than any other lady at the opera.

Miss S. No, this sounds like truth:—and, depend upon it, though I never liked the manners of Mr. Solus much, yet—

Har. Nay, Solus has his faults.

Miss S. So we have all.

Har. And will you leave him and me to dine by ourselves?

Miss S. Oh no, I cannot be guilty of such ill manners, though I talked of it. Besides, poor Mr. Solus does not come so often, and it would be wrong not to shew him all the civility we can. For my part, I have no dislike to the man; and, if taking a bit of dinner with us now and then can oblige either you or him, I should be to blame to make any objection. Come, let us go into the drawing room to receive him.

Har. Ay! this is right: this is as it should be.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room at the Lodgings of Mr. Irwin.*

MR. IRWIN and LADY ELEANOR IRWIN discovered.

Lady E. My dear husband, my dear Irwin, I cannot bear to see you thus melancholy. Is this the joy of returning to our native country, after a nine years' banishment?

Irwin. Yes; for I could bear my misfortunes, my wretched poverty, with patience, in a land where our sorrows were shared by those about us; but here, in London, where plenty and ease smile upon every face; where by birth you claim distinction, and I by services:—here to be in want,—to be obliged to take another name in shame of our own,—to tremble at the voice of every stranger, for fear he should be a creditor,—to meet each old acquaintance with an averted eye, because we would not feel the pang of being shunned:—to have no reward for all this, even in a comfortable home; but there, to see our children looking up to me for that support I have not in my power to give—can I,—can I love them and you, and not be miserable?

Lady E. And yet I am not so. And I am sure you will not doubt my love to you or them.

Irwin. I met my uncle this morning, and was mean enough to repeat my request to him;—he burst into a fit of laughter, and told me my distresses were the result of my ambition, in marrying the daughter of a nobleman, who himself was too ambitious ever to pardon us.

Lady E. Tell me no more of what he said.

Irwin. This was a day of trials: I saw your father too.

Lady E. My father! Lord Norland! Oh heavens!

Irwin. He passed me in his carriage.

Lady E. I envy you the blessing of seeing him! For, oh!—excuse my tears—he is my father still.—How did he look?

Irwin. As well as he did at the time I used to watch him from his house to steal to you.—But I am sorry to acquaint you, that, to guard himself against all returning love for you, he has, I am informed, adopted a young lad, on whom he bestows every mark of that paternal affection, of which you lament the loss.

Lady E. May the young man deserve his tenderness better than I have done—may he never disobey him—may he be a comfort, and cherish his benefactor's declining years—and when his youthful passions teach him to love, may they not, like mine, teach him disobedience!

Enter THOMAS, I. H. with a letter.

Irwin. What is that letter?

Thomas. It comes from Mr. Placid, the servant who brought it said, and requires no answer. [*Exit, I. H.*]

Irwin. It's strange how I tremble at every letter I see, as if I dreaded the contents. How poverty has unmanned me!—(*Aside.*)—I must tell you, my dear, that finding myself left this morning without a guinea, I wrote to Mr. Placid to borrow a small sum. This is his answer:—(*Reading the superscription*)—"To Mr. Middleton"—that's right;—he remembers the caution I gave him. I had forgot whether I had, for my memory is not so good as it was. I did not even recollect this hand, though it is one I am so well acquainted with, and ought to give me joy rather than sorrow.—(*Opens the letter hastily, reads, and lets it drop.*)—Now I have not a friend on earth.

Lady E. Yes, you have me. You forget me.

Irwin. (*In a transport of grief.*) I would forget you—you—and all your children.

Lady E. I would not lose the remembrance of you, or of them, for all my father's fortune.

Irwin. What am I to do? I must leave you! I must go, I know not where! I cannot stay to see you perish.
(*Takes his hat, and is going.*)

Lady E. (Holding him.) Where would you go? 'Tis evening—'tis dark—whither would you go at this time?

Irwin. (Distractedly.) I must consider what's to be done—and in this room my thoughts are too confined to reflect.

Lady E. And are London streets calculated for reflection?

Irwin. No—for action. To hurry the faint thought to resolution.

Lady E. You are not well—your health has been lately impaired.—Your temper has undergone a change too; I tremble lest any accident—

Irwin. What accident! (Wildly.)

Lady E. I know your provocations from an ungrateful world: but despise it, as that despises you.

Irwin. But for your sake, I could.

Lady E. Then witness, Heaven! I am happy—Though bred in all the delicacy, the luxury of wealth and splendour, yet I have never murmured at the change of fortune, while that change has made me wise to you, and mother of your children.

Irwin. We *will* be happy—if possible. But give me this evening to consider what plan to fix upon. There is no time to lose; we are without friends—without money—without credit.—Farewell for an hour.—I will see Mr. Placid, if I can; and, though he have not the money to lend, he may, perhaps, give me some advice.

Lady E. Suppose I call on *her*? Women are sometimes more considerate than men, and—

Irwin. Do you for the best, and so will I.—Heavens bless you!

[*Exeunt, Irwin, L.H.—Lady Eleanor, R. H.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Coffee or Club-room at a Tavern.*

Enter SIR ROBERT RAMBLE, M.D. MR. SOLUS and
MR. PLACID, R.H.

Solus. Sir Robert Ramble, how do you do?

Sir R. My dear Mr. Solus, I am glad to see you. I have been dining by myself, and now come into this public room to meet with some good company.

Solus. Ay, Sir Robert, you are now reduced to the same necessity which I frequently am—I frequently am obliged to dine at taverns and coffee-houses, for want of company at home.

Sir R. Nay, I protest I am never happier than in a house like this, where a man may meet his friend without the inconvenience of form, either as a host or a visitor.

Solus. Sir Robert, give me leave to introduce to you Mr. Placid: he has been many years abroad; but I believe he now means to remain in his own country for the rest of his life. This, Mr. Placid, is Sir Robert Ramble.

Sir R. (To Mr. Placid.) Sir, I shall be happy in your acquaintance; and I assure you, if you will do me the honour to meet me now and then at this house, you will find every thing very pleasant. I verily believe, that since I lost my wife, which is now about five months ago, I verily believe I have dined here three days out of the seven.

Placid. Have you lost your wife, sir? And so lately?

Sir R. (With great indifference.) Yes, sir; about five months ago—Is it not, Mr. Solus? You keep account of such things better than I do.

Solus. Oh! ask me no questions about your wife, Sir Robert; if she had been mine, I would have had her to this moment.

Placid. What, wrested her from the gripe of death?

Sir R. No, sir; only from the gripe of the Scotch lawyers.

Solus. More shame for you. Shame! to wish to be divorced from a virtuous wife.

Placid. Was that the case? Divorced from a virtuous wife! I never heard of such a circumstance before. Pray, Sir Robert—(*Very anxiously.*)—will you indulge me, by letting me know in what manner you were able to bring about so great an event?

Sir R. It may appear strange to you, sir; but my wife and I did not live happy together.

Placid. Not at all strange, sir; I can conceive—I can conceive very well.

Solus. Yes; he can conceive that part to a nicety.

Sir R. And so I was determined on a divorce.

Placid. But then her character could not be unimpeached.

Sir R. Yes, it was, sir. You must know, we were married in Scotland, and by the laws there, a wife can divorce her husband for breach of fidelity; and so, though my wife's character was unimpeached, mine was not, and she divorced me.

Placid. And is this the law in Scotland?

Sir R. It is. Blessed, blessed country! that will bind young people together before the years of discretion—and, as soon as they have discretion to repent, will unbind them again!

Placid. I wish I had been married in Scotland.

Solus. But, Sir Robert, with all this boasting, you must own that your divorce has greatly diminished your fortune.

Sir R. (*Taking Solus aside.*) Mr. Solus, you have frequently hinted at my fortune being impaired; but I do not approve of such notions being received abroad.

Solus. I beg your pardon; but every body knows that you have played very deep lately, and have been a great loser, and every body knows—

Sir R. No, sir, every body does not know it, for I contradict that report wherever I go. A man of fashion

does not like to be reckoned poor, no more than he likes to be reckoned unhappy. We none of us endeavour to be happy, sir, but merely to be thought so ; and for my part, I had rather be in a state of misery, and envied for my supposed happiness, than in a state of happiness, and pitied for my supposed misery.

Solus. But consider, these misfortunes which I have just hinted at, are not of any serious nature, only such as a few years economy—

Sir R. But were my wife and her guardian to become acquainted with these little misfortunes, they would triumph in my embarrassments.

Solus. Lady Ramble triumph!—(*They join Mr. Placid.*)—She who was so firmly attached to you, that I believe nothing but a compliance with your repeated request to be separated, caused her to take the step she did.

Sir R. Yes, I believe she did it to oblige me, and I am very much obliged to her.

Solus. As good a woman, Mr. Placid—

Sir R. Very good—but very ugly.

Solus. She is beautiful.

Sir R. (*To Solus.*) I tell you, sir, she is hideous. And then she was grown so insufferably peevish.

Solus. I never saw her out of temper.

Sir R. Mr. Solus, it is very uncivil of you to praise her before my face. Lady Ramble, at the time I parted with her, had every possible fault both of mind and person, and so I made love to other women in her presence ; told her bluntly that I was tired of her ; that “ I was very sorry to make her uneasy, but that I could not love her any longer.”—And was not that frank and open ?

Solus. Oh ! that I had but such a wife as she was !

Sir R. I must own I loved her myself when she was young.

Solus. Do you call her old ?

Sir R. In years I am certainly older than she ; but the difference of sex makes her a great deal older than I am. For instance, Mr. Solus, you have often la-

mented not being married in your youth; but if you had, what would you have now done with an old wife, a woman of your own age?

Solus. Loved and cherished her.

Sir R. What, in spite of her loss of beauty?

Solus. When she had lost her beauty, most likely I should have lost my eye-sight, and have been blind to the wane of her charms.

Placid. (*Anxiously.*) But, Sir Robert, you were explaining to me—Mr. Solus, give me leave to speak to Sir Robert—I feel myself particularly interested on this subject.—And, sir, you were explaining to me—

Sir R. Very true: where did I leave off? Oh! at my ill usage of my lady Ramble. Yes, I did use her very ill, and yet she loved me. Many a time when she has said to me, “Sir Robert, I detest your principles, your manners, and even your person,” often, at that very instant, I have seen a little sparkle of a wish peep out of the corner of one eye, that has called to me, “Oh! Sir Robert, how I long to make it up with you!”

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Solus. (*To Mr. Placid.*) Do not you wish that your wife had such a little sparkle at the corner of one of her eyes.

Sir R. (*To Mr. Placid.*) Sir, do you wish to be divorced?

Placid. I have no such prospect. Mrs. Placid is faithful, and I was married in England.

Sir R. But if you have an unconquerable desire to part, a separate maintenance will answer nearly the same end—for if your lady and you will only lay down the plan of separation, and agree—

Placid. But unfortunately we never do agree!

Sir R. Then speak of parting as a thing you dread worse than death; and make it your daily prayer to her, that she will never think of going from you—She will determine upon it directly.

Placid. I thank you; I'm very much obliged to you: I thank you a thousand times.

Sir R. Yes, I have studied the art of teasing a wife,

and there is nothing vexes her so much as laughing at her. Can you laugh, Mr. Placid?

Placid. I don't know whether I can; I have not laughed since I married. But I thank you, sir, for your instructions—I sincerely thank you.

Solus. And now, Sir Robert, you have had the good nature to teach this gentleman how to get rid of his wife, will you have the kindness to teach me how to procure one?

Enter MR. IRWIN, R.H.—Crosses behind them to a chair, L.H.

Sir R. Hah! sure I know that gentleman's face?

Solus. My nephew! Let me escape his solicitations.—(*Aside*)—Here, waiter! [*Exit, I.H.*]

Placid. (*Starting.*) Having sent him a denial, I am ashamed to see him.—(*Aside.*)—Here, Mr. Solus!— [*Exit, following Mr. Solus.*]

Irwin. (*Aside.*) More cool faces! My necessitous countenance clears even a club-room.

Sir R. My dear Captain Irwin, is it you? Yes, 'faith, it is.—After a nine years' absence, I most sincerely rejoice to see you.

Irwin. Sir Robert, you shake hands with a cordiality I have not experienced these many days, and I thank you.

Sir R. But what's the matter? You seem to droop. Where have you lost your usual spirits? Has absence from your country changed your manners?

Irwin. No, sir; but I find some of my countrymen changed. I fancy them less warm, less friendly than they were: and it is that which, perhaps, has this effect upon me.

Sir R. Am I changed?

Irwin. You appear an exception.

Sir R. And I assure you, that instead of being grown more gloomy, I am even more gay than I was seven years ago; for then I was upon the point of matrimony—but now I am just relieved from its cares.

Irwin. I have heard as much But I hope you have not taken so great an aversion to the marriage state as never to marry again.

Sir R. Perhaps not: but then it must be to some rich heiress.

Irwin. You are right to pay respect to fortune. Money is a necessary article in the marriage contract.

Sir R. As to that—that would be no great object at present. No, thank heaven, my estates are pretty large; I have no children; I have a rich uncle, excellent health, admirable spirits;—and thus happy, it would be very strange if I did not meet my old friends with those smiles, which never for a moment quit my countenance.

Irwin. In the dispensation of the gifts of Providence, how few are found blest like you! (*Sighing.*)

Sir R. And I assure you, my dear Mr. Irwin, it gives me the most serious reflections, and the most sincere concern, that they are not.

Irwin. I thank you, sir, most heartily: I thank you for mankind in general, and for myself in particular. For after this generous, unaffected declaration, (with less scruple than I should to any man in the world) I will own to you, that I am at this very time in the utmost want of an act of friendship.

Sir R. (*Aside.*) And so am I.—Now must I confess myself a poor man, or pass for an unfeeling one; and I will choose the latter.—(*Bowing with great ceremony and coldness.*)—Any thing that I can command, is at your service.

Irwin. (*Confounded and hesitating.*) Why then, Sir Robert—I am almost ashamed to say it—but circumstances have been rather unfavourable.—My wife's father—(*Affecting to smile*)—is not reconciled to us yet—my regiment is broke—my uncle will not part with a farthing—Lady Eleanor, my wife—(*Wipes his eyes*)—has been supported as yet, with some little degree of tenderness, elegance; and—in short, I owe a small sum which I am afraid of being troubled for; I want a trifle also for our immediate use, and if you

would lend me a hundred pounds—though, upon my honour, I am not in a situation to fix the exact time when I can pay it.

Sir A. My dear sir, never trouble yourself about the time of paying it, because it happens not to be in my power to lend it you.

Irwin. Not in your power? I beg your pardon; but have not you this moment been saying you are rich?

Sir R. And is it not very common to be rich without money? Are not half the town rich? And yet half the town has no money. I speak for this end of the town, the West end. The Squares, for instance, part of Piccadilly, down St. James's-street, and so home by Pall Mall. We have all estates, bonds, drafts, and notes of hand without number; but, as for money, we have no such thing belonging to us.

Irwin. I sincerely beg your pardon. And be assured, sir, nothing should have induced me to have taken the liberty I have done, but the necessities of my unhappy family, and having understood by your own words that you were in affluence.

Sir R. I *am* in affluence, I am, I am; but not in so much, perhaps, as my hasty, inconsiderate account may have given you reason to believe. I forgot to mention several heavy incumbrances, which you will perceive are great drawbacks on my fortune.—As my wife sued for the divorce, I have her fortune to return: I have also two sisters to portion off—a circumstance I totally forgot. But, my good friend, though I am not in circumstances to do what you require, I will do something that shall be better. I'll wait upon your father-in-law, Lord Norland, and entreat him to forgive his daughter; and I am sure he will if I ask him.

Irwin. Impossible.

Sir R. And so it is, now I recollect: for he is no other than the guardian of my late wife, and a request from me will be received worse than from any other person.—However, Mr. Irwin, depend upon it, that whenever I have an opportunity of serving you, I will:

and whenever you shall do me the favour to call upon me, I shall be heartily glad to see you. If I am not at home, you can leave your card, which you know is all the same, and depend upon it I shall be extremely glad to see you or that, at any time. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Irwin. Is this my native country? Is this the hospitable land which we describe to strangers? No—we are savages to each other; nay, worse.—The savage makes his fellow-savage welcome; divides with him his homely fare; gives him the best apartment his hut affords, and tries to hush those griefs that are confided in his bosom—while in this civilized city, among my own countrymen, even among my brother officers in the army, and many of my nearest relations, so very civilized they are, I could not take the liberty to enter under one roof, without a ceremonious invitation, and that they will not give me. I may leave my card at their door, but as for me, or any one of mine, they would not give us a dinner; unless, indeed, it was in such a style, that we might behold with admiration their grandeur, and return still more depressed to our own poverty.—Can I bear this treatment longer? No, not even for you, my Eleanor. And this—(*Takes out a pistol*)—shall now be the only friend to whom I will apply.—And yet I want the courage to be a villain.

Enter MR. HARMONY, R.H. speaking as he enters.

(*Irwin conceals the pistol instantly.*)

Har. Let me see half a dozen newspapers—every paper of the day.

Enter WAITER, R.H.

Waiter. That is about three dozen, sir.

Har. Get a couple of porters, and bring them all.

(*He sits down; Waiter brings him papers, and he reads.—Irwin starts, sits down, leans his head on one of the tables, and shews various signs of uneasiness; then comes forward*)

Irwin. Am I a man, a soldier—and a coward?—Yes, I run away, I turn my back on life—I forsake the post which my commander, Providence, has allotted me, and fly before a banditti of rude misfortunes.—Rally me, love—connubial and parental love, rally me back to the charge! No, those very affections sound the retreat —(*Sits down with the same emotions of distraction as before.*)

Har. That gentleman does not seem happy. I wish I had an opportunity of speaking to him. (*Aside.*)

Irwin. (*Comes forward, and speaks again.*) But oh! my wife, what will be your sufferings, when I am brought home to your wretched habitation!—And by my own hand!

Har. I am afraid, sir, I engross all the news here.
(*Holding up the papers.*)

Irwin. (*Still apart*) Poor soul, how her heart will be torn!

Har. (*After looking steadfastly on him.*) Captain Irwin, till this moment I had not the pleasure of recollecting you! It is Mr. Irwin, is it not?

Irwin. (*His mind deranged by his misfortunes.*) Yes, sir: but what have you to say to him more than to a stranger?

Har. Nothing more, sir, than to apologise to you for having addressed you just now in so familiar a manner, before I knew who you were; and to assure you, that, although I have no other knowledge of you than from report, and having been once, I believe, in your company at this very house, before you left England, yet any services of mine, as far as my abilities can reach, you may freely command.

Irwin. Pray, sir, do you live at the West end of the town?

Har. I do.

Irwin. Then, sir, your services can be of no use to me

Har. Here is the place where I live, here is my card.
(*Gives it to him.*)

Irwin. And here is mine. And now I presume we

have exchanged every act of friendship which the strict forms of etiquette, in this town, will admit of.

Har. By no means, sir. I assure you my professions never go beyond my intentions; and if there is any thing that I can serve you in—

Irwin. Have you no sisters to portion off? no lady's fortune to return? Or, perhaps, you will speak to my wife's father, and entreat him to forgive his child.

Har. On that subject you may command me; for I have the honour to be intimately acquainted with Lord Norland.

Irwin. But is there no reason you may recollect, "why you would be the most unfit person in the world to apply to him?"

Har. None. I have been honoured with marks of his friendship for many years past; and I do not know any one who could, with less hazard of his resentment, venture to name his daughter to him.

Irwin. Well, sir, if you should see him two or three days hence, when I am set out on a journey I am going, if you will then say a kind word to him for my wife and children, I'll thank you.

Har. I will go to him instantly. (*Going.*)

Irwin. No, do not see him yet; stay till I am gone. He will do nothing till I am gone.

Har. May I ask where you are going?

Irwin. No very tedious journey; but it is a country, to those who go without a proper passport, always fatal.

Har. I'll see Lord Norland to-night: perhaps I may persuade him to prevent your journey. I'll see him to-night, or early in the morning, depend upon it. I am a man of my word, sir; though I must own I do live at the West end of the town. [*Exit, R. II.*]

Irwin. 'Sdeath, am I become the ridicule of my fellow-creatures? or am I not in my senses?—I know this is London—this house a tavern—I know I have a wife. Oh! 'twere better to be mad than to remember her! She has a father—he is rich and proud—that I will not forget. But I will pass his house, and send a malediction as I pass it.—(*Furiously.*)—No; breathe

out my last sigh at his inhospitable door, and that sigh shall breathe—forgiveness. *[Exit, R.H.]*

SCENE II.—*The Lodgings of Mr. Irwin.*

Enter Mrs. PLACID, followed by Lady ELEANOR, L.H.

Lady E. I am ashamed of the trouble I have given you, Mrs. Placid. It had been sufficient to have sent me home in your carriage; to attend me yourself was ceremonious.

Mrs. P. My dear Lady Eleanor, I was resolved to come home with you, as soon as Mr. Placid desired I could not.

Lady E. Was that the cause of your politeness? I am sorry it should.

Mrs. P. Why sorry? it is not proper he should have his way in every thing.

Lady E. But I am afraid you seldom let him have that at all.

Mrs. P. Yes, I do — But where, my dear, is Mr. Irwin?

Lady E. (Weeping.) I cannot hear the name of Mr. Irwin without shedding tears: his health has been so much impaired of late, and his spirits so bad—sometimes I even fear for a failure in his mind.

(Weeps again.)

Mrs. P. Is not he at home?

Lady E. I hope he is.—*(Goes to the side of the scenes)*—Tell your master Mrs. Placid is here.

Enter THOMAS, L.H.

Thomas. My master is not yet come in, madam.

[Exit, L.H.]

Lady E. Not yet? I am very sorry for it;—very sorry, indeed.

Mrs. P. Bless me, my dear, don't look thus pale. Come, sit down, and I'll stay with you till he returns.
(Sits down herself.)

Lady E. My dear, you forget that Mr. Placid is in the carriage at the door all this time.

Mrs. P. No, I don't. Come, let us sit, and have half an hour's conversation.

Lady E. Nay, I insist upon your going to him, or desiring him to walk in.

Mrs. P. Now I think of it, they may as well drive him home, and come back for me.

Enter MR. PLACID, L.H.

Why surely, Mr. Placid, you were very impatient! I think you might have waited a few minutes longer.

Placid. I would have waited my dear, but the evening is so damp.

Lady E. Ah! 'tis the evening which makes me alarmed for Mr. Irwin.

Placid. Lady Eleanor, you are one of the most tender, anxious, and affectionate wives I ever knew.

Mrs. P. There! now he wishes he was your husband.—He admires the conduct of every wife but his own, and envies every married man of his acquaintance. But it is very ungenerous of you.

Placid. So it is, my dear; and not at all consistent with the law of retaliation; for I am sure there is not one of my acquaintance who envies me.

Mrs. P. Mr. Placid, your behaviour throughout this whole day has been so totally different to what it ever was before, that I am half resolved to live no longer with you.

Placid. (*Aside.*) It will do—it will do.

Lady E. Oh, my dear friends, do not talk of parting: how can you, while every blessing smiles on your union? Even I, who have reason to regret mine, yet, while that load of grief, a separation from Mr. Irwin, is but averted, I will think every other affliction supportable.—(*A loud rapping at the door.*)—That is he.

Mrs. P. Why you seem in raptures at his return.

Lady E. I know no greater rapture.

Enter IRWIN, L.H. pale, trembling, and disordered.

Lady E. My dear, you are not well, I see.

Irwin. Yes.—(*Aside to her in anger.*)—Why do you speak of it?

Placid. How do you do, Irwin?

Irwin. I am glad to see you. (*Bows.*)

Mrs. P. But I am sorry to see you look so ill.

Irwin. I have only been taking a glass too much.

(*Lady Eleanor weeps*)

Placid. Pshaw! don't I know you never drink?

Irwin. You are mistaken: I do when my wife is not by. I am afraid of her.

Placid. Impossible.

Irwin. What! to be afraid of one's wife?

Placid. No; I think that very possible.

Mrs. P. But it does not look so well when it is so; it makes a man appear contemptible, and a woman a termagant. Come, Mr. Placid, I cannot stay another moment. Good night. Heaven bless you!—(*To Lady Eleanor.*)—Good night, my dear Mr. Irwin; and now, pray take my advice, and keep up your spirits.

Irwin. I will, madam.—(*Shaking hands with Placid.*)—And do you keep up your spirits.—[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Placid, L.H.D.*.]—(*Irwin shuts the door with care after them, and looks around the room, as if he feared to be seen or overheard.*)—I am glad they are gone. I spoke unkindly to you just now, did I not? My temper is altered lately; and yet I love you.

Lady E. I never doubted it, nor ever will.

Irwin. If you did you would wrong me; for there is not a danger I would not risk for your sake; there is not an infamy I would not be branded with to make you happy, nor a punishment I would not undergo, with joy, for your welfare.—But there is a bar to this; we are unfortunately so entwined together, so linked, so riveted, so cruelly, painfully fettered to each other, you could not be happy unless I shared the self-same

happiness with you.—But you will learn better—now you are in London, and amongst fashionable wives, you must learn better.—(*Walks about and smiles, with a ghastly countenance.*)

Lady E. Do not talk, do not look thus wildly.—Indeed, indeed, you make me very uneasy.

Irwin. What! uneasy when I come to bring you comfort; and such comfort as you have not experienced for many a day?—(*He pulls out a pocket-book.*)—Here is a friend in our necessity—a friend that brings a thousand friends; plenty and—no, not always—peace.—(*He takes several papers from the book, and puts them into her hands.—She looks at them, then screams.*)

Lady E. Ah! 'tis money.—(*Trembling.*)—These are bank notes.

Irwin. Hush! for heaven's sake, hush! We shall be discovered.—(*Trembling, and in great perturbation.*)—What alarms you thus?

Lady E. What alarms you?

Irwin. Do you say I am frightened?

Lady E. A sight so new has frightened me.

Irwin. Nay, they are your own: by heaven, they are! No one on earth has a better or a fairer right to them than yourself. It was a laudable act by which I obtained them.—The parent bird had forsook its young, and I but forced it back to perform the rites of nature.

Lady E. You are insane, I fear. No, no, I do not fear—I hope you are.—(*A loud rapping at the street door.—He starts, takes the notes from her, and puts them hastily into his pocket.*)

Irwin. Go to the door yourself; and if 'tis any one who asks for me, say I am not come home yet.

(*She goes out, L.H. then returns.*)

Lady E. It is the person belonging to the house: no one to us.

Irwin. My dear Eleanor, are you willing to quit London with me in about two hours' time?

Lady E. Instantly.

Irwin. Nay, not only London, but England.

Lady E. This world, if you desire it. To go in company with you will make the journey pleasant; and all I loved on earth would still be with me.

Irwin. You can, then, leave your father without regret, *never, never* to see him more?

Lady E. Why should I think on him, who will not think on me? (Weeps)

Irwin. But our children——

Lady E. We are not to leave them?

Irwin. One of them we must: but do not let that give you uneasiness. You know he has never lived with us since his infancy, and cannot pine for the loss of parents whom he has never known.

Lady E. But I have *known him*. He was my first; and sometimes I think more closely wound around my heart than all the rest. The grief I felt on being forced to leave him when we went abroad, and the constant anxiety I have since experienced lest he should not be kindly treated, have augmented, I think, my tenderness.

Irwin. All my endeavours to-day, as well as every other day, have been in vain to find into what part of the country his nurse has taken him.—Nay, be not thus overcome with tears, we will (in spite of all my haste to be gone) stay one more miserable day here, in hopes to procure intelligence, so as to take him with us, and then smile with contempt on all we leave behind.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library at Lord Norland's.*

Enter LORD NORLAND, R.H. *followed by MR. HARMONY.*

Lord N. (In anger.) I tell you, Mr. Harmony, that if an indifferent person, one on whom I had never be-

stowed a favour in my life, were to offend me, it is in my nature never to forgive. Can I then forgive my own daughter, my only child, on whom I heaped continually marks of the most affectionate fondness? Shall she dare to offend me in the tenderest point, and you dare to suppose I will pardon her?

Har. Your child, consider.

Lord N. The weakest argument you can use. As my child, was she not most bound to obey me? As my child, ought she not to have sacrificed her own happiness to mine? Instead of which, mine has been yielded up for a whim, a fancy, a fancy to marry a beggar; and as such is her choice, let her beg with him.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Har. She does by me:—pleads hard for your forgiveness.

Lord N. If I thought she dared to send a message to me, though dictated on her knees, she should find that she had not yet felt the full force of my resentment.

Har. What could you do more?

Lord N. I have done nothing yet. At present I have only abandoned her;—but I can persecute.

Har. I have no doubt of it: and that I may not be the means of aggravating your displeasure, I assure you that what I have now said has been entirely from myself, without any desire of hers; and, at the same time, I give you my promise I will never presume to intrude the subject again.

Lord N. On this condition (but on no other) I forgive you now.

Har. And now then, my lord, let us pass from those who have forfeited your love, to those who possess it. I heard sometime ago, but I never felt myself disposed to mention it to you, that you had adopted a young man as your son.

Lord N. “A young man!”—Pshaw!—no; a boy—a mere child, who fell in my way by accident.

Har. A chance child! Ho, ho!—I understand you.

Lord N. Do not jest with me, sir. Do I look—

Har. Yes, you look as if you would be ashamed to own it, if you had one.

Lord N. But this boy I am not ashamed of:—he is a favourite—rather a favourite.—I did not like him so well at first; but custom,—and having a poor creature entirely at one's mercy, one begins to love it merely from the idea of——What would be its fate if one did not?

Har. Is he an orphan, then?

Lord N. No.

Har. You have a friendship for his parents?

Lord N. I never saw the father: his mother I had a friendship for once. *(Sighing.)*

Har. Ay, while the husband was away.

Lord N. I tell you no.—*(Violently.)*—But ask no more questions. Who his parents are, is a secret, which neither he nor any one (that is now living) knows, except myself; nor ever shall.

Har. Well, my lord, since 'tis your pleasure to consider him as your child, I sincerely wish you may experience more duty from him than you have done from your daughter.

Lord N. Thank heaven, his disposition is not in the least like her's—No:—*(Very much impassioned.)*—I have the joy to say, that never child was so unlike its mother. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Har. *(Starting.)* How! his mother!

Lord N. Confusion!—what have I said!—I am ashamed——

Har. No—be proud.

Lord N. Of what?

Har. That you have a lawful heir to all your riches; proud that you have a grandson.

Lord N. I would have concealed it from all the world; I wished it even unknown to myself. And let me tell you, sir, (as not by design, but through my inadvertency, you are become acquainted with this secret) that, if you ever breathe it to a single creature, the boy shall answer for it; for were he known to be her's, though he were dearer to me than ever *she* was, I

would turn him from my house, and cast him from my heart, as I have done her. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Har. I believe you;—and in compassion to the child, give you my *solemn promise* never to reveal who he is. I have heard that those unfortunate parents left an infant behind when they went abroad, and that they now lament him as lost. Will you satisfy my curiosity in what manner you sought and found him out?

Lord N. Do you suppose I searched for him? No; he was forced upon me. A woman followed me, about eight years ago, in the fields adjoining to my country-seat, with a half-starved boy in her hand, and asked my charity for my grand-child: the impression of the word made me turn round involuntarily; and, casting my eyes upon him, I was rejoiced not to find a feature of his mother's in all his face; and I began to feel something like pity for him. In short, he caught such fast hold by one of my fingers, that I asked him carelessly "if he would go home and live with me?" On which he answered me so willingly, "Yes," I took him at his word.

Har. And did never your regard for him plead in his mother's behalf?

Lord N. Never. For, by heaven, I would as soon forgive the robber who met me last night at my own door, and, holding a pistol to my breast, took from me a sum to a considerable amount, as I would pardon her.

Har. Did such an accident happen to you?

Lord N. Have you not heard of it?

Har. No.

Lord N. It is amazing we cannot put a stop to such depredations.

Har. Provisions are so scarce.

Enter RICHARD, R.H.

Richard. Miss Wooburn, my lord, if you are not engaged, will come and sit an hour with you.

Lord N. I have no company but what she is perfectly acquainted with, and I shall be glad of her visit.

[*Exit Richard, R.H.*]

Har. ~~You~~ forget I am a stranger, and my presence may not be welcome.

Lord N. A stranger? What, to my ward? to Lady Ramble? for that is the name which custom would authorise her to keep; but such courtesy she disdains, in contempt of the unworthy giver of the title.

Har. I am intimate with Sir Robert, my lord; and though I acknowledge that both you and his late wife have cause for complaint, yet Sir Robert has still many virtues.

Lord N. Not one. He is the most vile, the most detestable of characters. He not only contradicted my will in the whole of his conduct, but he seldom met me that he did not give me some personal affront.

Har. It is, however, generally held better to be uncivil in a person's presence than in his absence.

Lord N. He was uncivil to me in every respect.

Har. That I will deny; for I have heard Sir Robert, in your absence, say such things in your favour!—

Lord N. Indeed!

Har. Most assuredly.

Lord N. I wish he had sometimes done me the honour to have spoken politely to my face

Har. That is not Sir Robert's way:—he is no flatterer. But then, no sooner has your back been turned, than I have heard him lavish in your praise.

Lord N. I must own, Mr. Harmony, that I never looked upon Sir Robert as incorrigible. I could always discern a ray of understanding and a beam of virtue through all his foibles; nor would I have urged the divorce, but that I found his wife's sensibility could not bear his neglect; and even now, notwithstanding her endeavour to conceal it, she pines in secret, and laments her hard fortune. All my hopes of restoring her health rest on one prospect—that of finding a man worthy my recommendation for a second husband, and, by thus creating a second passion, expel

the first.—Mr. Harmony, you and I have been long acquainted—I have known your disposition from your infancy.—Now if such a man as you were to offer—

Har. You flatter me.

Lord N. I do not.—Would you venture to become her husband?

Har. I cannot say I have any particular desire; but if it will oblige either you or her;—for my part, I think the short time we live in this world, we should do all we can to oblige each other.

Lord N. I should rejoice at such an union myself, and I think I can answer for her.—You permit me, then, to make overtures in your name?

Har. (*Considering.*) This is rather a serious business.—However, I never did make a difficulty when I wished to oblige a friend.—But there is one proviso, my lord; I must first mention it to Sir Robert.

Lord N. Why so?

Har. Because he and I have always been very intimate friends; and to marry his wife, without even telling him of it, will appear very uncivil.

Lord N. Do you mean, then, to ask his consent?

Har. Not absolutely his consent; but I will insinuate the subject to him, and obtain his approbation in a manner suitable to my own satisfaction.

Lord N. You will oblige me, then, if you will see him as early as possible, for it is reported he is going abroad.

Har. I will go to him immediately;—and, my lord, I will do all in my power to oblige you, Sir Robert, and the lady;—(*Aside.*)—but as to obliging myself, that was never one of my considerations.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Enter Miss WOOBURN. R.H.

Lord N. I am sorry to see you thus; you have been weeping? Will you still lament your separation from a cruel husband, as if you had followed a kind one to the grave?

Miss W. By no means, my lord. Tears from our sex are not always the result of grief; they are frequently no more than little sympathetic tributes which we pay to our fellow beings, while the mind and the heart are steeled against the weakness which our eyes indicate.

Lord N. Can you say your mind and heart are so steeled?

Miss W. I can: my mind is as firmly fixed against Sir Robert Ramble, as at our first acquaintance it was fixed upon him. And I solemnly protest—

Lord N. To a man of my age and observation, protestations are vain.—Give me a proof that you have rooted him from your heart.

Miss W. Any proof you require, I will give you without a moment's hesitation.

Lord N. I take you at your word; and desire you to accept a gentleman whom I shall recommend for your second husband.—(*Miss Wooburn starts.*)—You said you would not hesitate a moment.

Miss W. I thought I should not;—but this is something so unexpected—

Lord N. You break your word, then, and still give cause for this ungrateful man to ridicule your fondness for him.

Miss W. No, I will put an end to that humiliation; and whoever the gentleman is whom you mean to propose—yet do not name him at present—but give me the satisfaction of keeping the promise I have made to you (at least for a little time) without exactly knowing how far it extends; for, in return, I have a promise to ask from you, before I acquaint you with the nature of your engagement.

Lord N. I give my promise. Now name your request.

Miss W. Then, my lord—(*Hesitating and confused.*)—the law gave me back, upon my divorce from Sir Robert, the very large fortune which I brought to him.—I am afraid that, in his present circumstances,

to enforce the strict payment of this debt, would very much embarrass him.

Lord N. What if it did?

Miss W. It is my intreaty to you (in whose hands is invested the power to demand this right of law) to lay my claim aside for the present.—(*Lord Norland offers to speak.*)—I know, my lord, what you are going to say; I know Sir Robert is not *now*, but I can never forget that he *has been* my husband.

Lord N. To shew my gratitude for your compliance with the request I have just made you—(*Goes to a table in the library*)—here is the bond by which I am empowered to seize on the greatest part of his estates in right of you: take the bond into your own possession till your next husband demands it of you; and by the time you have called him husband for a few weeks, this tenderness or delicacy to Sir Robert will be worn away.

Enter HARMONY, L.H. hastily.

Har. My lord, I beg pardon; but I forgot to mention—

Miss W. Oh, Mr. Harmony, I have not seen you before I know not when: I am particularly happy at your calling just now, for I have—(*Hesitating*)—a little favour to ask of you.

Har. If it were a great favour, madam, you might command me.

Miss W. But—my lord, I beg your pardon—the favour I have to ask of Mr. Harmony must be told to him in private.

Lord N. Oh! I am sure I have not the least objection to you and Mr. Harmony having a private conference. I'll leave you together.—(*Crosses to L.H. —Harmony appears embarrassed.*)—You do not derange my business.—I'll be back in a short time. [*Exit, L.H.*

Miss W. Mr. Harmony, you are the very man on whom I most wanted to see.—(*Harmony bows.*)—I

know the kindness of your heart, the liberality of your sentiments, and I wish to repose a charge to your trust, very near to me, indeed—but you must be secret.

Har. When a lady reposes a trust in me, I should not be a man if I were not.

Miss W. I must first inform you that Lord Norland has just drawn from me a promise, that I will once more enter into the marriage-state; and without knowing to whom he intends to give me, I will keep my promise.—But it is in vain to say, that, though I mean all duty and fidelity to my second husband, I shall not experience moments when my thoughts—will wander on my first.

Har. (*Starting.*) Hem!—hem!—(*To her.*)—Indeed!

Miss W. I must always rejoice in Sir Robert's successes, and lament over his misfortunes.

Har. If that is all—

Miss W. No, I would go one step further;—(*Harmony starts again*)—I would secure him from those distresses, which to hear of will disturb my peace of mind. I know his fortune has suffered very much, and I cannot, *will not*, place it in the power of the man whom my Lord Norland may point out for my next marriage, to harass him further.—This is the writing by which that gentleman may claim the part of my fortune from Sir Robert Ramble, which is in landed property; carry it, my dear Mr. Harmony, to Sir Robert instantly; and tell him, that in separating from him, I meant only to give him liberty; not make him the debtor, perhaps the prisoner of my future husband.

Har. Madam, I will most undoubtedly take this bond to my friend; but will you give me leave to suggest to you, that the person on whom you bestow your hand may be a little surprised to find that while he is in possession of you, Sir Robert is in the possession of your fortune?

Miss W. Do not imagine, sir, that I shall marry any man, without first declaring what I have done—I only wish at present it should be concealed from Lord Nor-

land.—When this paper is given, as I have required, it cannot be recalled; and when that is past, I shall divulge my conduct to whom I please; and, first of all, to him who shall offer me his addresses.

Har. And, if he is a man of my feelings, his addresses will be doubly importunate for ~~this~~ proof of liberality to your former husband — But are you sure, that in the return of this bond there is no secret affection, no latent spark of love?

Miss W. None. I know my heart; and if there was, I could not ask you, Mr. Harmony, (nor any one like you) to be the messenger of an imprudent passion. Sir Robert's vanity, I know, may cause him to judge otherwise, but undeceive him; let him know this is a sacrifice to the golden principles of duty, and not an offering to the tinselled shrine of love.

Enter LORD NORLAND, L.H.

Put up the bond.—(*Harmony conceals it.*)

Lord N. Well, my dear, have you made your request?

Miss W. Yes, my lord.

Lord N. And has he granted it?

Har. Yes, my lord. I am going to grant it.

Lord N. I sincerely wish you both joy of this good understanding between you. But, Mr. Harmony,—(*In a whisper.*)—are not you going to Sir Robert?

Har. Yes, my lord, I am going this moment.

Lord N. Make haste, then, and do not forget your errand.

Har. No, my lord, I sha'n't forget my errand; it won't slip my memory—Good morning, my lord—good morning, madam. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lord N. Now, my dear, as you and Mr. Harmony seem to be on such excellent terms, I think I may venture to tell you, (if he has not yet told you himself) that he is the man, who is to be your husband.

Miss W. He! Mr. Harmony!—No, my lord, he has not told me; and I am confident he never will.

Lord N. What makes you think so?

Miss W. Because—because—he must be sensible he would not be the man I should choose.

Lord N. And where is the woman who marries the man she would choose? You are reversing the order of society; men, only, have the right of choice in marriage. Were women permitted theirs, we should have handsome beggars allied to our noblest families, and no such object in our whole island as an old maid.

Miss W. But being denied that choice, why am I forbid to remain as I am?

Lord N. What are you now? Neither a widow, a maid, nor a wife. If I could fix a term to your present state, I should not be thus anxious to place you in another.

Miss W. I am perfectly acquainted with your friendly motives, and feel the full force of your advice.—I therefore renew my promise—and although Mr. Harmony, (in respect to the marriage state) is as little to my wishes as any man on earth, I will nevertheless endeavour—whatever struggles it may cost me—to be to him, if he prefers his suit, a dutiful, an obedient—but, for a loving wife, that I can never be again.

[*Exeunt, Lord N. L.H. Miss W. R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Sir Robert Ramble's.*

Enter SIR ROBERT and MR. HARMONY, L.H.S.E.

Sir R. I thank you for this visit. I was undetermined what to do with myself. Your company has determined me to stay at home.

Har. I was with a gentleman just now, Sir Robert, and you were the subject of our conversation.

Sir R. Had it been a lady, I should be anxious to know what she said.

Har. I have been with a lady likewise; and she made you the subject of her discourse.

Sir R. But was she handsome?

Har. Very handsome.

Sir R. My dear fellow, what is her name? What did she say, and where may I meet with her?

Har. Her name is Wooburn.

Sir R. That is the name of my late wife!

Har. It is her I mean.

Sir R. Zounds, you had just put my spirit's into a flame, and now you throw cold water all over me.

Har. I am sorry to hear you say so, for I came from her this moment: and what do you think is the present she has given me to deliver to you?

Sir R. Pshaw! I want no presents. Some of my love-letters returned, I suppose, to remind me of my inconstancy?

Har. Do not undervalue her generosity: this is her present;—this bond, which has power to take from you three thousand a year, her right.

Sir R. Ah! this is a present indeed. Are you sure you speak truth? Let me look at it:—sure my eyes deceive me!—No, by heaven it is true!—(*Reads.*)—The very thing I wanted, and will make me perfectly happy. Now I'll be generous again; my bills shall be paid, my gaming debts cancelled, poor Irwin shall find a friend; and I'll send Miss Wooburn as pretty a copy of verses as ever I wrote in my life.

Har. Take care how you treat with levity a woman of her elevated mind. She charged me to assure you, "that love had no share whatever in this act, which is mere compassion to the embarrassed state of your affairs."

Sir R. Sir, I would have you to know, I am no object of compassion. However, a lady's favour one cannot return; and so, I'll keep the bond.

(*Puts the bond in his pocket.*)

Har. Nay, if your circumstances are different from what she imagines, give it me back, and I will restore it to her.

Sir R. No, poor thing! it would break her heart to give it back—no, I'll keep it—she would never forgive me, were I to send it back. I'll keep it. And

she is welcome to attribute her concern for me to what she pleases. But surely you can see—you can understand—but heaven bless her for her love ! and I would love her in return—if I could.

Har. You would not talk thus, if you had seen the firm dignity with which she gave me that paper—“*Assure him,*” said she, “no remaining affection comes along with it, but merely a duty which I owe him, to protect him from the humiliation of being a debtor to the man whom I am going to marry.”

Sir R. (With the utmost emotion.) Why, she is not going to be married again !

Har. I believe so.

Sir R. But are you sure of it, sir ? Are you sure of it ?

Har. Both she and her guardian told me so.

Sir R. That guardian, my Lord Norlaud, is one of the basest, vilest of men.—I tell you what, sir, I’ll resent this usage.

Har. Wherefore ?—As to his being the means of bringing about your separation, in that he obliged you.

Sir R. Yes, sir, he did, he certainly did ;—but though I am not in the least offended with him on that account, (for at that I rejoice) yet I will resent his disposing of her a second time.

Har. And wherefore ?

Sir R. Because, little regard as I have for her myself, yet no other man shall dare to treat her so ill as I have done.

Har. Do not fear it—her next husband will be a man, who, I can safely say, will never insult, or even offend her ; but soothe, indulge, and make her happy.

Sir R. And do you dare to tell me, that her next husband shall make her happy ? Now, that is worse than the other—no, sir, no man shall ever have it to say “he has made her either happy or miserable,” but myself.

Har. I know but of one way to prevent it.

Sir R. And what is that ?

Har. Pay your addresses to her, and marry her again yourself.

Sir R. And I would, rather than she should be happy with any body else. The devil take me if I would not.

Har. To shew that I am wholly disinterested in this affair, I will carry her a letter from you if you like, and say all I can in your behalf.

Sir R. Ha, ha, ha! Now, my dear Harmony, you carry your good-natured simplicity too far. However, I thank you, I sincerely thank you—but do you imagine I would be such a blockhead, as to make love to the same woman I made love to seven years ago, and who for the last six years I totally neglected?

Har. Yes: for if you have neglected her six years, she will now be a novelty.

Sir R. Egad, and so she will. You are right.

Har. But being in possession of her fortune, you can be very happy without her.

Sir R. Take her fortune back, sir.—(*Taking the bond from his pocket and offering it to Harmony.*)—I would starve, I would perish, die in poverty and infamy, rather than owe an obligation to a vile, perfidious

Har. Consider, Sir Robert, if you insist on my taking this bond back, it may fall into the husband's hands.

Sir R. Take it back—I insist upon it.—(*Gives it him, and Harmony puts it up.*)—But, Mr. Harmony, depend on it, Lord Norland shall hear from me, in the most serious manner, for his interference—I repeat, he is the vilest, the most villainous of men.

Har. How can you speak with such rancour of a nobleman, who speaks of you in the highest terms?

Sir R. Does he, 'faith?

Har. He owns you have some faults.

Sir R. I know I have.

Har. But he thinks your good qualities are numberless.

Sir R. Now dam'me, if ever I thought so ill of him, I ~~have~~ appeared to do!—But who is the intended

husband, my dear friend? Tell me, that I may laugh at him, and make you laugh at him.

Har. No, I am not inclined to laugh at him.

Sir R. 's it old Solus?

Har. No.

Sir R. But I will bet you a wager it is somebody equally ridiculous.

Har. I never bet.

Sir R. Solus is mad for a wife, and has been praising mine up to the heavens; you need say no more; I know it is he.

Har. Upon my honour, it is not. However, I cannot disclose to you at present the person's name; I must first obtain Lord Norland's permission.

Sir R. I shall ask you no more. I'll write to her—she will tell me;—or, I'll pay her a visit, and ask her boldly myself.—Do you think—(*Anxiously.*)—do you think she would see me?

Har. You can but try.

Enter WILLIAM, L.H.

William. Mr. Solus. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir R. Now I will find out the secret immediately.—I'll charge him with being the intended husband.

Har. I wont stay to hear you.

Enter SOLUS, L.H.

Mr. Solus, how do you do? I am extremely sorry that my engagements take me away as soon as you enter.

[*Exit, L.H. running to avoid an explanation.*]

Solus. Sir Robert, what is the matter? Has any thing ruffled you? Why, I never saw you look more out of temper, even while you were married.

Sir R. Ah! that I had never married! never known what marriage was! for, even at this moment, I feel its torments in my heart.

Solus. I have often heard of the torments of matrimony; but I conceive, that at the worst, they are no—

thing more than a kind of violent tickling, which will force the tears into your eyes, though at the same time you are bursting your sides with laughter.

Sir R. You have defined marriage too favourably; there is no laughter in the state: all is melancholy, all gloom.

Solus. Now I think marriage is an excellent remedy for the spleen. I have known a gentleman at a fest receive an affront, disguise his rage, step home, vent it all upon his wife, return to his companions, and be as good company as if nothing had happened.

Sir R. But even the necessary expenses of a wife should alarm you.

Solus. I can then retrench some of my own. Oh! my dear sir, a married man has so many delightful privileges to what a bachelor has!—An old lady will introduce her daughters to you in a dishabille—"It does not signify, my dears, it's a married man."—One lady will suffer you to draw on her glove—"Never mind, it's a married man."—Another will permit you to pull on her slipper; a third will even take you into her bed-chamber—"Pshaw, it's nothing but a married man."

Sir R. But the weight of your fetters will overbalance all these joys.

Solus. And yet I cannot say, notwithstanding you are relieved from those fetters, that I see much joy or content here.

Sir R. I am not very well at present; I have the head-ache; and, if ever a wife can be of comfort to her husband, it must be when he is indisposed. A wife, then, binds up your head, mixes your powders, bathes your temples, and hovers about, in a way that is most endearing.

Solus. Don't speak of it; I long to have one hover about me. But I will—I am determined I will, before I am a week older. Don't speak, don't attempt to dissuade me. Your description has renewed my eagerness—I will be married.

Sir R. And without pretending not to know who you mean to make your choice, I tell you plainly, it is

Miss Wooburn, it is my late wife.—I know you have made overtures to my Lord Norland, and that he has given his consent.

Solus. You tell me a great piece of news—I'll go ask my lord if it be true; and if he says it is, I shall be very glad to find it so.

Sir R. That is right, sir; marry her, marry her;—I give you joy, that's all.—Ha, ha, ha! I think I should know her temper.—But if you will venture to marry her, I sincerely wish you happy.

Solus. And if we are not, you know we can be divorced.

Sir R. Not always. Take my advice, and live as you are.

Solus. You almost stagger my resolution.—I had painted such bright prospects in marriage:—good day to you.—(*Going, L.H. returns.*)—You think I had better not marry?

Sir R. You are undone if you do.

Solus. (*Sighing*) You ought to know from experience.

Sir R. From that I speak.

Solus. (*Going to L.H.D. and returning once or twice, as undetermined in his resolution.*) But then, what a poor disconsolate object shall I live, without a wife to hover about me; to bind up my head, and bathe my temples! Oh! I am impatient for all the chartered rights, privileges, and immunities of a married man. I will be married [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir R. Furies, racks, torments—I cannot bear what I feel, and yet I am ashamed to own I feel any thing!

Enter MR. PLACID, L.H.

Placid. My dear Sir Robert, give me joy. Mrs. Placid and I are come to the very point you advised; matters are in the fairest way for a separation.

Sir R. I do give you joy, and most sincerely. You are right; you'll soon be as happy as I am.—(*Sighing.*)—But, would you suppose it? that deluded wo-

44 EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT.

man, my wife, is going to be married again! I thought she had experienced enough from me!

Placid. Who is her intended husband?

Sir R. Solus, Solus—an old man—an ugly man! He left me this moment, and owned it—owned it. Go after him, will you, and persuade him not to have her.

Placid. My advice will have no effect, for you know he is determined upon matrimony.

Sir R. Then could not you, my dear sir, (as you are going to be separated) could not you recommend him to marry your wife?—It will be all the same to him, and I shall like it much better.

Placid. Ours will not be a divorce, consider, but merely a separate maintenance. But were it otherwise, I wish no man so ill, as to wish him married to Mrs. Placid.

Sir R. That is my case exactly. I wish no man so ill, as to wish him married to my Lady Ramble; and poor old Solus in particular, poor old man! a very good sort of man—I have a great friendship for Solus.—I can't stay a moment in the house—I must go somewhere—I'll go to Solus.—No, I'll go to Lord Norland—no, I will go to Harmony; and then I'll call on you, and we'll take a bottle together; and when you are become free—(*Takes his hand.*)—we'll both join, from that moment we'll join, to laugh at, to contemn, to despise all those who boast of the joys of conjugal love.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Mr. Harmony's.*

Enter MR. HARMONY, L.H.

Har. And now, for one of the most painful tasks

that brotherly love ever draws upon me ; to tell another, the suit of which I gave him hope, has failed. —Yet, if I can but overcome Captain Irwin's delicacy so far as to prevail on him to accept one proof more of my good wishes towards him :—but to a man of his nice sense of obligations, the offer must be made with caution.

Enter LORD NORLAND, R.H.

Lord N. Mr. Harmony, I beg your pardon : I come in thus abruptly, from the anxiety I feel concerning what passed between us this morning in respect to Miss Wooburn. You have not changed your mind, I hope ?

Har. Indeed, my lord, I am very sorry that it will not be in my power to oblige you.

Lord N. (In anger.) How, sir ? Did not you give me your word ?

Har. Only conditionally, my lord.

Lord N. And what were the conditions ?

Har. Have you forgot them ? Her former husband.

Enter SAM, L.H.

Sam. Sir Robert Ramble is in his carriage at the door, and, if you are at leisure, will come in.

Har. Desire him to walk up. I have your leave, I suppose, my lord ? *[Exit Sam, R.H.]*

Lord N. Yes ; but let me get out of the house with out meeting him.—(*Going to the opposite door.*)—Can I go this way ?

Har. Why should you shun him ?

Lord N. Because he used his wife ill.

Har. He did. But I believe he is very sorry for it. —And as for you, he said to me only a few hours ago —but no matter.

Lord N. What did he say ? I insist upon knowing.

Har. Why, then, he said, “that if he had a sacred trust to repose in any one, you should be the man on earth, to whom he would confide it.”

Lord N. Well, I am in no hurry; I can stay a few minutes.

Enter SIR ROBERT RAMBLE, L II.

Sir R. Oh! Harmony! I am in such a distracted state of mind—(*Seeing Lord N he starts, and bows with the most humble respect*)

Lord N. Sir Robert, how do you do?

Sir R. My lord, I am pretty well.—I hope I have the happiness of seeing your lordship in perfect health.

Lord N. Very well, sir, I thank you.

Sir R. Indeed, my lord, I think I never saw you look better.

Lord N. Mr. Harmony, you and Sir Robert may have some business—I'll wish you a good morning.

Har. No, my lord, I fancy Sir Robert has nothing particular.

Sir R. Nothing, nothing, I assure you, my lord.

Lord N. However, I have business myself in another place, and so you will excuse me. (*Going.*)

Sir R. (*Following him.*) My lord—Lord Norland—I trust you will excuse my enquiries.—I hope, my lord, all your family are well?

Lord N. All very well.

Sir R. Your little élève,—Master Edward—the young gentlemen you have adopted—I hope he is well—(*Hesitating and confused.*)—And—your ward, sir—Miss Wooburn, I hope, my lord, she is well?

Lord N. Yes, Sir Robert, Miss Wooburn is tolerably well.

Sir R. Only tolerably, my lord? I am sorry for that.

Har. I hope, my lord, you will excuse my mentioning the subject: but I was telling Sir Robert just now, of your intentions respecting a second marriage for that lady; but Sir Robert does not appear to approve of the design.

Lord N. What objection can he have?

Sir R. My lord, there are such a number of bad hus-

lands; there are such a number of dissipated, unthinking, unprincipled men!—And—I should be extremely sorry to see any lady, with whom I have the honour of being so closely allied, united to a man who would undervalue her worth.

Lord N. Pray, Sir Robert, were you not then extremely sorry for her, while she was united to you?

Sir R. Very sorry for her, indeed, my lord. But, at that time, my mind was so much taken up with other cares, I own I did not feel the compassion which was her due; but, now that I am single, I shall have leisure to pay her more attention; and should I find her unhappy, it must, inevitably, make me so.

Lord N. Depend upon it, that on the present occasion, I shall take infinite care in the choice of her husband.

Sir R. If your lordship would permit me to have an interview with Miss Wooburn, I think I should be able at least—

Lord N. You would not sure insult her by your presence?

Sir R. I think I should be able at least to point out an object worthy of her taste—I know that which she will like better than any body in the world.

Lord N. Her request has been, that I may point her out a husband the reverse of you.

Sir R. Then, upon my honour, my lord, she won't like him.

Lord N. Have not you liked women the reverse of her?

Sir R. Yes, my lord, perhaps I have, and perhaps I still do. I do not pretend to love her; I did not say I did; nay, I positively protest I do not; but this indifference I acknowledge as one of my faults; and, notwithstanding all my faults, give me leave to acknowledge my gratitude that your lordship has nevertheless been pleased to declare you think my virtues are numberless.

(*Lord Norland shews surprise.*)

Har. (*Aside to Sir Robert.*) Hush, hush!—Don't talk of your virtues now.

Lord N. Sir Robert, to all this incoherent language this is my answer, this is my will; the lady, to whom I have had the honour to be guardian, shall never (while she calls me friend) see you more.—(*Sir Robert, at this sentence, stands silent for some time, then, suddenly recollecting himself.*)

Sir R. Lord Norland, I am too well acquainted with the truth of your word, and the firmness of your temper, to press my suit one sentence farther.

Lord N. I commend your discernment.

Sir R. My lord, I feel myself a little embarrassed.—I am afraid I have made myself a little ridiculous upon this occasion.—Will your lordship do me the favour to forget it?

Lord N. I will forget whatever you please.

Har. (*Following him, whispers.*) I am sorry to see you going away in despair.

Sir R. I never did despair in my life, sir; and while a woman is the object of my wishes, I never will.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Lord N. What did he say?

Har. That he thought your conduct that of a just and an upright man.

Lord N. To say the truth, he has gone away with better manners than I could have imagined, considering his jealousy is provoked.

Har. Ah! I always knew he loved his wife, notwithstanding his behaviour to her; for, if you remember, he always spoke well of her behind her back.

Lord N. No, I do not remember it.

Har. Yes, he did; and that is the only criterion of a man's love or of his friendship.

Enter SAM, L.H.

Sam. A young gentleman is at the door, sir, enquiring for Lord Norland.

Lord N. Who can it be?

Har. Your young gentleman from home, I dare say. Desire him to walk in. Bring him here.

[*Exit Sam, L.H.*

Lord N. What business can he have to follow me ?

Enter EDWARD, I.H.

Edw. Oh ! my lord, I beg your pardon for coming hither, but I come to tell you something you will be glad to hear.

Har. Good heaven ! how like his mother !

Lord N. (*Taking him by the hand.*) I begin to think he is—but he was not so when I first took him.—No, no, if he had, he would not have been thus near me now;—but to turn him away, because his countenance is a little changed, I think would not be right.

Edw. (*To Harmony.*) Pray, sir, did you know my mother ?

Har. I have seen her.

Edw. Did you ever see her, my lord ?

Lord N. I thought you had orders never to inquire about your parents ? Have you forgotten those orders ?

Edw. No, my lord ; but when this gentleman said I was like my mother—it put me in mind of her.

Har. You do not remember your mother, do you ?

Edw. Sometimes I think I do. I think sometimes I remember her kissing me, when she and my father went on board of a ship ; and so hard she pressed me—I think I feel it now.

Har. Perhaps she was the only lady that ever saluted you ?

Edw. No, sir ; not by many.

Lord N. But pray, young man, (to have done with this subject) what brought you here ? You seem to have forgot your errand ?

Edw. And so I had, upon my word. Speaking of my mother, put it quite out of my head.—But, my lord, I came to let you know, the robber who stopped you last night is taken.

Lord N. I am glad to hear it.

Edw. I knew you would ; and therefore I begged to be the first to tell you.

Har. (To Lord Norland.) Should you know the person again?

Lord N. I cannot say I should, his face seemed so much distorted.

Har. Ay, wretched man! I suppose with terror.

Lord N. No; it appeared a different passion from fear.

Edw. Perhaps, my lord, it was *your* fear that made you think so.

Lord N. No, sir, I was not frightened.

Edw. Then why did you give him your money.

Lord N. It was surprise caused me to do that.

Edw. I wondered what it was. You said it was not fear, and I was sure it could not be love.

Har. How has he been taken?

Edw. A person came to our steward, and informed against him:—and, oh! my lord, his poor wife told the officers who took him, they had met with misfortunes, which she feared had caused a fever in her husband's head; and, indeed, they found him too ill to be removed; and so, she hoped, she said, "that as a man not in his perfect mind, you would be merciful him."

Lord N. I will be just.

Edw. And that is being merciful, is it not, my lord?

Lord N. Not always.

Edw. I thought it had been.—It is not *just* to be unmerciful, is it?

Lord N. Certainly not.

Edw. Then it must be *just* to have mercy.

Lord N. You draw a false conclusion. Great as is the virtue of *mercy*, *justice* is greater still. *Justice* holds its place among those cardinal virtues which include all the lesser.—Come, Mr. Harmony, will you go home with me? And, before I attend to this business, let me persuade you to forget there is such a person in the world as Sir Robert Ramble, and suffer me to introduce you to Miss Wooburn, as the man who—

Har. I beg to be excused.—Besides the consideration of Sir Robert, I have another reason why I cannot

go with you. The melancholy tale which this young gentleman has been telling, has cast a gloom on my spirits, which renders me unfit for the society of a lady.

Lord N. Now I should not be surprised were you to go in search of this culprit and his family, and come to me to entreat me to forego the prosecution; but, before you ask me, I tell you it is vain—I will not.

Har. Lord Norland, I have lately been so unsuccessful in my petitions to you, I shall never presume to interpose between your rigour and a weak sufferer more.

Lord N. Plead the cause of the good, and I will listen; but you find none but the wicked for your compassion.

Har. The good in all states, even in the very grasp of death, are objects of envy; it is the bad who are the only sufferers. There, where no internal consolation cheers, who can refuse a little external comfort?—And let me tell you, my lord, that amidst all your authority, your state, your grandeur, I often pity you.—(*Speaking with unaffected compassion.*)

Lord N. Good-day, Mr. Harmony;—(*Crosses to H.*)—and when you have apologised for what you have said, we may be friends again.

[*Exit, L.H. leading off Edward.*]

Har. Nay, hear my apology now. I cannot—no, it is not in my nature to live in resentment, nor under the resentment of any creature in the world.

[*Exit, following Lord Norland.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Lord Norland's.*

Enter SIR ROBERT RAMBLE, followed by SAM, L.H.

Sir R. Do not say who it is—but say a gentleman who has some very particular business with her.

Sam. Yes; sir. (*Going.*)

Sir R. Pray—(*Sam returns.*)—you are but lately come into this service, I believe?

Sam. Only a few days, sir.

Sir R. You don't know me, then?

Sam. No, sir.

Sir R. I am very glad of it. So much the better. Go to Miss Wooburn, with a stranger's compliments, who is waiting, and who begs to speak with her upon an affair of importance.

Sam. Yes, sir. [Crosses and exit, R.H.]

Sir R. I wish I may die if I don't feel very unaccountably! How different are our sensations towards our wives, and all other women! This is the very first time she has given me a palpitation since the honeymoon.

Enter Miss WOOBURN, R.H. who starts on seeing Sir Robert;—he bows in great confusion.

Miss W. Support me, heaven! (Aside.)

Sir R. (*Bows repeatedly, and does not speak till after many efforts.*) Wasever man in such confusion before his wife! (Aside.)

Miss W. Sir Robert, having recovered, in some measure, from the surprise into which this intrusion first threw me, I have only to say, that whatever pretence may have induced you to offer me this insult, there is not any that can oblige me to bear with it.

(*Going, R.H.*)

Sir R. Lady Ramb—(*Recalling himself.*)—Miss Woo—(*She turns.*)—Lady Ramble—(*Recalling himself again.*)—Miss Wooburn—madam—you wrong me—there was a time when I insulted you, I confess; but it is impossible that time should ever return.

Miss W. While I stay with you, I incur the danger.

(*Going, R.H.*)

Sir R. (*Holding her.*) Nay, listen to me as a friend, whom you have so often heard as an enemy.—You offered me a favour by the hands of Mr. Harmony—

Miss W. And is this the motive of your visit—this the return—

Sir R. No, madam, that obligation was not the motive which drew me hither.—The real cause of this

seeming intrusion is—you are going to be married once more, and I come to warn you of your danger.

Miss W. That you did sufficiently in the marriage-state.

Sir R. But now I come to offer you advice that may be of the most material consequence, should you really be determined to yield yourself again into the power of a husband.

Miss W. Which I most assuredly am.

Sir R. Happy, happy man! How much is he the object of my envy! None, so well as I, know how to envy him, because none, so well as I, know how to value you.—(*She offers to go, R.H.*)—Nay, by heaven! you shall not go, till you have heard all that I came to say!

Miss W. Speak it then instantly.

Sir R. No, it would take whole ages to speak; and should we live together, as long as we *have* lived together, still I should not find time to tell you—how much I love you.

(*A loud rapping at the street door, L.H.*)

Miss W. That, I hope, is Lord Norland.

Sir R. And what has Lord Norland to do with souls free as ours? Let us go to Scotland again; and again bid defiance to his stern commands.

Miss W. Be assured that, through him only, will I ever listen to a syllable you have to utter.

Sir R. One syllable only, and I am gone that instant.

Miss W. Well, sir?—(*He hesitates, trembles, seems to struggle with himself; then approaching her slowly, timidly, and as if ashamed of his humiliation, kneels to her.—She turns away.*)

Sir R. (*Kneeling.*) Maria, Maria, look at me!—Look at me in this humble state.—Could you have suspected this, Maria?

Miss S. No: nor can I conceive what this mockery means.

Sir R. It means, that now you are no longer my wife, you are my goddess; and thus I offer you my

supplication, that (if you are resolved not to live single) amongst the numerous train who present their suit, you will once more select me.

Miss W. You!—you who have treated me with cruelty;—who made no secret of your love for others—but gloried, boasted of your gallantries?

Sir R. I did, I did.—But here I swear, only trust me again—do but once more trust me, and I swear by all I hold most sacred, that I will for the future carefully conceal all my gallantries from your knowledge—though they were ten times more frequent than before

Enter EDWARD, L.H.

Edw. Oh! my dear Miss Wooburn.—What! Sir Robert here, too!—(*Goes to Sir Robert, and shakes hands.*)—How do you do, Sir Robert? Who would have thought of seeing you here? I am glad to see you, though, with all my heart? and so I dare say is Miss Wooburn, though she may not like to say so.

Miss W. You are impertinent, sir.

Edw. What, for coming in? I will go away then.

Sir R. Do, do—there's a good boy—do.

Edw. (*Going, returns.*) I cannot help laughing, though, to see you two together!—For you know you never were together when you lived in the same house.

Sir R. Leave the room instantly, sir, or I shall call Lord Norland.

Edw. Oh! don't take the trouble, I will call him myself.—(*Runs to the door.*)—My lord, my lord, pray come hither this moment.—As I am alive, here is Sir Robert Ramble along with Lady Ramble!

Enter LORD NORLAND, L.H.—Sir Robert looks confounded.—Lord Norland points to Edward to leave the room.—[Exit Edward, L.H.]

Lord N. Sir Robert, on what pretence do you come hither?

Sir R. On the same pretence as when I was for the first time admitted into your house: to solicit this lady's hand. And, after having had it once, no force shall compel me to take a refusal.

Lord N. I will try, however.—Madam, quit the room instantly.

Sir R. My lord, she shall not quit it.

Lord N. I command her to go.

Sir R. And I command her to stay.

Lord N. Which of us will you obey?

Miss W. My inclination, my lord, disposes me to obey you;—but I have so lately been accustomed to obey him, that *custom* inclines me to obey him still.

Sir R. There, there, there, my lord! Now I hope you will understand better for the future, and not attempt to interfere between a man and his wife?

Lord N. (*To her.*) Be explicit in your answer to this question.—Will you consent to be his wife?

Miss W. No, never.

Sir R. Zounds, my lord, now you are hurrying matters.—You should do it by gentle means;—let me ask her gently.—(*With a most soft voice.*)—Maria, Maria, will you be my wife once again?

Miss W. Never.

Sir R. So you said seven years ago, when I asked you, and yet you consented.

Lord N. And now, Sir Robert, you have had your answer; leave my house. (*Going up to him.*)

Sir R. Yes, sir; but not without my other half.

Lord N. "Your other half?"

Sir R. Yes; the wife of my bosom—the wife whom I swore at the altar "to love and to cherish, and, forsaking all others, cleave only to her as long as we both should live."

Lord N. You broke your oath, and made the contract void.

Sir R. But I am ready to take another oath; and another after that, and another after that.—And oh, my dear Maria! be propitious to my vows, and give

me hopes you will again be mine.—(*He goes to her, and kneels in the most supplicating manner.*)

Enter EDWARD, L.H.S.E. shewing in MR. SOLUS and MR. PLACID; Edward points to Sir Robert, (who has his back towards them) and goes off, L.H.

Sir R. (Still on his knees, and not perceiving their entrance.) I cannot live without you.—Receive your penitent husband, thus humbly acknowledging his faults, and imploring you to accept him once again.

Solus. (Going up to Sir Robert, and tapping him on the shoulder, R.H.) Now, is it wonderful that I should want a wife?

Placid. And is it to be wondered at, if I should hesitate about parting with mine?

Sir R. (Starts up in great confusion.) Mr. Solus, Mr. Placid, I am highly displeased that my private actions should be thus inspected.

Solus. No one shall persuade me now to live a day without a wife.

Placid. And no one shall persuade me now not to be content with my own.

Solus. I will procure a special licence, and marry the first woman I meet.

Sir R. Mr. Solus, you are, I believe, interested in a peculiar manner about the marriage of this lady.

Solus. And, poor man, you are sick, and want somebody to “bathe your temples,” and to “hover about you.”

Miss W. You come in most opportunely, my dear Mr. Solus, to be a witness—

Sir R. “My dear Mr. Solus!”

Solus. To be a witness, madam, that a man is miserable without a wife. I have been a fatal instance of that, for some time.

Miss W. Come to me, then, and receive a lesson.

Sir R. No, madam, he shall not come to you: nor

'shall he receive a lesson. No one shall receive a lesson from you, but myself.

Lord N. Sir Robert, one would suppose, by this extraordinary behaviour, you were jealous.

Sir R. And so I am, my lord; I have cause to be so.

Lord N. No cause to be jealous of Mr. Solus.—He is not Miss Wooburn's lover, I assure you.

Sir R. Then, my lord, I verily believe it is yourself. Yes, I can see it is; I can see it in her eyes, and by every feature in your face.

Miss W. Oh! my good friend, Mr. Placid, only listen to him.

Sir R. And why "my good friend, Mr. Placid?"—*(To Placid.)*—By heavens, sir, I believe that you only wished to get rid of your own wife, in order to marry mine.

Placid. I do not wish to part with my own wife, Sir Robert, since what I have just seen

Sir R. *(Going up to Solus and Lord Norland.)* Then, pray, gentlemen, be so good as to tell me which of you two is the happy man, that I may know how to conduct myself towards him.

Miss W. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir R. Do you insult me, Maria?—Oh! have pity on my sufferings.

Solus. If you have a mind to kneel down again, we will go out of the room.

Placid. Just as I was comforting myself with the prospect of a divorce, I find my instructor and director pleading on his knees to be re-married!

Enter Mrs. PLACID, i. e. who steals upon Mr. Placid unperceived.

Mrs. P. What were you saying about a divorce?

Sir R. Now, down on your knees, and beg pardon.

Miss W. My dear Mrs. Placid, if this visit is to me, I take it very kind.

Mrs. P. Not absolutely to you, my dear. I saw

Mr. Placid's carriage at the door, and so I stepped in to desire him to go home directly.

Placid. Presently, my dear; I will go presently.

Mrs. P. Presently wont do: I say directly. There is a lady at my house in the greatest possible distress.—(*Whispers him.*)—Lady Eleanor—I never saw a creature in such distraction;—(*Raising her voice.*)—therefore go home this moment; you sha'n't stay an instant longer.

Solus. Égad, I don't know whether I will marry or not.

Mrs. P. Why don't you go, Mr. Placid, when I bid you?

Solus. No; I think I wont marry.

Placid. But, my dear, will not you go home with me?

Mrs. P. Did not I tell you to go by yourself?

[*Placid bows, and goes off, L.H.*]

Solus. No;—I am sure I wont marry,

Lord N. And now, Mr. Solus and Sir Robert, these ladies may have some private conversation. Do me the favour to leave them alone.

Miss W. My lord, with your leave, we will retire.—(*Turns when she gets to the door.*)—Sir Robert, I have remained in your company, and compelled myself to the painful task of hearing all you have had to say, merely for the satisfaction of exposing your love; and then enjoying the triumph of bidding you farewell for ever.

[*Exeunt with Mrs. Placid, R.H.*]

Solus. (*Looking steadfastly at Sir Robert.*) He turns pale at the thoughts of losing her. Yes, I think I'll marry.

Lord N. Come, Sir Robert, it is in vain to loiter; your doom is fixed,

Sir R. (*In a melancholy musing tone.*) Shall I then never again know what it is to have a heart like hers to repose my troubles on?

Solus. Yes, I'm pretty sure I'll marry.

Sir R. A friend in all my anxieties, a companion in all my pleasures, a physician in all my sicknesses—

Solus. Yes, I will marry.

Lord N. Come, come, Sir Robert, do not let you and I have any dispute.

(Leading him towards the door, L.H.)

Sir R. Senseless man, not to value those blessings.—Not to know how to estimate them, till they were lost!

[Lord Norland leads him off, L.H.]

Solus. (Following.) Yes—I am determined!—nothing shall prevent me—I will be married.

[Exit, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

• ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Lord Norland's.*

Enter HAMMOND, L.H. followed by LADY ELEANOR.

Ham. My lord is busily engaged, madam; I do not suppose he would see any one, much less a stranger.

Lady E. I am no stranger.

Ham. Your name, then, madam?

Lady E. That I cannot send in. But tell him, sir, I am the afflicted wife of a man, who, for some weeks past, has given many fatal proofs of a disordered mind. In one of those fits of phrenzy, he held an instrument of death, meant for his own destruction, to the breast of your lord, (who by accident that moment passed) and took from him what he vainly hoped might preserve his own life, and relieve the wants of his family. But, his paroxysm over, he shrunk from what he had done, and gave the whole he had thus unwarrantably taken into a servant's hands, to be returned to its lawful owner. The man, admitted to this confidence, betrayed his trust, and, instead of giving up what was thus sacredly delivered to him, secreted it; and, to obtain the promised reward, came to this house, but to inform against

life;—and I am in such fear of him, I did not think I ever should.—Yet I cannot refuse you;—take it.—*(Gives her the book.)*—But pity me when my lord shall know of it.

Lady E. Oh! should he discard you for what you have done, it will embitter every moment of my remaining life.

Edw. Do not frighten yourself about that.—I think he loves me too well to discard me quite.

Lady E. Does he, indeed?

Edw. I think he does!—for often, when we are alone, he presses me to his bosom so fondly, you would not suppose.—And, when my poor nurse died, she called me to her bedside, and told me (but pray keep it a secret)—she told me I was his grandchild.

Lady E. You are!—you are his grandchild—I see—I feel you are:—for I feel that I am your mother.—*(Embraces him.)*—Oh! take this evidence back.—*(Returning the book.)*—I cannot receive it from thee my child:—no, let us all perish, rather than my boy, my only boy, should do an act to stain his conscience, or to lose his grandfather's love.

Edw. What do you mean?

Lady E. The name of the person with whom you lived in your infancy was Heyland?

Edw. It was

Lady E. I am your mother, Lord Norland's only child—*(Edward kneels to her.)*—who, for one act of disobedience, have been driven to another part of the globe in poverty, and forced to leave you, my life, behind.—*(She embraces and raises him.)*—Your father, in his struggles to support us all, has fallen a victim;—but Heaven, which has preserved my son, will save my husband, restore his senses, and once more—

Edw. *(Starting.)* I hear my lord's step—he is coming this way.—Begone, mother, or we are all undone.

Lady E. No, let him come—for though his frown should kill me, yet must I thank him for his care of thee. *(She advances to the door to meet him)*

Enter LORD NORLAND, R.H.

(*Lady Eleanor falls on her knees.*)—You love me;—'tis in vain to say you do not. You love my child: and with whatever hardship you have dealt, or still mean to deal by me, I will never cease to think you love me, nor ever cease my gratitude for your goodness.

Lord N. Where are my servants? Who let this woman in?—(*She rises, and retreats from him, alarmed and confused.*)

Edw. Oh! my lord, pity her.—Do not let me see her hardly treated.—Indeed, I cannot bear it.

Enter HAMMOND, L.H.

Lord N. (*To Lady Eleanor.*) What was your errand here? If to see your child, take him away with you.

Lady E. I came to see my father.—I have a house too full of such as he already.

Lord N. How did she gain admittance?

Ham. With a petition, which I repeated to your lordship. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lord N. Her husband, then, it was, who—(*To Lady Eleanor.*)—But let him know, for this boy's sake, I will no longer pursue him.

Lady E. For that boy's sake you will not pursue his father; but for whose sake are you so tender of that boy? 'Tis for mine, for my sake; and by that I conjure you— (*Offers to kneel.*)

Lord N. Your prayers are vain.—(*To Edward.*)—Go, take leave of your mother for ever, and instantly follow me;—or shake hands with me for the last time, and instantly begone with her.

Edw. (*Stands between them in doubt for some little time; looks alternately at each with emotions of affection; at last goes to his grandfather, and takes hold of his hand.*) Farewell, my lord—it almost breaks

my heart to part from you ;—but, if I have my choice, I must go with my mother.—[*Exit Lord Norland instantly, R.H.—Lady Eleanor and her son go off, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at Lord Norland's.*

Enter Miss WOOBURN and Mrs. PLACID, R.H.

Mrs. P. Well, my dear, farewell.—I have stayed a great while longer than I intended.—I certainly forgot to tell Mr. Placid to come back after he had spoken with Lady Eleanor, or he would not have taken the liberty not to have come.

Miss W. How often have I lamented the fate of Lord Norland's daughter ! But, luckily, I have no personal acquaintance with her, or I should probably feel a great deal more on her account than I do at present. She had quitted her father's house before I came to it.

Enter Mr. HARMONY, L.H.

Har. My whole time is passed in endeavouring to make people happy, and yet they won't let me do it.—I flattered myself that after I had resigned all pretensions to you, Miss Wooburn, in order to accommodate Sir Robert—that, after I had told both my lord and him, in what high estimation they stood in each other's opinion, they would of course have been friends, or, at least, not have come to any desperate quarrel.—Instead of which, what have they done, but, within this hour, had a duel !—and poor Sir Robert—

Miss W. For heaven's sake, tell me of Sir Robert—

Har. You were the only person he mentioned after he received his wound ; and such encomiums as he uttered—

Miss W. Good heaven ! If he is in danger, it will be vain to endeavour to conceal what I shall suffer.

(*Retires a few paces to hide her emotions.*)

Mrs. P. Was my husband there ?

Har. He was one of the seconds.

Mrs. P. Then he shall not stir out of his house this month for it.

Har. He is ^{not} likely; for he is hurt too.

Mrs. P. A great deal hurt?

Har. Don't alarm yourself.

Mrs. P. I don't.

Har. Nay, if you had heard what he said!

Mrs. P. What did he say?

Har. How tenderly he spoke of you to all his friends—

Mrs. P. But what did he say?

Har. He said you had imperfections.

Mrs. P. Then he told a falsehood.

Har. But he acknowledged they were such as only convinced a superior understanding to the rest of your sex;—and that your heart—

Mrs. P. (*Bursting into tears*) I am sure I am very sorry that any misfortune has happened to him, poor, silly man! But I don't suppose—(*Drying up her tears at once.*)—he'll die?

Har. If you will behave kindly to him, I should suppose not.

Mrs. P. Mr. Harmony, if Mr. Placid is either dying or dead, I shall behave with very great tenderness; but if I find him alive, and likely to live, I will lead him such a life as he has not led a long time.

Har. Then you mean to be kind?—But, my dear Miss Wooburn—(*Going to her.*)—why this seeming grief? Sir Robert is still living; and should he die of his wounds, you may at least console yourself, that it was not your cruelty which killed him.

Miss W. Rather than have such a weight on my conscience, I would comply with the most extravagant of his desires, and suffer his cruelty to be the death of me.

Har. If those are your sentiments, it is my advice that you pay him a visit in his affliction.

Miss W. Oh no, Mr. Harmony, I would not for the universe. Mrs. Placid, do you think it would be proper?

Mrs. P. No, I think it would not.—Consider, my

dear, you are no longer a wife, but a single woman, and would you run into the clutches of a man?

Har. He has no clutches, madam, he is ill in bed and totally helpless.—But, upon recollection, it would, perhaps, be needless to go; for he may be too ill to admit you.

Miss W. If that is the case, all respect to my situation, my character, sinks before the strong desire of seeing him once more. Oh! were I married to another, I feel, that, in spite of all my private declarations, or public vows, I should fly from him to pay my duty where it was first plighted.

Har. My coach is at the door; shall I take you to his house? Come, Mrs. Placid, waive all ceremonious motives on the present melancholy occasion, and go along with Miss Wooburn and me.

Miss W. But, Mrs. Placid, perhaps poor Mr. Placid is in want of your attendance at home.

Har. No, they were both carried in the same carriage to Sir Robert's.

Miss W. (*As Harmony leads her to the door.*) Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that I may console him!

Mrs. P. Oh! how I long to see my dear husband, that I may quarrel with him! [*Exeunt, L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Hall at Sir Robert Ramble's.—
The Porter discovered asleep.*

Enter WILLIAM, R. H.

Will. Porter, porter, how can you sleep at this time of the day? It is only eight o'clock?

Porter. What did you want, Mr. William?

Will. To tell you my master must not be disturbed, and so you must not let in a single creature.

Porter. Mr. William, this is no less than the third time I have received those orders within this half hour;

—first from the butler, then from the valet, and now from the footman.—Do you all suppose I am stupid?

Will. I was bound to tell you. I have only done what was desired; and mind you do the same. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Porter. I'll do my duty, I warrant you. I'll do my duty.—(*A loud rapping at the door, L.H.*)—And there's a summons to put my duty to the trial.

(*Opens the door.*)

Enter HARMONY, MISS WOOBURN, and MRS. PLACID, L.H.

Har. These ladies come on a visit to Sir Robert. Desire one of the servants to conduct them to him instantly.

Porter. Indeed, sir, that is impossible.—My master is not—

Har. We know he is at home, and therefore we can make no denial.

Porter. I own he is at home, sir; but, indeed, he is not in a situation—

Miss W. We know his situation.

Porter. Then, madam, you must suppose he is not to be disturbed. I have strict orders not to let in a single soul.

Har. This lady, you must be certain, is an exception.

Porter. No lady can be an exception in my master's present state; for I believe, sir, but—perhaps, I should not speak of it—I believe my master is nearly gone.

Miss W. Oh! support me, heaven!

Mrs. P. But has he his senses?

Porter. Not very clearly, I believe.

Miss W. Oh! Mr. Harmony, let me see him, before they are quite lost.

Porter. It is as much as my place is worth, to let a creature farther than this hall; for my master is but in the next room.

Mrs. P. That is a dining room. Is not he in bed?

Har. (Aside to the Ladies.) In cases of wounds, the patient is oftentimes propped up in his chair.

Miss W. Does he talk at all?

Porter. Yes, madam, I heard him just now very loud.

Miss W. (Listening.) I think I hear him rave.

Har. No, that murmuring is the voice of other persons.

Mrs. P. The physicians in consultation, I apprehend.—Has he taken any thing?

Porter. A great deal, I believe, madam.

Mrs. P. No amputation, I hope?

Porter. What, madam?

Har. He does not understand you.—(*To Miss Wooburn.*)—Come, will you go back?

Porter. Do, my lady, and call in the morning.

Miss W. By that time he may be totally insensible, and die without knowing how much I am attached to him.

Mrs. P. And my husband may die without knowing how angry I am with him!—Mr. Harmony, never mind this foolish man, but force your way into the next room.

Porter. Indeed, sir, you must not. Pray, Mr. Harmony, pray, ladies, go away.

Miss W. Yes, I must go from my husband's house for ever, never to see that or him again!

(*Faints on Mr. Harmony.*)

Mrs. P. She is fainting—open the windows—give her air.

Porter. Pray go away:—there's plenty of air in the streets, ma'am.

Har. Scoundrel! Your impertinence is insupportable. Open these doors; I insist on their being opened.—(*He thrusts a door in the centre of the stage; it opens, and discovers Sir Robert and Mr. Placid at a table, surrounded by a company of gentlemen.*)

Sir R. A song—a song—another song—(*Miss Wooburn, all astonishment, is supported by Mr. Har-*

mony and Mrs. Placid.—The Porter runs off, L.H.)
 —Ah! what do I see!—Women!—Ladies!—Celestial
 beings we were talking of!—Can this be real?—(*Sir
 Robert and Mr. Placid come forward.—Sir Robert,
 perceiving it is Miss Wooburn, turns himself to the
 company.*)—Gentlemen, gentlemen, married men and
 single men, hear me thus publicly renounce every wo-
 man on earth but this; and swear henceforward to be
 devoted to none but my own wife.

(*Goes to her in raptures.*)

*Placid. (Looking at Mrs. Placid, then turning to
 the company.)* Gentlemen, gentlemen, married men
 and single men, hear me thus publicly declare, I will
 henceforth be master; and from this time forward will
 be obeyed by my wife.—(*Sir Robert waves his hand,
 and the door is closed on the company of gentlemen.*)

Mrs. P. Mr. Placid.—Mr. Placid, are you not
 afraid?

Placid. No, madam, I have consulted my friends, I
 have drank two bottles of wine, and I never intend to
 be afraid again.

Miss W. (To Sir Robert.) Can it be that I see you
 without a wound?

Sir R. No, my life, that you do not; for I have a
 wound through my heart, which none but you can cure.
 But, in despair of your aid, I have flown to wine, to
 give me a temporary relief by the loss of reflection.

Mrs. P. Mr. Placid, you will be sober in the morn-
 ing.

Placid. Yes, my dear; and I will take care that you
 shall be dutiful in the morning.

Har. For shame! how can you treat Mrs. Placid
 thus? You would not, if you knew what kind things
 she has been saying of you; and how anxious she was,
 when I told her you were wounded in a duel.

Mrs. P. Was not I, Mr. Harmony?

(*Bursting into tears.*)

Placid. (Aside to Harmony and Sir Robert.) I
 did not know she could cry:—I never saw it before,
 and it has made me sober in an instant.

Miss W. Mr. Placid, I rely on you to conduct me immediately from this house.

Sir R. That I protest against; and will use every violent measures to prevent him.

Enter WILLIAM, L.H.

Will. Lord Norland.

[*Exit, L.*

Enter LORD NORLAND, L.H.

Miss W. He will protect me.

Sir R. Who shall protect you in my house but myself? My lord, she is under my protection; and if you offer to take her from me, I'll exert the authority of a husband, and lock her up.

Lord N. (*To Miss Wooburn.*) Have you been deluded hither, and wish to leave the place with me? Tell me instantly, that I may know how to act.

Miss W. My lord, I am ready to go with you, but—

Har. But you find she is inclined to stay; and do have some compassion upon two people, that are so fond of you.

Enter MR. SOLUS, L.H. dressed in a suit of white clothes.

Solus. I am married!—I am married!—Wish me joy!—I am married!

Sir R. I cannot give you joy, for envy.

Solus. Nay, I do not know whether you will envy me much when you see my spouse.—I cannot say she was exactly my choice. However, she is my wife now; and that is a name so endearing, that I think I love her better since the ceremony has been performed.

Mrs. P. And pray when did it take place?

Solus. This moment. We are now returning from a friend's house, where we have been joined by a special licence; and I felt myself so happy, I could not pass Sir Robert's door without calling to tell him of my

good fortune. And, as I see your lady here, Sir Robert, I guess you are just married too; and so I'll hand my wife out of the carriage, and introduce the two brides to each other.—I'm married! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir R. You see, my lord, what construction Mr. Solus has put on Miss Wooburn's visit to me: and, by heaven, if you take her away, it will be said, that she came and offered herself to me, and that I rejected her!

Miss W. Such a report would kill me.

Re-enter SOLUS, leading on MISS SPINSIER, L.H.

Solus. Mistress Solus. (*Introducing her.*)

Har. (Starting.) My relation!—Dear madam, by what strange turn of fortune do I see you become a wife?

Miss S. Mr. Harmony, it is a weakness, I acknowledge; but you can never want an excuse for me, when you call to mind the scarcity of provisions.

Solus. Mr. Harmony, I have loved her ever since you told me she spoke so well of me behind my back.

Enter WILLIAM, L.H. and whispers Mr. Harmony, who follows him off.

Lord N. I agree with you, Mr. Solus, that this is a most excellent proof of a person's disposition; and in consideration, Sir Robert, that throughout all our many disagreements you have still preserved a respect for my character in my absence, I do at last say to that lady, she has my consent to trust you again.

Sir R. And she will trust me: I see it in her smiles. Oh! unexpected ecstasy!

Re-enter MR. HARMONY, L.H.

Har. (Holding a letter in his hand.) Amidst the bright prospects of joy which this company are contemplating, I come to announce an event that ought to cloud the splendour of the horizon.—A worthy, but an

ill-fated man, whom you are all acquainted with, has just breathed his last.

Lord N. Do you mean the husband of my daughter?

Solus. Do you mean my nephew?

Placid. Is it my friend?

Sir R. And my old acquaintance?

Har. Did Mr. Irwin possess all those titles you have given him, gentlemen? Was he your son?—(*To Lord Norlund.*)—Your nephew?—(*To Solus.*)—Your friend?—(*To Mr. Placid.*)—And your old acquaintance?—(*To Sir Robert.*)—How strange he did not know it!

Placid. He did know it.

Har. Still more strange, that he should die for want, and not apply to any of you!

Solus. What!—die for want in London! Starve in the midst of plenty!

Har. No; but he seized that plenty where law, where honour, where every social and religious tie forbade the trespass; and, in punishment of the guilt, has become his own executioner.

Lord N. Then my daughter is wretched, and her boy involved in his father's infamy!

Solus. The fear of his ghost haunting me, will disturb the joys of my married life.

Placid. Mrs. Placid, Mrs. Placid, my complying with your injunctions, in respect to Mr. Irwin, will make me miserable for ever.

Miss W. I wish he had applied to me.

Sir R. And, as I refused him his request, I would give half my estate that he had not applied to me.

Har. And a man who always spoke so well of you all behind your backs!—I dare say that, in his dying moments, there was not one of you whom he did not praise for some virtue.

Solus. No, no—when he was dying, he would be more careful of what he said.

Lord N. Sir Robert, good day. Settle your marriage as you and your lady shall approve; you have my

and wishes. But my spirits have received too great a shock, to be capable of any other impression at present.

Miss W. (Holding him.) Nay, stay, my lord.

Solus. And, Mrs. Solus, let me hand you into yourriage, to your company; but excuse my going home to you. My spirits have received too great a shock, to be capable of any other impression at present.

Har. (Stopping Solus.) Now, so loth am I to see you of you, only for a moment, in grief, while I have no power to relieve you, that I cannot help—yes, my philanthropy will get the better of my justice —(*Goes to the door, and leads in* LADY ELEANOR, IRWIN, and EDWARD, L.H.D.)

Lord N. (Runs to Irwin, and embraces him.) My son!—(*Irwin falls on his knees.*)—I take a share in all your offences.—The worst of accomplices, while I compelled you to them.

Irwin. (On his knees.) I come to offer my returning reason; to offer my vows, that, while that reason continues, so long will I be penitent for the phrensy which put your life in danger.

Lady E. (Moving timidly to her father, leading Edward by the hand.) I come to offer you this child, his affectionate child; who, in the midst of our caresses droops his head, and pines for your forgiveness.

Lord N. Ah! there is a corner of my heart left to receive him. (*Embraces him.*)

Edw. Then, pray, my lord, suffer the corner to be large enough to hold my mother too.

Lord N. My heart is softened, and receives you all. —(*Embraces Lady Eleanor, who falls on her knees; he then turns to Harmony.*)—Mr. Harmony, I thank you, I most sincerely thank you, for this, the most joyful moment of my life. I not only experience release from misery, but a return to happiness.

Har. (Goes hastily to Solus, and leads him to Irwin; then turns to Mr. and Mrs. Placid.)—And now that I see you all reconciled, I can say—there are not two enemies, in the whole circle of my acquaint-

ance, that I have not, within these three days, made friends.

Sir R. Very true, Harmony: for, we should never have known half how well we all love another, if you had not told us.

Har. And yet, my good friends, notwithstanding the merit you may attribute to me, I have one most tremendous fault; and it weighs so heavy on my conscience, I would confess what it is, but that you might hereafter call my veracity in question.

Sir R. My dear Harmony, without a fault, you would not be a proper companion for any of us.

Lord N. And whilst a man like you may have (among so many virtues) some faults, let us hope there may be found in each of us (among all our faults) some virtues.

Har. Yes, my lord:—and, notwithstanding our numerous faults, it is my sincere wish, that the world may speak well of us all—behind our backs.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls

